Smithsonian

November 1991

If ROBIN MILLAGE paid much attention to conventional wisdom, she wouldn't be standing where she is today.

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Smithsonian

Volume 22, Number 8

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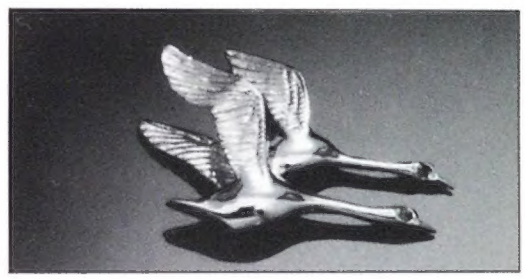

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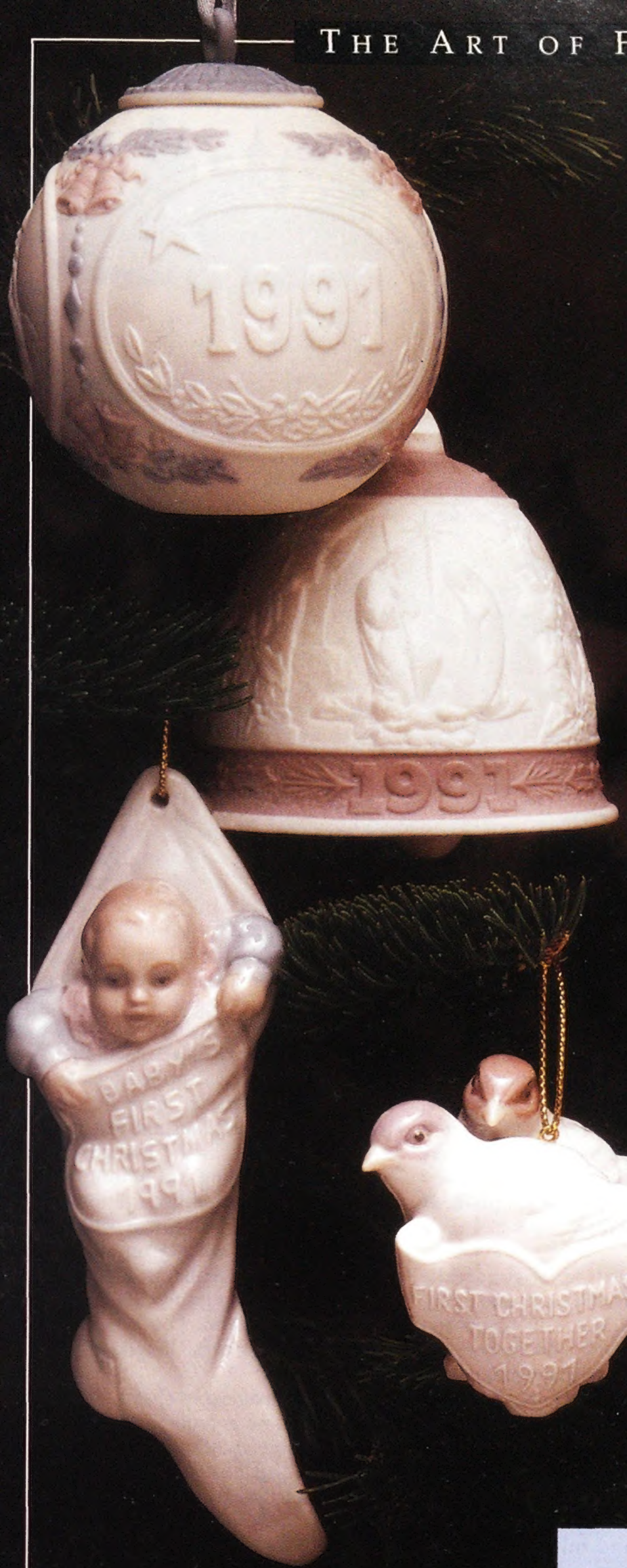

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Secretary Adams' comments

Smithsonian horizons

Images and interpretations may have a life of their own long after we have forgotten how they originated

A current and rewarding exhibit at the National Museum of African Art is called "Africa Illustrated: Fantasy and Reality Before 1900." It comprises no more than a well-selected handful of engravings, aquatints and photographic plates from the accounts of early explorers and missionaries, or from later works that pirated, altered or enlarged upon these images. But though modest in scope, the exhibit stimulates an awareness of the discordant powers that can be let loose upon the world when representations of peoples and cultures are created largely in response to the demands and sensitivities of others.

Early travel books were not lacking in gross falsifications, but this exhibit excludes them and concentrates on more subtle distortions. There is little evident concern over where and in what cultural setting particular costumes, customs, objects or persons were placed. Individuality largely disappeared beneath a pall of anonymity. Dangers and oddities were embellished to feed the European public's growing tastes for the exotic. A composite mental construct of Africa thus can be seen gradually taking shape, anchored at points in accurate details but false in its cumulatively stereotypical qualities and implicit suggestion of pristine changelessness. That distortion still circulates today.

We too frequently overlook the long-lived powers of visual misrepresentations, whether conscious or not. Caricatures often have all the raw power, and leave the lasting scars, of the most stinging of ethnic or racial slurs. The Irish struggle for independence was long denigrated in Victorian England, for example, by representations of Irishmen with apelike features. Who knows what bitterness, sowed in that manner, is still being harvested in the mean streets of Ulster?

On the other hand, there can also be more benignly constitutive powers in misrepresentation. My favorite example again is drawn from English-Celtic interactions. Hugh Trevor-Roper tells of the fabrication of a rich, colorful Scottish Highland tradition, with no more at its root than a dependent "poor sister" of Irish culture, through a few bold acts of forgery and commercial creativity. The kilt, for example, "is a purely modern costume, first designed, and first worn, by an English Quaker industrialist, and . . . bestowed by him on the Highlanders in order not to preserve their traditional way of life but to ease its transformation: to bring them out of the heather and into the factory." Clan tartans are described as products of the imagination of enterprising English textile manufacturers, after "they entered into alliance with the Highland Society of London, which threw, over their commercial project, a cloak, or plaid, of historical respectability."

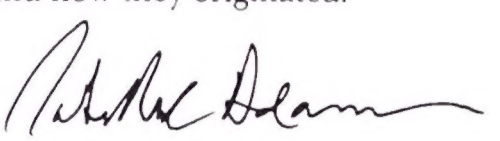
But do these contrived origins really matter any longer? The cultural identity symbolized by kilts and plaids has become real and lasting. Flags, too, are inventions, and yet are synonymous with nationhood and evoke national loyalties.

Visual imagery has long-lived shorthand power to fantasize or distort. But the risk of self-serving misunderstandings can be almost as great in textual descriptions and interpretations of unfamiliar peoples and cultures. England having unaccountably escaped my attention heretofore in these columns, I offer a final example concerning British scholarship on India.

Readily conceding the splendid quality of much of that scholarship, anthropologist-historian Bernard Cohn has written a provocative paper on the interesting congruences between prevailing scholarly interpretations and the demands of empire. In the late 18th century, when conquest and effective governance were the issues of the day, India was characterized in terms of decaying despotism and threatening anarchy. What could be better justified, indeed unavoidable, than intervention? Then the emphasis shifted from "explaining" the conquest to convincing Parliament that India could be cheaply run with a relative handful of high-salaried administrators. Interpretation swung toward a view of society as built up of village republics, each stable and internally self-governing.

After the great rebellion of 1857-58, a new, more hierarchical basis of order was needed. It was supplied by a feudal vision, within which Queen Victoria took her place as a distant but natural sovereign. Then, in the twilight of the empire, responding to mounting demands for independence, a rationale for "keeping" the subcontinent was found in its obvious (if locally unrecognized) need for strong, evenhanded rule. Scholarly concern simultaneously began to turn to the endemic conflicts and tensions between castes, language groups and religions.

We erect images and characterizations like all of these as tools for communication and understanding. But we need to remember that our ends in doing so are often at least partly self-serving. Images and interpretations may have a life of their own long after we have forgotten why and how they originated.



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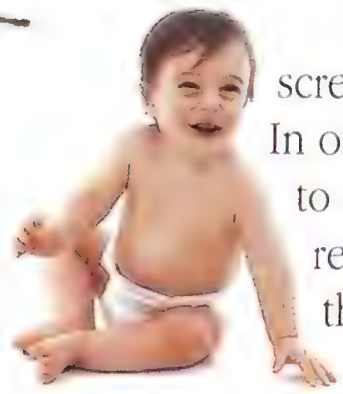

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4. And while we're on the subject, why not take the time to read all the chemical labels in your home.

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language skills may to be, and she's not sure walking thing yet, but good at opening doors.

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Letters to the Editor

Louisiana maneuvers

Dear Sir: Your September article recalled the most ludicrous event of those days. Returning to Arkansas from Tennessee just prior to the maneuvers, a 35th Division truck convoy rattled past a Memphis golf course. The young soldiers let loose with whoops and wolf whistles at a bevy of ladies on the fairway. Unrecognized in his civvies, Gen. Benjamin Lear was a member of the golfing party. When the convoy arrived at Camp Robinson in Little Rock, it was greeted with Lear's orders to return to Memphis, then march back to Camp Robinson in the hot summer sun.

Newspapers gleefully squeezed all they could out of this extraordinary incident. "Is it true, General, that you got mad because they made you miss a two-foot putt?" General Lear drove the reporters out of his office with a mashie, shouting, "I never missed a two-foot putt in my life, dammit. They weren't going to yoo-hoo my friends!" Forever after, General Lear was known as "Yoo-Hoo Ben."

Ben Nicks
Shawnee, Kansas

Dear Sir: On a sunny September day in 1941, our 3d Batallion, 10th Infantry, 1st Division (Blue Army) stopped in a little town in Louisiana.

Immediately surrounded by children and their pups, we homesick, animal-loving "dogfaces" turned out to be Pied Pipers for the latter, and pulled out accompanied by every canine in town. Soon after we got to camp, the commanding general had a call from the governor, and all hell broke loose. With a town full of wailing kids, the mayor

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had called the governor, who called the CO, and in short order we had rounded up all doggies and were on our way back to town. By 10 P.M. every pet had been restored to its rightful owner.
William H. Upham
Milwaukee

Dear Sir: Researching 50-year-old newspapers in preparation for a television documentary on the Louisiana maneuvers, I came upon a yellowed clipping from the *Shreveport Times* of November 14, 1940, that is passing strange in view of recent events: "Camp Polk. . . . Some of the men . . . were unwrapping some machine gun belts left over from the last war [clothing from that conflict, as on soldiers of Company B, 7th Engineers, below, was also prevalent] when they took another look at the wrapping . . . part of the *New York Globe* of June 3, 1918 . . . with the headline 'ALLIED CAUSE GAINS IN RUSSIA.'" An editorial commented that: ". . . strengthened by President Wilson's recent declaration of sympathy . . . America is a unit in wishing to aid Russia to shake off the German yoke; to relieve economic distress; to give all possible help to any government in Russia that will be sane, honorable and democratic."
Henry Clements
Shreveport, Louisiana

Dear Sir: Though my division was in the Blue Army, I was given a Red Army ribbon and assigned to hang around taverns picking up information on "enemy troop movements." Callow, slightly drunk lieutenants proved to be my best sources.

We had military telephones in leather cases, strapped to trees. In stringing them up the Signal Corps frequently spliced into commercial phone lines, thus enabling us to call friends from coast to coast.
Alfred Stern
New York City

Dear Sir: In addition to coral snakes, ticks and chiggers we had to watch for woods rattlesnakes, scorpions and many, many mosquitoes. We bought hammocks and stretched them from tree to tree, placed our pup tents above to keep things dry, and hung our shoes upside down to keep out scorpions, other critters and water.
Treft W. Schultetus
West Palm Beach

Dear Sir: In 1941, I was in the 30th Engineers Topographical, Company D, surveying in North and South Carolina. When the Carolina maneuvers started we were loaned to the Field Artillery as forward observers. Our methods were much more advanced than those in Louisiana. We used theodolites and had calculators and azimuth computers to speed up our work.

When we completed triangulation for pontoon bridges across the Pee Dee River, a high-ranking officer came up in his jeep and said he was pleased with our work. Just then a small plane came over, its bomb bay opened, and down plummeted small bags of flour. One of the simulated bombs hit the jeep. It took off—no one reported *that* to the referee. The jeep belonged to Gen. Hugh Drum, CO of the Blue Army. I wonder if it was ever reported that he had been killed during the maneuvers! In two days I was killed four times and captured once.
Robert H. Reynolds
Gettysburg

William Wegman

Dear Sir: Comparing Wegman's work to that of Picasso was, to say the least, revolting and quite inaccurate. Looking at Wegman's childish renderings and reading the accompanying article that exalts this man's work as legitimate art was simply too much to take.
Christopher Kuhn
Broomfield, Colorado

Dear Sir: I will never forget the wonderfully wacky photographs of Man Ray attired in his sumptuous costumes, at the Cincinnati Contemporary Arts Center a few years back. The expressions on Wegman's dog's face seemed to range from fond indulgence and forbearance to patient resignation, with just a tinge of apology to dogly dignity.
Drena L. Heizer
Covington, Kentucky

Sworded (1987) shows artist Ed Ruscha with another Wegman dog, Fay Ray.

Civil Rights Memorial

Dear Sir: Maya Lin has designed a touching and moving tribute to those who died for liberty.
Peggy Stringer
La Habra Heights, California

Columbus

Dear Sir: What matters about who discovered America is that it is named for Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine who came after Columbus.
Mary Rand
Cincinnati

Dear Sir: Everyone knows that the Greeks were here long before other explorers. When they saw the prairie they exclaimed, "Ω! ΚΑΛΟ ΧΩΜΑ!"

This translates "Oh! Good Soil!" but is pronounced "O—kala—homa."
Maria Castleman
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sir: Before Christopher Columbus and Leif Ericsson, the Phoenicians sailed far and wide from their eastern Mediterranean shores. Roaming seafarers and traders, they established colonies, such as Carthage, all over the

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Mediterranean and across the Strait of Gibraltar as far as present-day Ireland. Why not here?
Nadim Makdisi
Washington, D.C.
They, and others, may have made it to our shores; some so believe. Ed.

Killer bees

Dear Sir: When I was 12 I wanted to become a naturalist. Across the road from my grandfather's farm were Charley and Ed Benham, middle-aged bachelors. Their farm was rich in fossils, including some huge dinosaur bones. Charley would take me on long walks, identifying every bird, wild animal, tree and most wildflowers.

The brothers were also beekeepers. They took me "beelining" for wild honey, placing a small saucer of maple syrup in an open field and awaiting results, telling me American Indians had invented the technique. The fourth bee to come they identified as a wild one. "After she sips, watch her until she's out of sight!" They then moved the saucer forward to the last spot where we had seen her. Sure enough, several wild ones came. Proceeding thus, we eventually arrived at the base of a huge basswood at the edge of a forest.

"Even the young basswoods are hollow; bees make their home there; the basswood blossoms are loaded with nectar," the brothers told me. With a two-man saw, they cut down this monarch of the forest and extracted pailfuls of honeycomb from top to bottom of its hollow. "Honey will stay fresh forever if left in the comb—the honey at the bottom may be 100 years old, but you'll find it just as fresh as the new comb at the top," they said.
Charles E. Maley
Warsaw, New York

Object at hand

Dear Sir: I was very happy to see Kicking Bear getting some long-deserved recognition. The Dumbarton Bridge on which his likeness appears turned 75 last year, and in preparation I spent four years photographing and researching it. I was elated to find that the majestic busts I had admired were based on a real person with such a colorful past. I also delved into the lives and work of Glenn and Bedford Brown, the bridge's architects—who were responsible for selecting Kicking Bear's life mask

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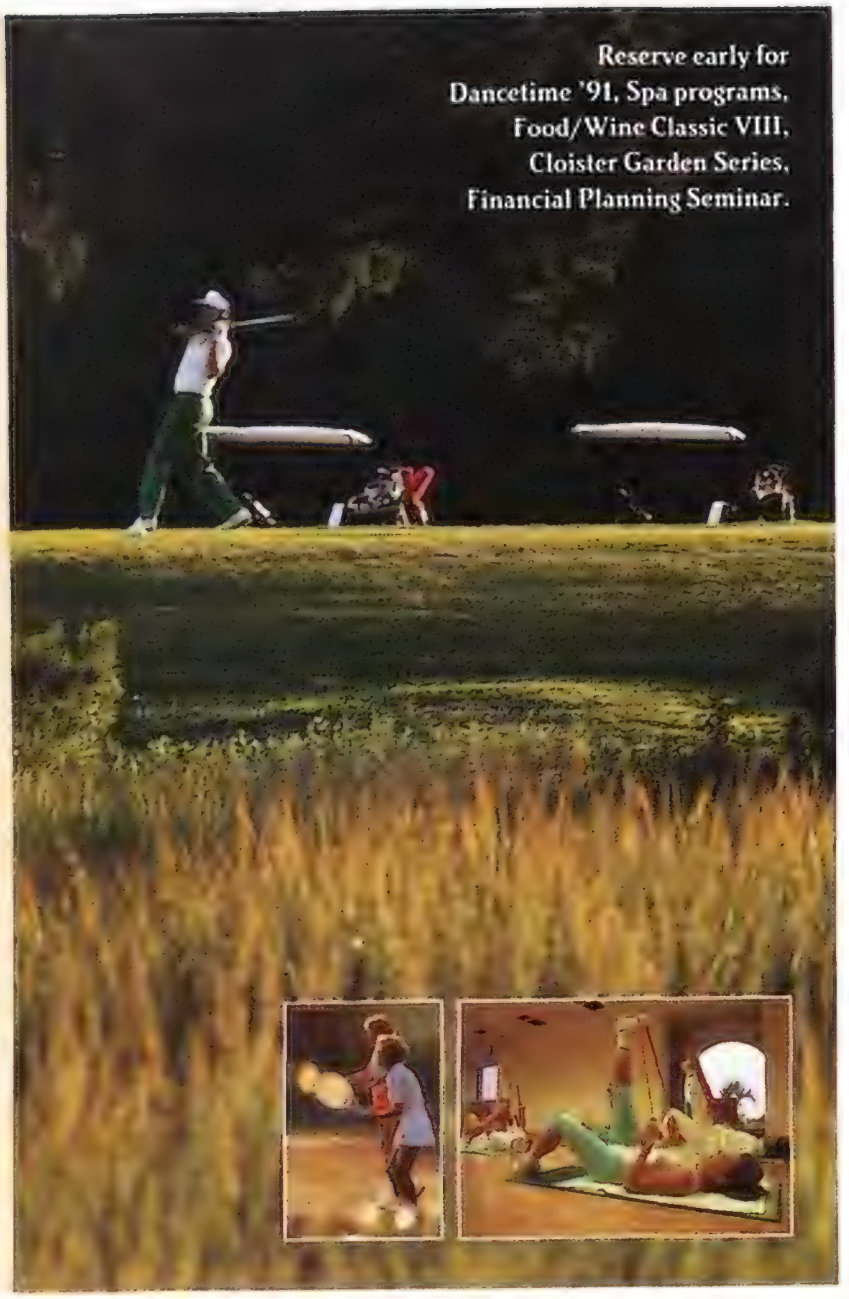

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in the then National Museum—and Alexander Phimister Proctor, sculptor of the magnificent buffalo guarding the approaches to the bridge.

The mighty buffalo statuary atop the bridge, and Kicking Bear's sad visage, speak of an entire civilization and a way of life brought to an end by America's "Manifest Destiny." I like to think that the architects intended, and imparted to the bridge, a wistful, albeit romanticized, attempt at atonement.

Jeffrey Nelson
Arlington, Virginia

Gardens

Dear Sir: It was Lora, not Lorne, Knight who built Vikingsholme, her castlelike summer residence, at the head of Emerald Bay on the California, not Nevada, side of Lake Tahoe. The falls depicted is not Eagle Falls, a precipitous drop over granite well above Mrs. Knight's former property. The one you showed is on the Pope Estate near South Lake Tahoe.

Charles J. Stewart
Port Angeles, Washington

Old junkers

Dear Sir: I had a car like Bailey White's once. My Baby was a '38 Chevy 2-door, given me by my dad when I was 16. The car was then as old as I was, only with a heck of a lot more experience. That beauty never failed to start on the coldest Missouri winter morning, or to get me where I thought I just had to go. I was terrible to her. I never recall tuning her, fixing anything, cleaning her, or even licensing her most years. Sometimes I'd put in a quart of oil. But she was faithful and ran and ran and ran. When Baby got about 300,000 miles on her I decided to sell and replace her with a newer model. I should have danced with the one that brung me, but I drove her to the junkyard. The amount of silver for my treachery was $25.

For the next few years the junk man drove her around his lot, using her to haul and carry. I got another car, another, another, ad infinitum. Baby was the last and only trouble-free car I've ever owned. I'll bet she's still going on somewhere, just to get even with me. I loved her but didn't know it till I lost her. I'm older, but am I smarter? NAH!!

Mel Wigersma
St. Joseph, Missouri

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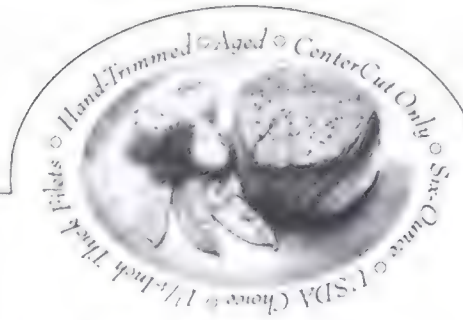

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Ship's bell was brought out of storage after survivors built its display base.

The USS Franklin *was known as a ship that could take punishment, but no one could have guessed just how much*

It is a most unwarlike object, a ship's bell painted a soft gray like old pewter, oddly placed between an Iraqi anti-aircraft gun and a pair of Civil War cannon in the National Museum of American History. It was taken out of storage and put on display about three years ago. The reason it is there, however, dates back to a dreadful and heroic moment in history that occurred nearly a half-century ago, toward the end of World War II.

The day was March 19, 1945. The island of Okinawa, already fought over for five months, had not yet fallen. Plans for an American landing on mainland Japan were under way. At 6:45 A.M. the USS *Franklin* headed into the wind to launch planes for a strike against airfields on the island of Kyushu.

By 7:03 six planes had thundered down the flight deck. A seventh was gunning its engine for release when a twin-engine enemy bomber bored in low and laid a pair of armor-piercing bombs on the great carrier.

Seconds later the plane was shot down, but by then its first bomb had ripped through the flight deck's steel armor plate and exploded among the armed and gassed planes in the hangar deck below. Penetrating three decks, the second exploded deep in the ship's entrails. Within a minute the carrier's entire hangar deck—a natural coffin of steel—erupted in flames, igniting planes and scores of new "Tiny Tim" rockets, each with many times the power of a one-ton bomb.

High explosives on the planes, and more stored nearby—some 30 tons in all—triggered a series of blasts. Men desperately trying to escape the hangar deck were seared with heat. Fires raging all over the ship sent up flames 100 feet high, and a mile-tall pillar of smoke rose into the air. At 7:25 Rear Adm. Ralph Davison advised the *Franklin*'s captain, Leslie Gehres, to prepare to abandon ship. Determined that the carrier would be saved, Gehres instead asked for air and surface support. Davison agreed.

By 9:30 A.M. hundreds of the 3,000-man crew were already dead. The ship had lost steering control, and nearly all lines of communication had been cut. Explosions still shook the air. The *Franklin* lay dead in the water, listing 13 degrees to starboard, a likely sitting duck for Japanese planes from the mainland, less than 60 miles away.

The great carrier's chances of survival seemed slight. But she was no ordinary vessel. A child of combat, sent to sea in the fall of 1943, she weighed almost 30,000 tons, could travel at 32 knots and launch 100 fighter and torpedo planes from a flight deck nearly as long as three football fields.

Already, the *Franklin*'s planes and guns had brought down 338 enemy planes at a cost of 53, and sunk 60 merchantmen and 15 warships while supporting a series of attacks on Iwo

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Jima, Guam, Peleliu in the Carolines, and Okinawa. Well before this latest onslaught she was known in the Navy as a ship that could take punishment.

In the early fall of 1944 a Mitsubishi "Betty" plane had just missed the *Franklin* with a torpedo, then crashed into the flight deck's starboard edge. Two days later, with the ship's own squadron off bombing Manila, an enemy bomb hit the corner of one of the ten-ton elevators used to bring planes up to the flight deck, killing 8 sailors and wounding 27.

Less than two weeks later, in Leyte Gulf, having just survived a three-day standoff between some 20 American ships and Japan's battle fleet, the *Franklin* suffered a surprise attack by six enemy planes. Apparently on a suicide mission, one dove straight into the ship, leaving a 30-foot crater in the *Franklin*'s deck and 24 men dead. Twenty minutes later, with the fires on board nearly put out, a second explosion, caused by gasoline sluicing down through a damaged elevator, tore another great hole in the ship and killed 57 more men. With her heavy steel bulkheads buckling and two feet of water sloshing about the lower decks, the *Franklin* somehow limped to Ulithi atoll and eventually back to Bremerton, Washington, for rebuilding.

But the *Franklin* had again made it back to the war and was now off the Japanese mainland, suffering through her worst attack yet.

Flames surround one of *Franklin*'s gun turrets after March 19, 1945, attack.

Under shared pressure and punishment a ship's company either disintegrates or is welded together. The crew of the *Franklin*, caught up in this new catastrophe, began to save one another and their ship. Frantic crewmen pushed burning planes off the flight deck into the sea, while dangerously hot 500-pound bombs rolled about the deck. A few men made desperate attempts to flood the explosives but soon found that the water mains were ruptured. Captain Gehres' order to abandon the engine room was never received, and the engineers stayed there until the boilers, which might have blown at any moment, simply stopped functioning. Once the fires on the hangar deck were brought under control, Gehres would get special gas masks from the nearby cruiser *Santa Fe* so that crewmen could reenter the engine room.

By midmorning approximately 700 men lay dead—horribly burned or dismembered. Hundreds were wounded. Three hundred men were trapped below the waterline in smoke-filled darkness, with fires and as yet undetonated bombs nearby. All but one of these were saved by a young engineering officer named Donald A. Gary who, feeling around in the darkness, had found an air duct. With another officer he made his way up six decks, through some 200 yards of the slippery, pitch-black duct, then climbed back down to lead the others out. "Form a chain," he told them. "Each man grab another." Three times he came back, until all the men had groped their way through the duct to comparative safety.

Robert St. Peters, now a retired aerospace engineer, was a 21-year-old electrician's mate second class, his battle station the No. 4 fireroom, where still others were trapped. "There were 12 or 15 of us down there," he recalls. "They closed the hatch over us. The air blowers were blowing in smoke, and we soon lost all communications. It was over 120 degrees, but we found a one-inch ventilator pipe on the floor and we all lay on our bellies like fish, sucking air." Eventually they found a sledgehammer, beat open a metal door and got to the hangar deck. "It looked like a smoldering city dump," he recalls, "bodies everywhere, but no one alive."

Gradually the explosions tailed off and other ships could begin to help. One of them, the *Santa Fe*, pulled up right alongside. "The two ships were locked together," wrote the Rev. James T. O'Callahan in his book, *I Was Chaplain on the* Franklin, "one fiercely blaz-

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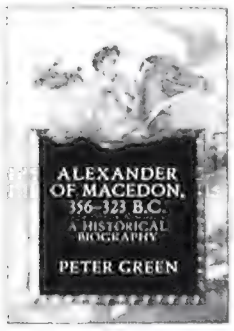

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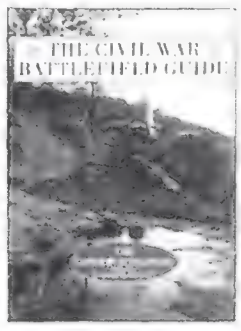

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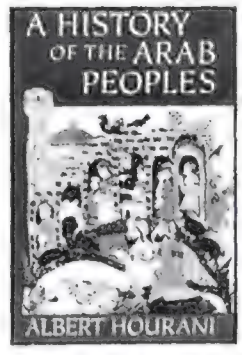

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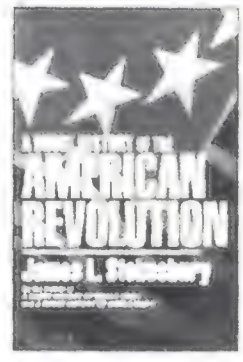

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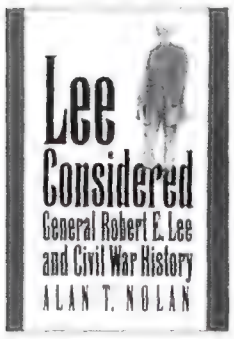

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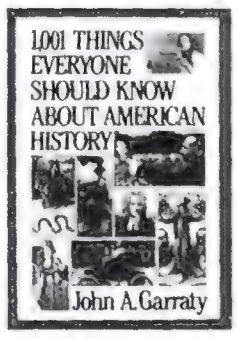

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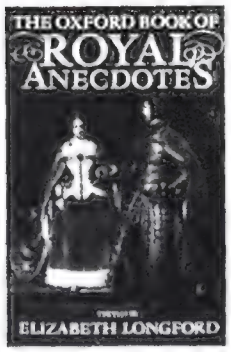

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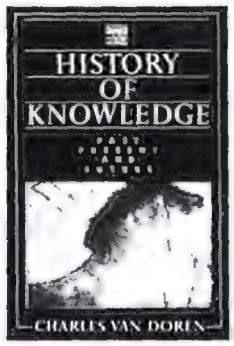

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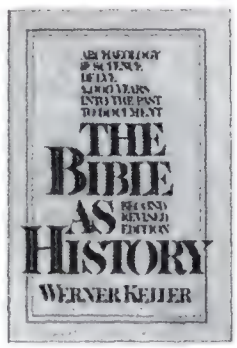

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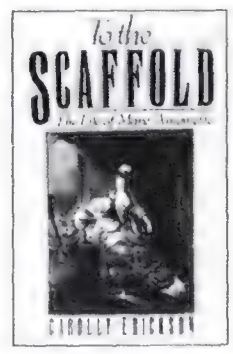

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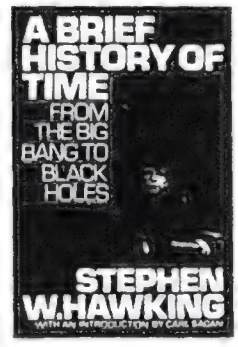

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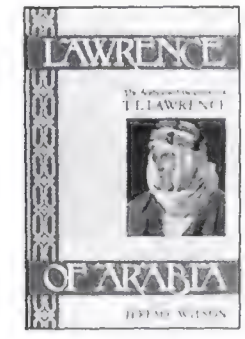

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ing and threatening more explosions, a constant threat to herself and her helper." But the *Santa Fe*'s crew "climbed aboard the *Franklin*, dragging hoses with them."

They took off some 800 wounded and other crew, leaving just 491 men on board the easy target the *Franklin* had become. Just before 1 P.M., the long-expected attack came. An enemy bomber swooped down, its bomb missing the *Franklin* by a mere 200 yards. By 2, the cruiser *Pittsburgh* had the *Franklin* under tow at two knots. But at that rate, the carrier would be in Japanese waters for another week. Somehow, they had to get up steam.

"The temperature in the firerooms and the engine room was still about 150," O'Callahan recounts. But crews worked all night long, starting engine fires, building steam, making repairs. Volunteers watched the weakened boilers for signs that they might blow.

Amazingly, by next evening the *Franklin* was making 20 knots under her own power, having narrowly escaped more attacking Japanese bombers. When her fire-blackened hulk loomed into Pearl Harbor on April 3, cheers rose from the docks. Losses totaled 724 killed and 265 wounded. Ship and crew would win a battle star (the *Franklin*'s fourth) and 393 individual medals and commendations for that one horrific day of combat. Donald Gary and Father O'Callahan both would get the Medal of Honor.

The ship limped on, making it to the Brooklyn Navy Yard on April 30 to be rebuilt again. But by the time she was battle ready, the war was long over. Decommissioned in 1947, she was eventually cut up with blowtorches and sold for scrap. Today the survivors keep in touch by means of reunions and even a newsletter. They have collected such bits of the *Franklin* as still exist—guns, flags, even dishes, originally salvaged by sentimental shipmates.

Four years ago, Robert St. Peters, now president of the carrier's museum association, learned that the ship's bell was sitting in a Smithsonian storage facility in Suitland, Maryland. Eager to have it put back on display, St. Peters negotiated with officials at the National Museum of American History.

The bell needed a new base. A professional's estimate of the cost of construction was $5,000—and the Smithsonian did not have the funds. Rather than raise the money, St. Peters got Jerry Keegan, a shipmate from Little Falls, New Jersey, to build the base from plans approved by Smithsonian staff members. Another shipmate, Peter Van Valkenburg, drove his truck from his home in Florida to New Jersey so he and Keegan could personally transport the exhibit-ready base to Washington.

This seems fitting. The *Franklin* survived to take care of her own, so to speak, and the surviving crew still aren't about to let her sink into oblivion.

Michael Kernan

Crewmen on the cruiser *Santa Fe* watch the burning and dangerously listing aircraft carrier *Franklin*—the cruiser had rushed to douse the blazing inferno. The carrier's survivors crowd the flight deck.

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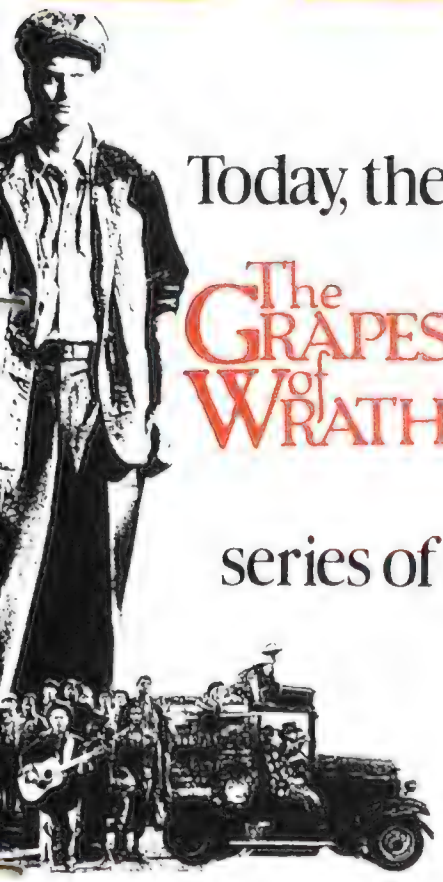

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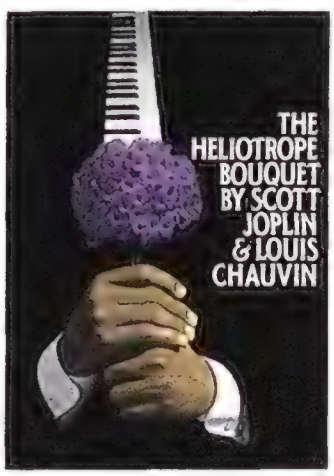

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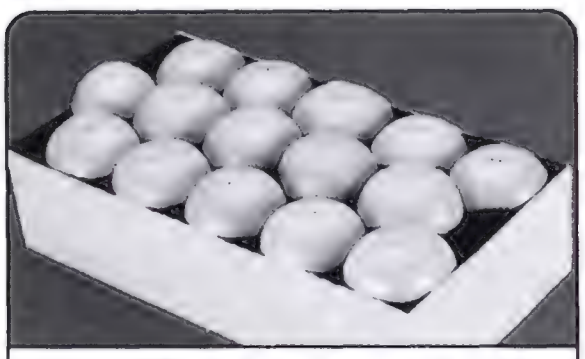

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Phenomena, comment and notes

In the 1930s, a young hunter sought riches from shooting bobcats. Now he's ready to chip in to save them

Twenty dollars! I could hardly believe it. Twenty dollars was a small fortune to a teenager, back in the early 1930s. Yet the State of New Hampshire was offering this bonanza to me for doing something I avidly wanted to do—shoot a bobcat.

The bounty had existed for some years, but I'd neither known nor cared until pubescence added about a cup and a half of bloodlust to the otherwise serene ingredients of my meager personality. Long before I knew about the bobcat reward, I'd saved a little money from my allowance and odd jobs, and on a memorable spring day laid exactly 22 dollars and 50 cents on the counter at Iver Johnson's, down in Boston, to the bemusement of a clerk who hated small boys staring at guns. This time he deigned to gather up my treasure and to put into my hands a beautiful new rifle—a .25-20 Savage. Just holding it, I slipped as easily as a Barrymore into the role of Deerslayer.

I'd never before paid much attention to woodchucks—the round, bucktoothed rodents that sometimes galloped fatly across the road from one hayfield to another. But the foreman of the neighboring dairy farm let drop that during every "hayin'" those groundhogs caused him grief. The gravelly spill from their holes would ruin the cutter bar of a mowing machine. Not only that: the critter always had a back door, dug from below and craftily hidden in the tall grass. And if one of the draft horses stepped into that . . .

In short, I quickly classified *Marmota monax* as one of mankind's direst enemies and stalked it in the comfortable knowledge that I was doing my small bit to save civilization. And the foreman came through with a quarter for every one I shot.

My father did his bit for civilization by laying out a challenging ground rule: I must never shoot unless I had a solid backstop—no shots at a silhouetted target allowed, no ricochets. And I soon learned that if I didn't hit a woodchuck in the head, it would get to its hole.

The quarters came slowly at first, then began to mount up. My father, who had an annoying regard for legality, introduced me to the local game warden to make sure my new career as a bounty hunter was within the law. The warden allowed it was fine with him, but that a quarter seemed like slim pickings compared with the state bounty for a bobcat. "Just bring me a bobcat, young feller, and I'll fork over 20 bucks."

New Hampshire obviously didn't know that it was on the verge of putting me through college.

The woodchuck business faltered as I took time to study my new enemy. Firsthand knowledge consisted of being wakened twice by a maniacal scream echoing from the darkly forested slopes of Russell's Hill, and of once coming very wide awake as my father slammed on the brakes of the old Buick—and a leaping shadow in the road instantly vanished. "Bobcat, by God!" Dad had said, admiringly, and that identification was good enough for me.

Research material was limited, but I gathered that a bobcat was related to the Canada lynx and I'd seen one of those at a roadside "zoo" in northern New Hampshire. I remembered a tall, husky cat with thick fur, huge paws, tufted ears and blazing yellow eyes.

I read that a lynx lived on snowshoe hares in the north country. So it seemed probable that a bobcat, slightly smaller and redder, lived on various rodents and cottontails down here in southern New Hampshire. For one brief, interesting moment I wondered why in the world the animal had a bounty on its nose. Had it eaten a baby, once, or what? Then I put the matter out of my head and got back to that vision of a $20 bill with a portrait of whoever it was (I hadn't seen many of them) engraved on it.

I extended my woodchuck-hunting

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range—always taking in Russell's Hill—and carefully kept one cartridge unspent, ready to invest in a bobcat. I moved like an Indian, walking on the outsides of my feet, feeling with my toes for the leaf that would crackle, the twig that would snap, and thus avoiding them while my eyes probed clumps of bushes, tangles of blowdowns dense enough to hide a sprawled-out cat.

I moved slowly, and so silently that I seemed to become part of the forest, and my senses became aware of a hundred sounds, tiny movements, even smells. I would freeze instantly at the first rustle, the first hint of motion, and once had two spotted whitetail fawns walk straight up to me in a clearing, damp black noses outstretched to figure out just what I was. Hey! I was good! Trouble was, the bobcat was better.

I went out at the very earliest light of dawn, so early that I couldn't see a thing. I searched for tracks. No luck. I scoured likely places for droppings but discovered I was no expert on whose droppings were whose.

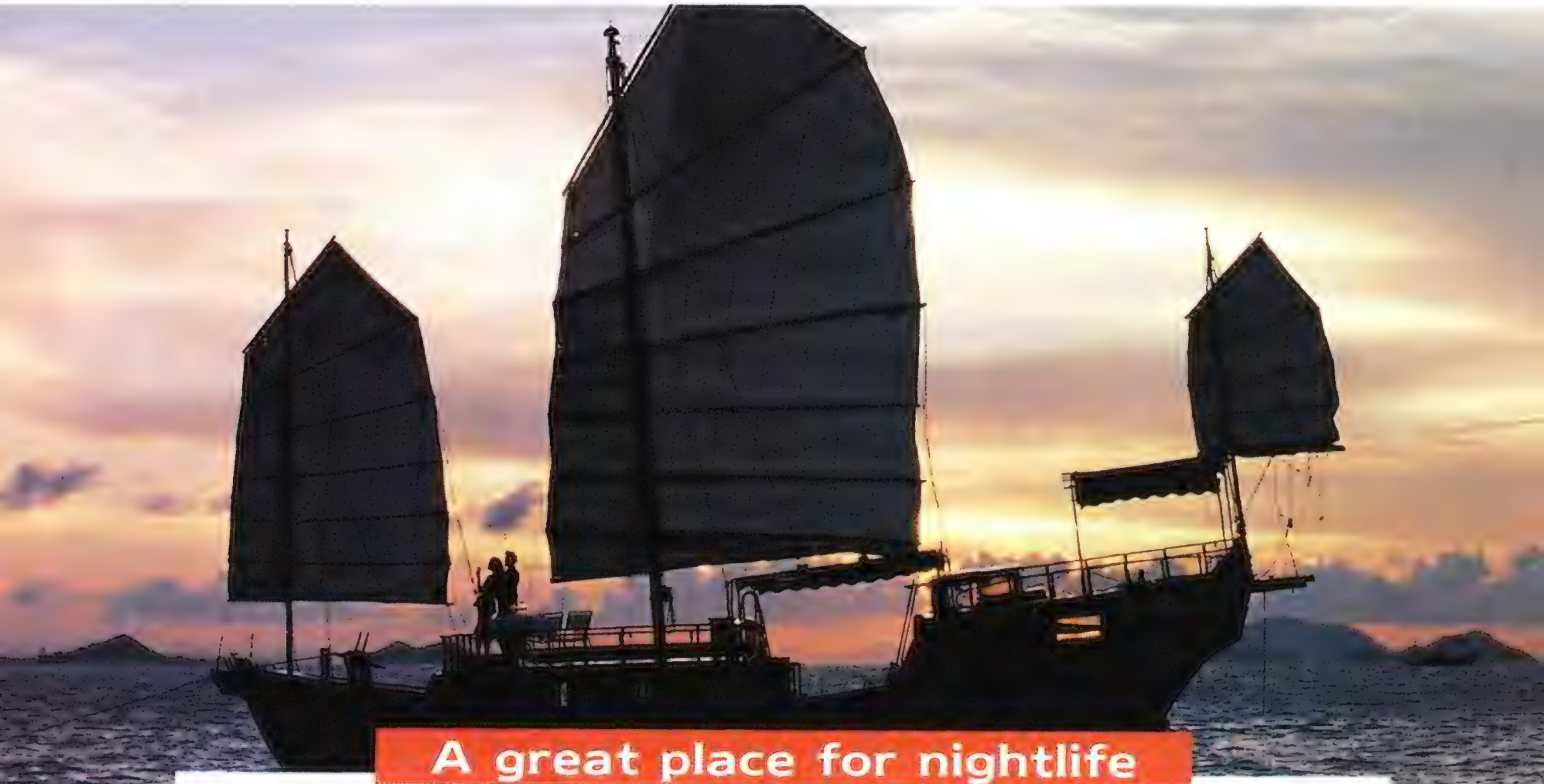
My close friend the game warden (ever since he'd exchanged a few words with me I considered him a close friend) asked me how the hunting industry was doing, and mentioned that the state would cough up 50 cents for the nose of a porcupine. Having tried to skin a porcupine once, I didn't think 50 cents was worth the pain. It was obvious why scalping just the nose was considered enough to earn the bounty. It was the only part of the "quillpig" without quills—except for the feet. He remarked that some sharp practitioners had chiseled five times the bounty on porcupines by bringing in the pads of all four feet as well as the nose. At a quick glance, a pad looked enough like a nose to earn the money. But wardens were surprised that so many porcupines were wandering around getting shot, instead of lying low and eluding hunters as they usually did. The fakery was uncovered.

I told him I thought cheating like that was terrible. He then revealed, as a kindness to me, that if I was really set on that bobcat bounty, I should go after them with dogs, like other hunters. But I sneered at the idea. I didn't need the help. And I didn't want to share the glory of my coming kill with any damn dog.

Though an encounter eluded me, the hope of it remained. I dreamed of the day when I would catch a startling glimpse of my foe, huge, fiercely crouching, coiled to spring at me with slashing claw and bared fang. I would face the peril head-on, rifle butt slipping into place, sights readily aligning, trigger nudging my tightening finger . . .

But it never happened. Strangely, girls I had known all my life became more important than bobcats. They even took over from the woodchuck business, and Old Nevermiss began spending most of its time in its oily canvas case. School intruded, and work that paid better than bounties, and war, and then peace. I moved from New England and gave up hunting. I became concerned with raising and supporting a family, with the environment, with nature, with dwindling wildness and endangered species.

And one day, years after New Hampshire's more enlightened elements had done away with the bounty on bobcats, I visited an Audubon center and met the old unslain dragon of my boyhood. A male *Felis rufus* was asleep in a spa-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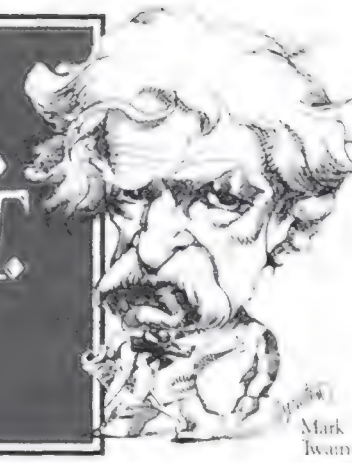

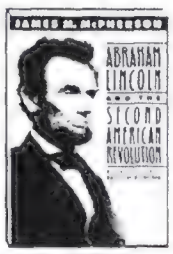

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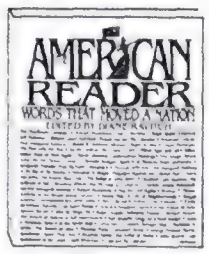

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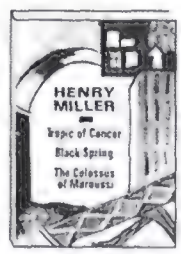

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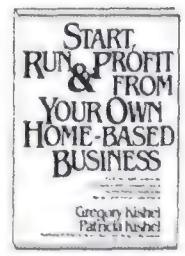

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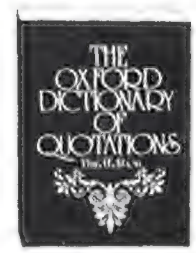

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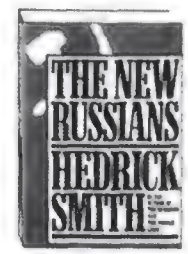

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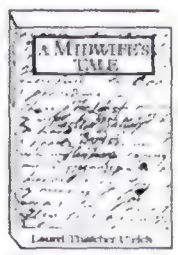

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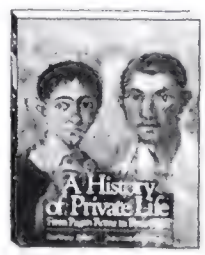

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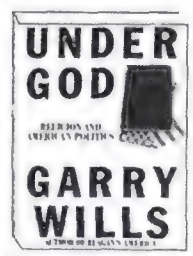

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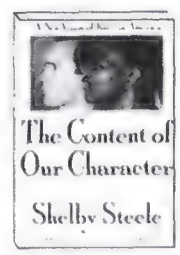

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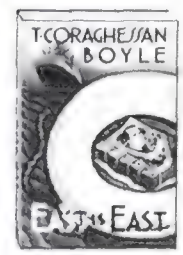

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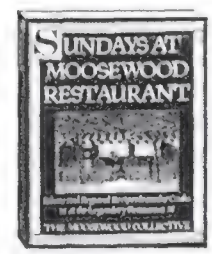

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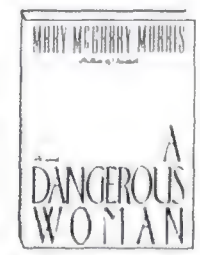

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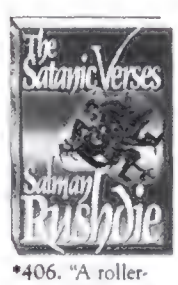

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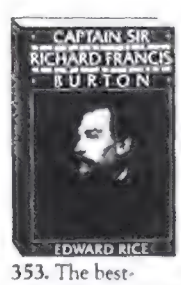

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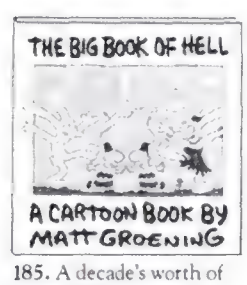

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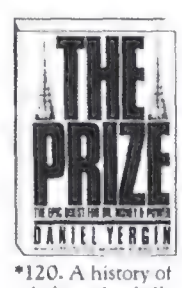

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cious enclosure that was bounteously equipped with the furnishings he'd known in the deep forest—stumps, leaves, blowdowns. Among these, he was so camouflaged that I didn't see him until he awoke, stretched and rose from his bed. I wondered how many times I might have looked at him and not known.

He was a full-sized bobcat—a good yard from whiskers to stumpy tail—and would have weighed close to 40 pounds. I knew now that he'd doubtless sired many litters, kittens that would have stayed with their mother until weaned and able to hunt small rodents (including woodchucks) on their own. I knew all about him, and admired him, and hoped his progeny would multiply even to the ends of the Earth.

He stared at me coldly with those arrogant eyes, his stub tail twitching. Then, slowly and stiffly, he paced toward me, and I saw that he was old and proud and wise, just as I was old by then, too, and somewhat proud, and perhaps even a little wise. I watched him approach, and I was pleased to be on the other side of the wire fence. I knew he was, too. Thanks to that barrier, we regarded each other more with interest, after all those years, than wariness.

He came close to me. Then I saw his back legs bend and his rump dip down, then back up. It was a quick motion, but I caught the unmistakable glint of liquid and realized that he'd carried out his ritual, the marking of his territory with urine. "You stay there," he was telling me. "And I stay here. And that way we avoid trouble, you and I."

I nodded at him, understanding. And he stalked silently away, shoulders rolling, head to the front, with never a glance back. I'm sure he knew it was all settled between us, that if ever he needs 20 bucks to survive, he can count on me.
Edwards Park

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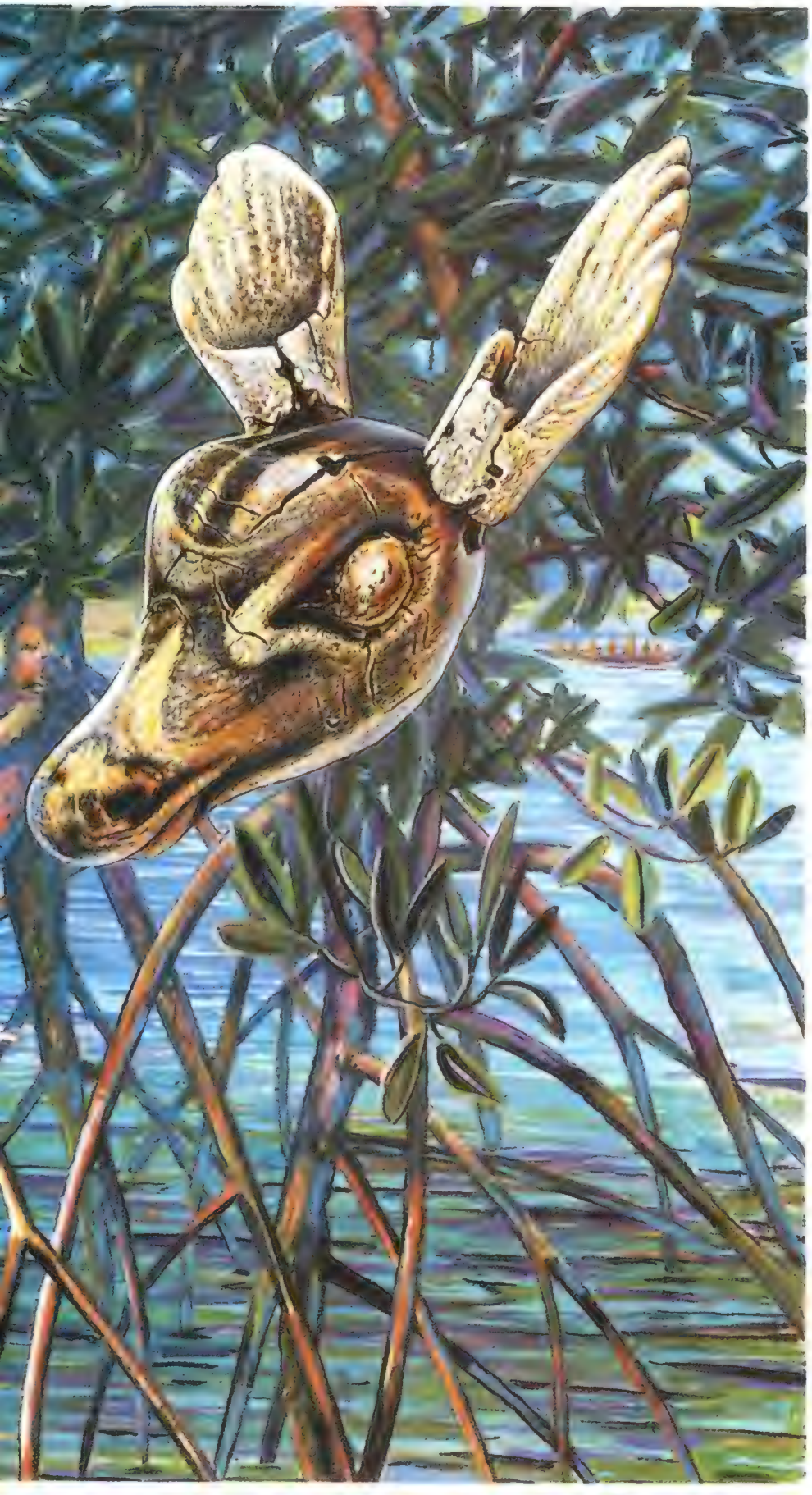
By William H. MacLeish

From Sea to Shining Sea: 1492

One of the most advanced groups to flourish without agriculture were the Calusa. They fished estuaries on Florida's Southwest coast, dug connecting canals, built 40-man dugouts, traded hundreds of miles away,

At the time of Columbus, America held two million people, highly skilled and living in widely varied societies



and did fine work in bone and wood. The carving, found at Key Marco site, represents the head of a deer.

There they go, three specks of sail far ahead of us, bearing off to the southwest. The Admiral has decided to follow flocks of migrating birds. He has heard that the Portuguese have found new lands for themselves in this manner.

We won't follow him down into the Bahamas. Our landfall lies full on the bow, the eastern edge of a country Christopher Columbus never saw.

It won't do, though, to close on this coast too quickly. We must pause in our flight of fancy to adjust our imaginations. To the west, beyond that vague line of scrub coast, lies an America separated from us by a lot more than the blue roils of the Gulf Stream. The place is five centuries removed. To close that distance, we must mentally clear away our handiwork—5,338 dams, 2.2 million miles of paved highway, 87,377 square miles of urban development, 1.5 million square miles of farmland.

Subtracting the loans, clones and drones

We must subtract some grasses and all honeybees from the landscape, along with starlings, wheat, rye, brown rats and house mice, and all domesticated animals except dogs and turkeys. (No, there are no horses; the North American native horse went extinct thousands of years ago.) There goes the eucalyptus and the apple tree, the wine grape and the chickpea. And lastly, there go our newly arrived fellow Americans, along with the 20 generations of human beings who will live on this land from this moment in 1492 until the end of the 20th century.

There are scores of places we should visit, but there is time for just five, and a brief flyover of the Great Plains. The resident cultures in all of these places share some traits, but each carries a clear identity. Three are still vibrant and populated, and of these, two, though acculturated and much diminished, will remain so in 1992. The others have peaked and dissolved over the past couple of centuries, but in 1492 we may see in their ruins signs of the sophistication that made them among the most advanced indigenous societies ever to develop in North America.

The people we are about to see in a brief wheeling over of what is now known as the United States of America claim lineages most of which stretch back 500 generations or more. Early on, they lived through and adjusted to climatic and environmental changes whose extremes were possibly far more severe than the ones global warming may produce in our own time. They are still adjusting, substituting one subsistence strategy for another, and moving on if it makes better sense to try to survive somewhere else. They and their fellow inhabitants number at most a few million in all, but their power and propensities in many instances have

Illustrations by Paul M. Breeden

been sufficient to have changed the face of the land.

The habitats we'll experience aren't all that different from our own. Abundances are more noticeable, particularly among species like the bison and the wapiti, and prairies, forests and wetlands are far more extensive (see the map on pages 39-40). Oh, you'll recognize the place, all right, though you may feel a little lonely with all those landmarks gone.

Well, if everybody's ready . . .

The beach down there is where Daytona Beach, Florida, will be. Just 21 years from now, an irascible Spaniard named Juan Ponce de León will land somewhere around here, the first European to report being in this country. His expedition will eventually encounter, and be attacked by, the Calusa, the people we're heading for, also known as the "Fierce People."

Across the wide Okeechobee

Southward, now. That great sheen ahead is Lake Okeechobee, untrammeled by modern drainage works, feeding one of the most productive environments on the continent. We swing west here to follow the Caloosahatchee River to its mouth at what is now Fort Myers, on the west coast of Florida. Have you seen prettier estuaries? Fresh water from the Caloosahatchee, and two other streams, mixes with the salt over miles of shallow flats—to the contentment of multitudes of shellfish—and brings in enough nutrients to supply carpets of sea grass. Under those shimmies on the surface are schools of pinfish, grunt and silver perch being attacked by bluefish and jack. Look, the commotion is drawing a shark. It and its kind come in from the Gulf, running the passes between the barrier islands to the west that serve, most of the time, to keep the sea in its place.

We have overflown the Calusa's front yard. Let's turn now and come back to them, low across the water. There is a canoe, a dugout, fishing close to the mangroves over by that island shaped like a comma. Many canoes, now. Another island, another village, hazed by the smoke of buttonwood and mangrove burning in hearths, and the smudge fires that keep down the mosquitoes. Black mangrove is the best kind of fuel. The more you chop it, the better it grows.

The clatter you hear comes from a dozen hammers at work. Stone is scarce here: the material of choice is shell. The dense and heavy central column of a whelk makes a fine hammer or chisel, and a big clam a serviceable anvil. The Calusa are a populous people—at least 4,000 live around these estuaries—and their fondness for shellfish as food or tool has created quite a trash problem over the centuries. Some of their dumps look to be 20 or 30 feet high, wouldn't you say? But that big mound of sand is no midden. It's probably a cemetery.

The chert arrowheads and clay bowl with beaver motif are work of the Moundbuilders, creators of a most sophisticated and populous society at Cahokia, Illinois.

Yes, that's it. See the moat around it? Everybody knows that the spirits of the dead can't cross water.

Ditching is a Calusa specialty. You may think we're coming to a creek mouth in the mangroves, but it's the beginning of a canal. Thirty feet wide, up to eight feet deep, it runs for more than seven miles to connect with a creek that flows into the Caloosahatchee. A large canoe—and some of these craft, fashioned by fire and adze out of huge pine trees, can carry 40 people or

One-hundred-foot-high pyramid, topped by chief's house, had a 17-acre base. Civilization flourished until A.D. 1100, but by 1492 population was largely gone.

their weight in cargo—could start its run out in the flats and end up in the Okeechobee basin, out of the wind most of the way. There is supposed to be a canal bisecting the island we're heading for next, down south of the Caloosahatchee, close to the mainland. Even from this distance you can see the mounds and that imposing building on one of them. It must cover a couple of thousand square feet. I gather that the walls inside are covered with wooden masks and effigies carved with art of great power. During ceremonies held there, hundreds of men and women dance and sing.

This may be Calos, the central place of the Calusa people. If so, a regal man lives here. He has at his call a force of men known across the whole Florida peninsula, and down through its chain of keys, for their skill with the bow and the spear-thrower. He receives tributes of food and feathers and items of prestige. His influence pervades scores of communities. His may not be a state, as the Aztec complex in the Valley of Mexico is a state, but it is on the verge. And, unlike the Aztec or most other prehistoric high cultures, it is building its sophistication on an economic base that does not include agriculture. Seafood, yes, and some deer and raccoons and alligators and snakes, and wild plants like seagrape and heart of palm and wild potato. But no significant reliance on crops.

Hunter-gatherers usually don't go in much for kings and nobles. For much of the first 2,000 years of their occupancy here, the Calusa didn't either. Their environment was rich enough to give them more than a satisfactory return on their investment of time and effort. By sticking to their estuaries and spending some time inland taking game and collecting plants, they provided themselves with the means for settling down.

There are few certainties to sustain us on this flight, just the inferences that skilled prehistorians can build out of bits of bone, stone, pottery and charcoal, and the strands of stories about "the time before the whites" that still remain in native memory. It's a fair surmise, though, that the Calusa eventually increased their numbers enough to cause some competition and stress. It may have become necessary to make sure that when one source of food ran thin, even for a season or two, other sources, often at increasing distances from the center, could be tapped. They may simply have found hierarchy the most efficient way of handling the problem.

Our time is short. And so, on a larger scale, is that of the Calusa. They will know about Columbus, probably soon after his arrival. Some of their canoes roam far out to sea, and they may be in intermittent touch with Cuba and the islands on the far side of the Gulf Stream. They'll know. And in another generation they'll have firsthand knowledge of the strangers. After that will come measles and smallpox and the other devastating diseases of Contact. Their culture will collapse before the economic exuberance of another. They will weaken and, eventually, fade before the raids of Europeans and of people from the north, who will come to be called Creek and, later, Seminole.

It's not the mounds that are startling. We've been

William MacLeish writes often for SMITHSONIAN. *The author of* The Gulf Stream, *he is now at work on a book titled* The Day Before America.

The expectable and the surprising: the living landscape 500 years ago

The map opposite suggests the location of the five representative Indian cultures discussed in this article: the Calusa fishermen in Florida; the Midwestern Moundbuilders in Cahokia; the Southwestern desert's sandstone-apartment dwellers of Chaco Canyon; the Pacific Northwest's Makah Indians; and in the Northeast, the Iroquois denizens of longhouses.

The map's main purpose, however, is to give an idea of the country in 1492. The terrain, naturally, was much like it is today; so were many plants in forest, wetland and plain. But the geographic range and abundance of birds, beasts and fishes were very different. Many creatures, such as the bison, grizzly bear, jaguar, ocelot and wapiti, lived in what, to a 20th-century eye, are thoroughly unexpected places. Buffalo indeed grazed in what is now Savannah, Georgia, and in the exurbs of Boston; grizzlies frequented Ohio; jaguars roamed the Carolinas. Some species flourishing then, such as the sea mink, the Carolina parakeet and the passenger pigeon, have since become extinct, variously done in by human hunting or by habitat destruction.

Below is a keyed list of 60 individual animal species. Both their existence in 1492 and their suggested positions on the map are based on the constantly increasing scientific evidence that is provided by fossil pollen, seeds (found in packrat and human middens, and also in refuse-filled pits), bones and fossils.

Halibut
Orca
Sea otter
Harbor seal
Pilot whale
Pacific oyster
White sturgeon
Sea lion
Washington clam
Mussel
Elephant seal
Abalone
Pismo clam
Gray whale
Grizzly bear

Gray wolf
Antelope
Wapiti
Bighorn sheep
Beaver
Prairie chicken
Jaguarundi
Ocelot
Ivory-billed woodpecker
Manatee
American alligator
Green turtle
American crocodile
Ray
Shark

Gray seal
Right whale
Quahog
Bottle-nosed dolphin
Jaguar
Red wolf
Atlantic oyster
Swordfish
Humpback whale
Atlantic salmon
Atlantic dolphin
Alewife
Sea mink
Atlantic walrus
Mountain lion

Bison
Porcupine
Carolina parakeet
Paddlefish
Lake sturgeon
Caribou
Lake trout
Passenger pigeon
Bald eagle
Catfish
Black-footed ferret
Black bear
Mule deer
Pacific salmon
California condor

Map research by Adele Conover

Thad McBreeden

Seaside Makah Indians of the Pacific Northwest, one of the few tribes to hunt whales, used cedar canoes, 18-foot harpoons and sealskin floats to track quarry after striking. Their sculptures included the figurine

seeing mounds all the way from Florida across the Southeast. It's the concentration, and the sheer size of some of them. There must be a hundred down there at the edge of this soggy floodplain on the eastern Illinois shore of the Mississippi. And that one with the terraces, by what looks like a grassed-over plaza: it must be a hundred feet high!

This is supposed to have been the largest center to develop in the country before Contact, and we don't even know its true name. It is called Cahokia, but that is a word derived from a group that will be living around here when whites start filtering in, somewhere around the middle of the 18th century. All there is below us now in 1492 is nature rejuvenant and a few hunters and farmers. Things have been that way for at least 150 years. If only we could strip away the vegetation and see the place as it was centuries before Contact, in the days of its greatness.

Move back in time those 750 years and you can see the change human occupation has already worked upon the landscape. There are small clearings all over the floodplain. People are growing wild plants they have tamed to one degree or another—goosefoot, knotweed and maygrass for their greens or starchy seeds, and sunflower and marsh elder for their oily ones. Some farmers are experimenting with a new crop, *Zea mays*. Ultimately it will become famous, grown around the world as "maize" or "corn." Its origins are in a

← Fold out

tucked in a mussel shell, and a lifesize whale's dorsal fin carved of cedar and inlaid with sea otter teeth.

Mexico of about seven millennia ago. It reached the Southwest centuries before the birth of Christ.

The communities that will become Cahokia are sited, deliberately, along bottoms where the Mississippi jumps its banks almost every year, laying down new sediments on the floodplains, leaving lakes and fish in the low spots. If the flooding is too severe, there are always bulges of higher and drier land on adjoining bluffs to farm. Add acorns and hickory nuts and wild berries and fruits. Add deer and waterfowl and fish, and you have something similar to what the Calusa have—a solid subsistence base that can produce storable and exchangeable surplus.

Watch the great mound now as we move forward in time. It rises in fits and starts over a period of three centuries. People wait at the borrow pits to fill their baskets with 60 pounds or so of earth, walk up this hill of their own making, dump their loads at designated spots, return. Fifteen million round trips will be required. Prodigious? Not necessarily. Assuming the project is in operation only half the time, 300 loads a day would suffice. A platoon of men—they do look well disciplined—could do the job and still take most of the afternoon off. I don't know what motivates them. We are all monument builders. Perhaps they wish to place their priests as close as they can to the sun, the great power for so much of humanity.

Getting a fix on all-important maize

Other mounds are in the making, along with a circle of telephone-pole-size posts the elite use to determine equinoxes and solstices, the better to plan the cycles of religious ritual and growing. Maize is a staple now, a necessity as population and prosperity and consumer demand increase. Exchange along the trails and river systems brings chert from distant quarries, some of it already knapped into efficient hoes; from the Great Lakes, copper for ornaments and points; from other Midwestern sites, hematite and lead for paint; whelks from the Gulf shores—perhaps even from a Calusa diver—for the pendants and other ornaments so prized by those in control. Exchange has been a part of life in this country for thousands of years, but the leaders of these people are giving it new dimensions. A man of rank dies and is laid to rest in a mound on a bed of more than 20,000 "imported" shell disks, and a dozen or two of his relatives and retainers are sacrificed to mark his passing. Coming forward through time, we have just passed A.D. 1100, the peak of Cahokian prosperity. Round about the countryside now there are smaller mound-towns, each with its elites. No one knows how far Cahokian ideas and influences extended, where they joined or clashed with other building centers in this pervasive "Mississippian" culture that now thrives in the heartland and the Southeast. For that matter, it is hard ever to guess the size of the home population. The figure often used is about 10,000 souls. The place must be crowded on days of ceremony, when the leader, the embodiment of the sun, conducts his rituals on the great mound. What his purpose is remains with him. My guess is that with sacrifice and incantation he tries to attract the sun's attention, to focus its energy on him and on his people watching below.

In the next centuries before Contact, the moment of Cahokia's populous prosperity will pass away. Even now, the society itself seems in trouble. Chiefdoms often don't remain very stable over time. The competition for power can be intense. As in Renaissance

Italy, no doubt alliances constantly form and fade. It may be fear of dissension from within that explains the presence of that stockade ringing the very center of Cahokia. It runs right through communities without regard to boundaries. Perhaps a job done in desperate haste.

The environment pretty clearly is becoming less bountiful, less resilient. Climate change may have something to do with that. More rainfall, possibly. Swollen rivers, in any case, appear to be reshaping the floodplain, eating away at the best farmland. And the nearest bluffs have been worked over so heavily for limbs and logs that they're starting to gully. Nature's not to blame there. I'd say for the Cahokians, for many reasons, it is time to travel. Some may head southeast to lands in which the historic Natchez will live. Whatever their destination, they will leave behind stunning accomplishment—and a city that has no people, no name.

Early developments in the Sunbelt

One look below at those dry washes abraded into the plateaus of northwestern New Mexico, and you know we're dealing with the dry life. That broad one ahead with the sandstone cliffs, on the northeast side, and the talus slopes on the southwest mark our destination—Chaco Canyon. These days, in 1492, it gets perhaps ten inches of precipitation in a good year. That doesn't make it in the least unusual around here. What does are the ruins. I count at least half a dozen huge edifices on the valley floor, poking through a couple of centuries' worth of wind drift and scrub, and several more up on the mesas. There must be hundreds of rooms in some of them. And on the south side of the wash, I can see the remains of dozens of small buildings. But no people.

What's that, you say? You can't run a community of this size on ten inches a year? That's right. You can't—and they didn't, and so they're gone.

But follow me along the cliff base, please. Those designs pecked into the rock above us—mountain goats, spirals, dancers, a woman with triplets—are petroglyphs done by the people who built these astounding condos. Across the way, on a rock overhang, are pictographs of a spectacular comet or exploding supernova, a moon, a hand. The Navajo, whose ancestors came down from Canada only centuries ago, call the artists Anasazi, meaning "alien ancient ones." We will never know their word for themselves. I'll bet it was something like "People Who Lead Water." Let's head out to the flats here. We seem to be walking on the bank of a large ditch, don't we? Good. Now let's imagine ourselves back in time again. To early August, four centuries before Spain's Admiral of the Ocean Sea landed on an island off the other side of the continent.

We're about to get drenched. Look out for the hail. This is really a ringtailed roarer of a storm! Look at the water sheeting off the cliff top. Those side canyons will be flumes in a minute. And here they come—around 50 men, wouldn't you say? They're well drilled, each running for his assigned spot in the system. And now the side canyon nearest us is dumping water into our ditch, which is diverting it up the valley a ways to slow it down and then delivering it to distribution boxes—big cisternlike pits lined with stone slabs. The men are working frantically now, keeping passages clear, lifting gates that divert the water and its rich muds from the boxes into small ditches leading to grids of small garden plots farther out on the flats.

In half an hour, the storm will be muttering off toward the Rio Grande valley a hundred miles to the east. The people in Chaco had enough water from snowmelt this past spring to get good germination for their maize and other crops. Now, with this intricate catch-as-catchment-can irrigation system, they stand a good chance of getting enough late-summer storm runoff to their fields to insure good tasseling and full ears.

These people delight in stonework. They build these large houses with care and forethought, laying out most of them in D-shaped floor plans, but they are not above scrapping a whole wing and starting again with another design. They go to the trouble of facing the houses with exquisite stone veneers and then hide this beautiful work behind mud plaster.

A nation of ingenious architects

Everywhere, they make architectural statements. They build walls across windy mesas; roads—more than 400 miles of them—laid out on the land as if with a ruler; huge round rooms in the earth for storage, social doings. They build shrines and leave offerings of bowls filled with turquoise. They build or influence others in the building of outlying settlements, scores of them, over at least 57,000 square miles of desert. Seeps and shallow wells, small reservoirs carved in cliff rocks, even the semi-saline Chaco River, give them water for cooking and for their own daily needs, four liters apiece on average, or to mix the mud for construction. Nature and the engineers do the rest.

Over time, these Chaco "great houses" have offered safety and storage, shelter and social congress, efficiencies of scale in maintaining systems of exchange reaching as far as the California coast. They have kept out the unknown, the enemy, and—in high-country winters, when the temperature sinks far below zero—some of the cold.

We can see the costs. Quite a few of the children playing in that large central plaza have the swollen bellies that indicate parasites, unbalanced diets, per-

haps gastroenteritis—a disease that, along with tuberculosis, does well in crowds. Some of the adults look anemic. Archaeological analysis will indicate that many suffer from dental cavities caused by the sugars in the maize they eat and by the shortage of rougher food. Others are bent with arthritis aggravated by heavy labor. Those young men coming along the road from the south are carrying logs that will be used as beams for the new great house just down the way. That's Ponderosa pine, cut on mountain slopes more than 50 miles away. Each matched stick weighs more than 600 pounds.

Moving back up through time toward the moment of Contact, we're getting on well past A.D. 1100, the pinnacle for the Chaco stoneworkers. They have been at work for more than two centuries now, and there are visible signs of exhaustion in the landscape. Piñon and juniper are far less plentiful than before. And as we climb the thermals over Chaco, see if you can spot a single antelope near the canyon.

People are leaving the canyon now, calmly, purposefully. Abandonment, it appears, is ordinary and ongoing. It may be one of the costs of living in much of the pre-Columbian world, especially where resources are so chancy. Societies build communities to a certain density, leave them when they no longer function properly, live more simply for a time, start over. Some will migrate to the Rio Grande valley, where there is more water, and it takes less ingenuity to get it. Big pueblos will go up there shortly, and shortly fade. But the people will abide. The blood of those who live in native communities around Santa Fe in our time will be mixed with some that is "ancient and alien."

I count six canoes down there, seagoing craft with sleeker bows than the Calusa dugouts. Each is around 40 feet long and carries eight men. They're beautifully built, with high stems and sterns and plenty of freeboard to handle the big Pacific swells. Do you hear the crews chanting, keeping the beat for the stroke? Now they are still. They have been racing one another, but now one craft takes the lead and the others swing in behind. Not a sound. They keep their paddles in the water. Even when one lifts out, the dagger point of the blade keeps the drip small and silent.

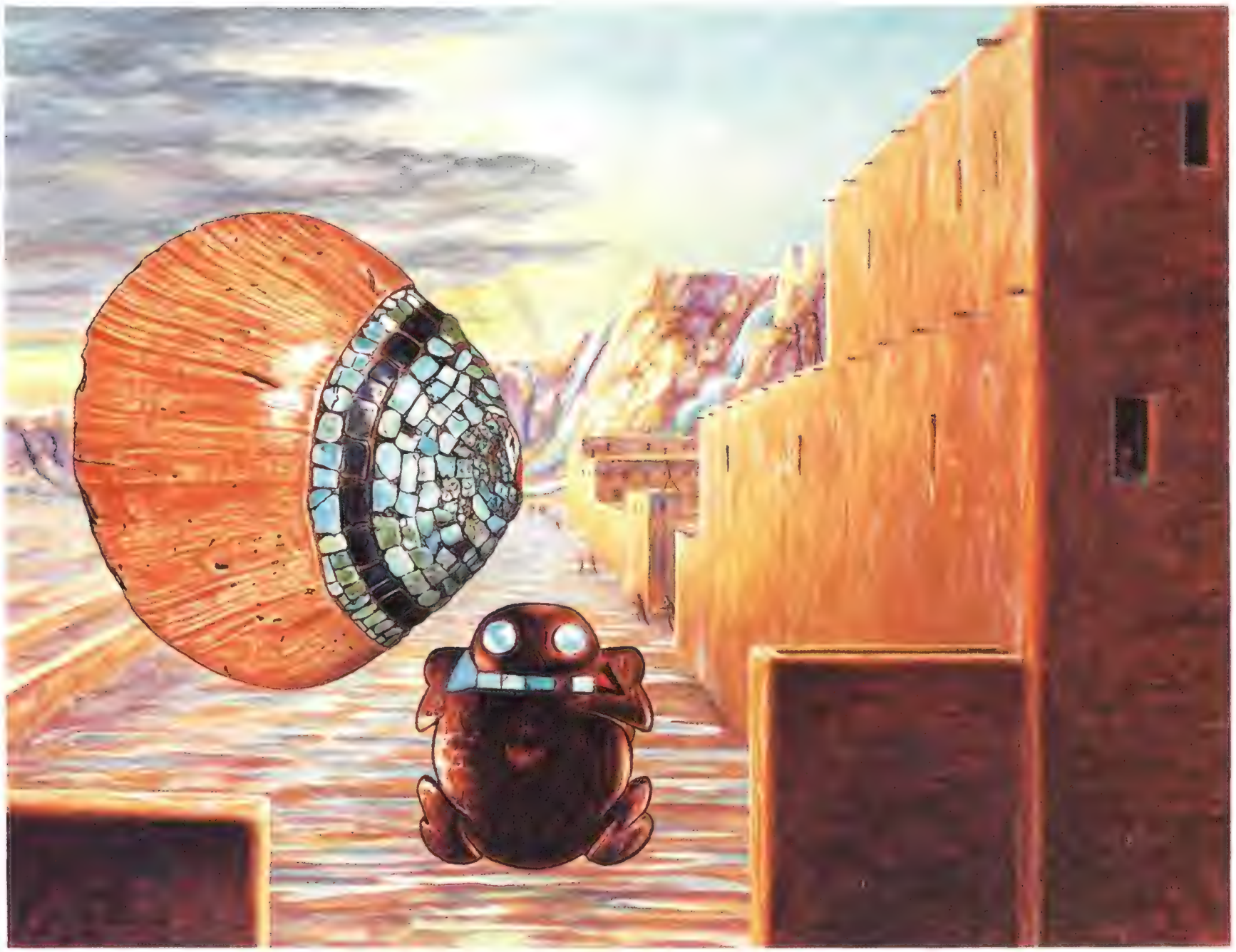
See what the Makah are after? There's the spout. A gray whale, just under the surface. A big one, maybe 50 feet long, lazing along on its way to the Arctic. The lead canoe lunges forward, six paddlers digging water. The steersman aft guides them in and almost over the black shadow. The hunter in the bow stands, balances 18 feet of heavy harpoon and drives it down with a deep thrust of arms and shoulders. The head and its barbs are well in the animal. The hunter retrieves his shaft. Others make sure the line is paying out well, that the big floats of sealskin are ready to go overboard, that the boat is veering off properly. The whale is deep enough so its tail can't reach the boats, but the creature will tear up the ocean when it surfaces.

The gray is no match for the Makah

Other canoes dart in, strike, fall back. There must be a dozen floats for the whale to fight against. It's weakening fast. One of the harpoons must have struck a lung or an artery. Within minutes, it is over. Men are stabbing small harpoons into the head. Their barbs are attached by short tethers to the sealskin floats that will buoy up the catch. One paddler dives overboard and rigs a line to close the whale's mouth so it won't take on water.

The whalers have been lucky. They were 20 miles or more from home when they struck the gray. It could have taken them farther out. Still, they'll be at it for at least a day. We'd better go on ahead, eastward toward the mouth of the strait that will be named Juan de Fuca and separates the state of Washington from the province of British Columbia. A rich sea, this. A northbound branch of the Japan Current, the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, brings warm water to these coasts, gentling the extremes of climate. Winds and Earth's rotation force surface waters away from the coast, replacing them with cold water, high in nutrients, that wells up from the depths and over the lip of the continental shelf.

We're coming in about 15 miles down from the high cape at the entrance to the strait. It seems an unforgiving place, rocky and brutal in foul weather. But offshore islands provide some protection, and a headland looms before us. You can see the village now, a couple of rows of houses paralleling the shore for a half-mile or more. This is the whaler's place. It is one of five main



Long before Columbus, an extraordinary people built multistory apartment buildings out of sandstone in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico. They laid extensive roads, devised systems for catching and releasing rainwater from the cliffs; a century of drought drove them away. Turquoise shell and carved lignite frog are ornaments.

villages settled by those calling themselves "People of the Cape," an association with place that you find in groups across the country. The word for this whaling settlement, as it sounds in the mouth, is "Ozette."

Behind the houses, the land rises steeply and then rolls away in thicket and forest. Wet air from the sea rises to clear mountains to the east, and rain falls in feet—eight a year or more. Vegetation erupts: Sitka spruce on the coast, a few of them already a millennium old and more than 250 feet high. Giant hemlock and western red cedar stand a little inland. Ferns and mosses fight for space. The ground, where you can see it, is shot with clay lenses and tends to break loose on a slope. A couple of hundred years from now, something, quite possibly a big earthquake, will send a mudslide thundering into Ozette, burying houses intact as ash buried Pompeii in A.D. 79.

The Calusa spend some time at sea, as we've seen. But theirs is essentially an estuarine life. The people of the cape—and their relatives across the strait on Vancouver Island—are truly marine. If the men mending fishing gear down there on the cobble beach could give us the dimensions of their land, three-quarters of what they were talking about would be open water: the whaling grounds; the sealing grounds; the shoals where they take the halibut in summer; the choice spots where they troll for salmon in summer and early fall, a line tied to the paddle hand so that the stroke will give appealing action to bait or lure.

These mariners are expert woodsmen. They know what each tree will do for them. A hemlock leaning against another tree in the forest will produce a kind of compressed wood that is ideal for wedges. Yew has the strength and resiliency for bows and paddles. Cherry bark is best for wrapping harpoon heads, and red cedar bark makes good woven rain gear. Cedar lends itself to the carving of masks that rival those of the Calusa. It splits beautifully and lasts long in the wet, so

houses, multifamily dwellings up to 60 feet long, are built of cedar. They are designed so that planks on roofs and walls can be removed and transferred to another frame in another camp, saving time and labor as the households move through their seasonal rounds of sea and river fishing, hunting, gathering.

South of us, along parts of the California shore, where acorn and marine resources support very high population densities that are possibly higher than anywhere else in the country, the mean size of some favored shellfish has been decreasing, signaling overexploitation. No such signals are evident here. One reason why may be that, at Ozette, control of access to food resources rests with individual households. This is a ranked society—as, by chance, are all those we have visited so far, though many in the country are fairly egalitarian—and that means that the elite get to eat higher on the halibut. But the system, which includes household control of access to many resources, keeps the entire community from descending on the nearest beach and putting more pressure on the local steamer clams than they can handle.

Yew for whaling, and sealing harpoons. Red cedar, adzed and smoothed and oiled, for canoes. Hemlock for the ingeniously steamed and shaped halibut hooks. The forest gives these people the sea. It has been doing so, with only insignificant changes in technology and subsistence strategies, for 2,000 or 3,000 years, perhaps more. Even in our day, these people, who will call themselves Makah, after the name of their language, do what they can to keep the covenant. They will send their boats after salmon. But, to maintain themselves in the 20th century, they will, with great sadness, open their forests to the clear-cutters.

We move on. No forests below us here. No trees for miles except for the green lines of them marking the watercourses that head to the Missouri River. It seems that human settlements—collections of circular, low dwellings—are mostly concentrated on the terraces above the floodplains of the larger rivers. There is some farming there, some fields of maize and probably other domesticates, like sunflowers. These prairie people also do a lot of plant, seed and nut collecting, fishing and hunting—including bison. They take the big animals with the bow, by ambush or the occasional drive. But notice how that little band there is prepared to hunt. On foot, using their stalking skills and, here and there, an animal skin to aid in deception.

These are plains people, but there are no horses down there. The last horses to live in this misnamed "New World" (which is just as old as any other) died out about 10,000 years ago, probably the victims of climate change and perhaps hunting pressure (horses were prey for humans in the Old World). There was no evidence that an attempt had been made here to domesticate the animals.

These people of the plains will have to await the coming of the Spanish before they can reacquaint themselves with the animal their ancestors saw, an animal that within the next century or two will give them new life and culture as chevaliers of the Big Sky.

We've seen enough now to know that people have a penchant for living on the edge. They like estuaries and floodplains, canyon floors and marine shelf breaks. With good reason. Food and other good things often abound where one ecosystem abuts another.

That is so, as well, along this limestone escarpment that heads east-west ahead of us across central New York. To the north lie marshy plains and to the south, highlands traversed longitudinally by valleys broadened by glacial ice. The climate of the flatlands is mild, tempered by winds off the big waters we will call the Great Lakes. The hills have harsher weather. You can see the difference too in the forests, as we drift over the escarpment. Stretching to Lake Ontario 30 miles away is a confusion of oak, hickory, chestnut—even trees you'd expect to find farther south, like dogwood and sassafras. Up on the higher ground, it's mostly maple and beech and hemlock.

We're just south of where the city of Syracuse will be, over a ridge higher than the others. The people living around this part of the escarpment take their name from it. They call themselves Onondaga, "People of the Great Hill." Their fields are down in that magnificent valley a couple of ridges east of the Great Hill. Yes, the cleared land does look strange to our eyes, trees like immense jackstraws. They are lying every whichway on the ground. Stone axes have stretched them out. The larger trees have been girdled, left to die standing, with the bark sliced right around the trunk. But look at the maize planted in hills. And the

"If you cannot drink The Glenlivet® the correct way, I beg you to drink some other Scotch."

—Sandy Milne, our Resident Sage.

Sandy Milne sampling the goods.

At the pinnacle of Scotches sit the single malt whiskies. Slightly above them sits The Glenlivet, the father of them all.

At this topmost level of Scotch, there is a ritual to the drinking of it.

"Ice massacres the smooth, mellow taste," says our Sandy Milne somewhat testily. "So, no ice. All you want is a drop or two of water to bring out the 'nose,' or aroma. Spring water, if you've got it. Cool, not cold. And use a fine crystal glass, gently warmed in a cupped hand to release the full bouquet.

"Save the ice cubes and big splashes of water for other Scotch," advises Sandy, "where it hardly matters a hoot."

What is a single malt Scotch?

A single malt is Scotch the way it was originally: one single whisky, from one single distillery. Not, like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskies. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch whisky should therefore be compared to a château-bottled wine. Blended Scotch is more like a mixture of wines from different vineyards.

The Glenlivet.
The Father of All Scotch.

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beans and squashes and sunflowers. The system works.

There is little forest primeval here, except on inaccessible ground. In the year of 1492 people have been using these woods for thousands of years, for firewood, for construction. They've been clearing land ever since agriculture took strong hold five or six centuries ago. Every 15 or 20 years, when the soils get tired and the pests too plentiful and it takes too long to find firewood in decent quantities, they've been moving a few miles and starting over. The woods are full of their old fields, and marks of the fires they have set to clear the way for more brushy forage for deer—as well as to open lanes in which to shoot them—and more blueberries and blackberries for themselves. These trees now are second growth, many less than a foot through, and that is the way these people like them—eminently choppable, about the right size for posts to support their longhouses.

The term is apt. The Onondaga may hold the record for the longest longhouse—400 feet, enough to shelter at least 100 people. The lodges here are a bit longer than 200 feet. But at 20 feet in both height and width, they are imposing. They are sheathed with elm bark, tight enough to keep out the winter, tough enough to last until 10 or 20 years have passed and it's moving time again.

There appears to be enough of everything for everyone. Population densities are fairly low. Fish are here for the seasonal taking. So are game, nuts and berries and, of course, the crops.

So why is this village palisaded?

That small group of men clustered at the edge of the clearing around this Onondaga village may provide a clue. They have captives with them. The captives are destined for adoption or for torture and death. This sort of violence has been growing for decades, here and in the settlements of other Iroquois enclaves spread across New York and, in Canada, around the Great Lakes and up the St. Lawrence valley.

A wintry tale takes hold

Climatologists gather, from evidence such as pollen and seed counts and vegetation, that the Little Ice Age, the general cooling that will last into the 19th century, first made its effects felt here in the early 15th century, 80 years before Columbus' arrival. It's possible that growing seasons have shortened so that people have started to switch from one principal food resource to another. Even with plenty of open land left, such switching may be sufficient to cause friction.

Gender roles may also play a hand, if they are anything like what they'll be at Contact. When corn came in, women—always the gardeners—tended it. As a result, they are now the prime producers. Besides, villages are large enough so that the hunting, constructing and general providing that men once did as individuals are now group efforts. How do males do what males seem endlessly condemned to do—prove themselves? Possibly by hunting the most dangerous game, another male.

Whatever the reasons, blood feuds and vendettas have reached a level not often seen in a country where violence is usually intermittent. Men may be spending more time in the summers trying to manipulate other settlements for the best deals in exchange or alliance—and attacking the same settlements when that seems feasible—than they spend in the fishing camps. The stories ethnographers of our time will collect in Iroquois villages tell of times past when dragons of discord were about, when serpents lay across well-traveled trails, when fear and horror visited the settlements.

Every once in a while, when people have had enough, they reshape their own culture. That large village near the Great Hill is a testament to such a process. It is a recent amalgam of two groups of people who were willing to give up brutal competition for the sake of cooperation. Another small settlement has sprung up close by, and it, too, will coalesce with the village. Later the process beginning here will take hold strongly among the Seneca to the west.

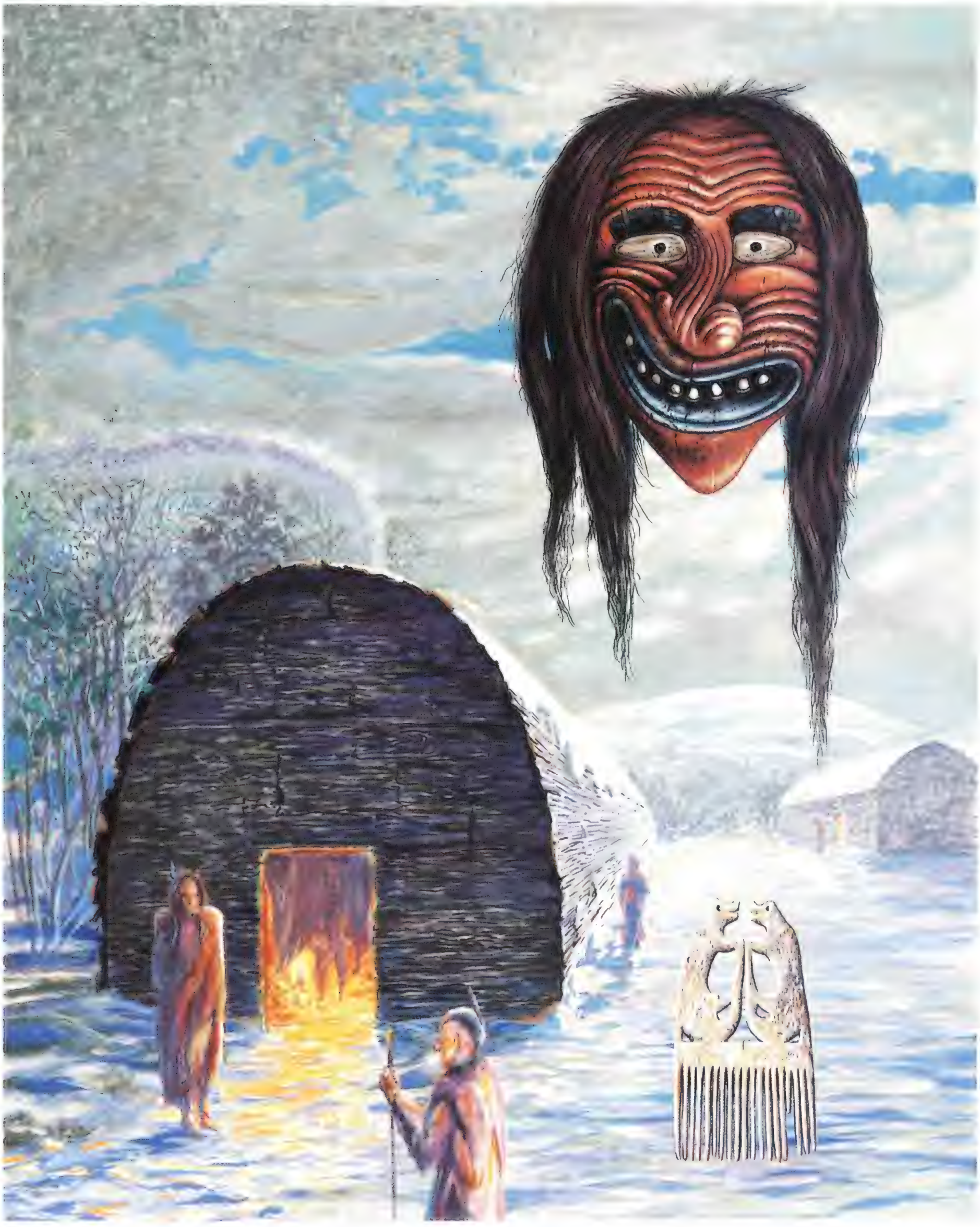
Some focal point, some leader, is usually associated with such a drastic social change. Looking back, the Iroquois of the future will talk of the Peacemaker and his lieutenant, Hiawatha; of how they convinced warring groups to come together in consensus and work out ways to obtain and maintain peace. Right around us, right now, a confederacy is in the making, one that will influence American affairs straight through the Revolution. Its symbol is the longhouse. The Mohawk will be at the eastern door, and next to them the Oneida. The Seneca will be at the western door, and next to them the Cayuga. In the center will sit the keepers of the council fires, the keepers of the wampum belts that commemorate the alliance—the Onondaga, People of the Great Hill, pioneers of the peace.

Well, that's about it. Don't forget your personal belongings. Say, sometime why don't we take another spin like this one? We could look at *our* subsistence strategies, *our* lifeways, how *we* live in our landscapes.

No?

Just an idea.

Most politically complex group in 1492 was the growing Iroquois Confederacy, based in upper New York and composed of the Onondaga and four (later five) other nations. Onondaga longhouses were hundreds of feet long; bone comb and mask reflect Iroquois tradition.



ALL ACROSS EUROPE,
AS THE NEW DAY ARRIVES,
SO DO WE.

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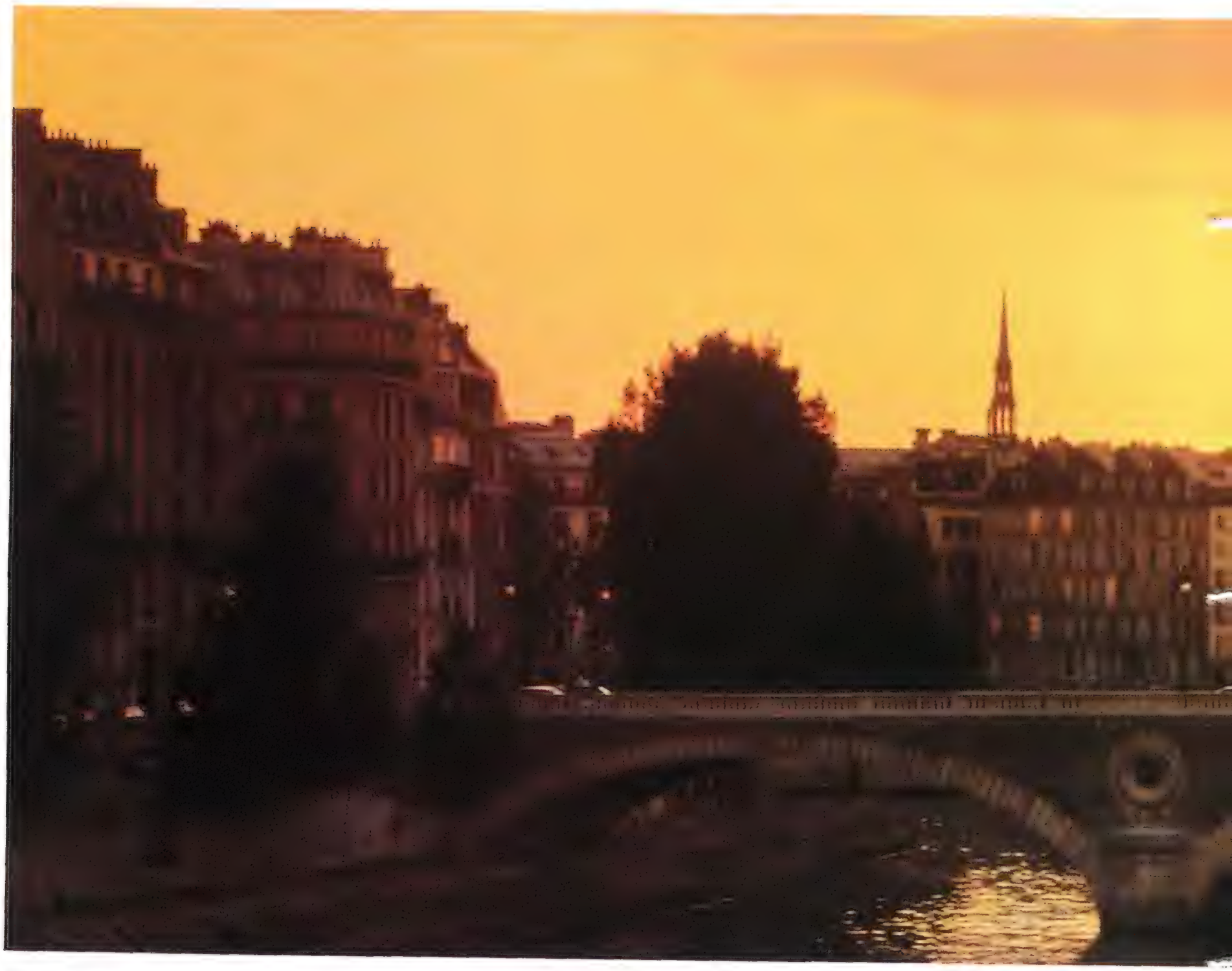

Schedules subject to change.

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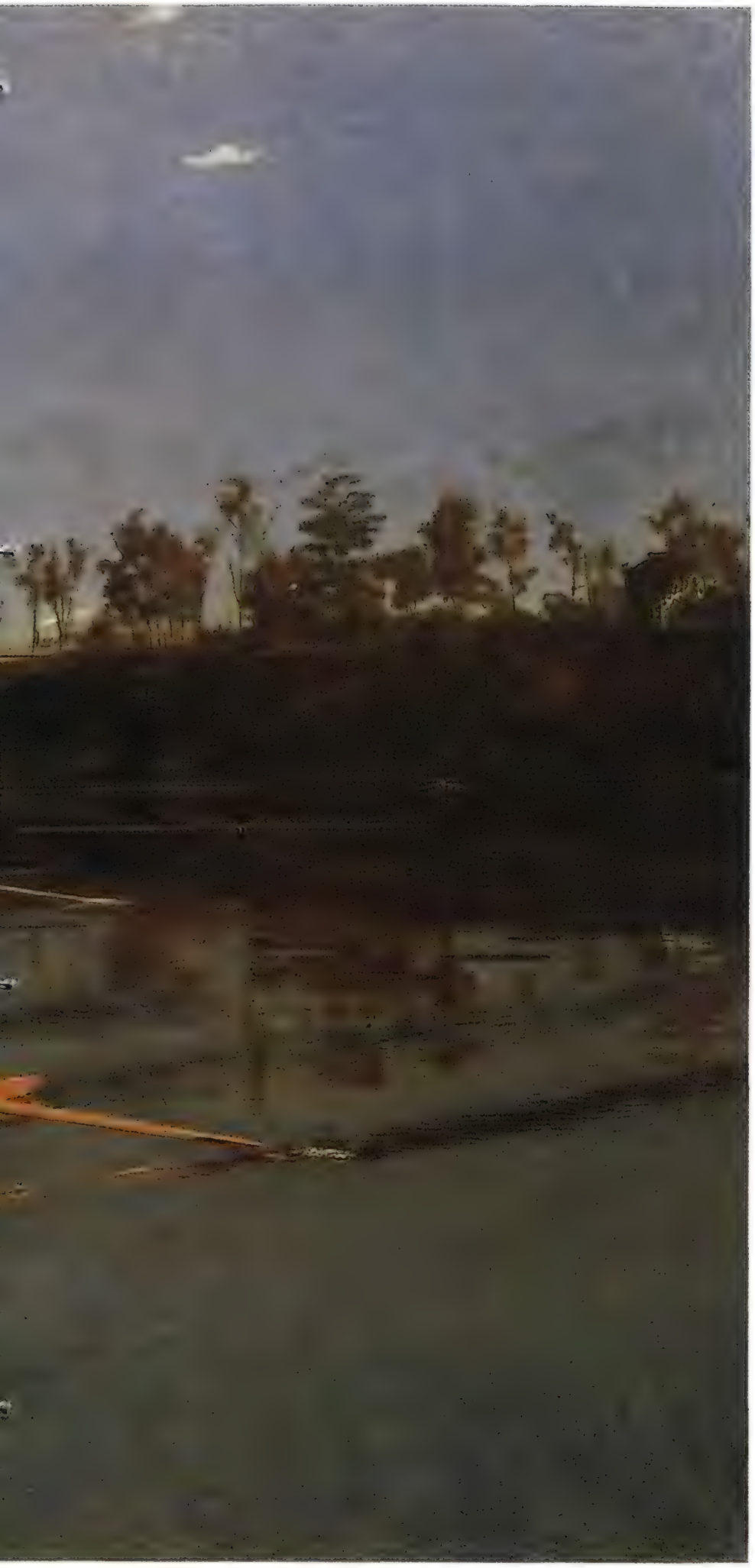
Thomas Eakins painted the first of his three early masterpieces, *Max Schmitt in a Single Scull*, in 1871.

By Henry Adams

Thomas Eakins: the troubled life of an artist who became an outcast



He showed his friend resting after winning a race, and himself rowing another scull away from the viewer.

A trove of long-lost material, now on exhibit, illuminates the painter's working process as well as the scandals that plagued his career

Once, in 1903, when the society portraitist John Singer Sargent visited Philadelphia, his hostess asked him if there was anyone he would like to see. "There's Eakins, for instance," Sargent commented diffidently. "And *who* is Eakins?" his hostess replied, her tone of voice indicating that the artist Sargent had mentioned was beyond the pale.

And this was basically the story of Thomas Eakins' life: he was looked at with suspicion by members of proper Philadelphia society. He was fired from his teaching position at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. His paintings were frequently excluded from exhibitions. And many of the individuals who sat for him as a favor either failed to pick up the unflattering portraits he made of them, or else they did take them home—and then quietly burned them.

The very qualities, however, that made Eakins an outcast in his time and place have made him a hero to 20th-century art lovers. Painters were the first to appreciate his work: Robert Henri, George Bellows and Edward Hopper all looked back on Eakins as a forebear, admiring his solid, uncompromising directness. Another great American painter, Reginald Marsh, heir to a Chicago meat-packing fortune, subsidized the first serious monograph about him, which was published by Marsh's boyhood friend Lloyd Goodrich in 1933.

A host of tributes—perhaps "too laudatory"

Goodrich visited Eakins' widow, then in her late 70s, and combed through his studio for early paintings, sketches and letters. Goodrich's book contained a wealth of new information, as well as a series of somewhat purple tributes to the artistic significance of Eakins' work. Looking back on it later, Goodrich confessed that his book was "too laudatory," but within a few decades his praise poems had been surpassed by a host of tributes from other writers. Eakins came to be routinely described as the greatest 19th-century American painter, and his large, dark, grim canvas of a surgical operation, *The Gross Clinic*—which in Eakins' lifetime was greeted with distaste—came to be termed "the greatest American painting" (p. 58).

Undoubtedly, Eakins appealed to the myth of the outcast, rebellious artist; nonetheless, his rapid ascent from obscurity to glory retains some puzzling features. Perhaps the chief mystery is that an artist who was so resolutely provincial, so backward-looking in his painting technique, should produce works that have become icons of the modern age. All his life, Eakins idolized his teacher, French academic painter Jean-Léon Gérôme, and largely ignored Impressionism and other progressive movements of his day. In many respects his work represented the last gasp of a literal-minded, pedantic sort of painting that was soon to be displaced

Several years after his firing from the Pennsylvania Academy, the enigmatic artist poses in his studio.

by the photograph. Moreover, Eakins does not fit the usual picture of the sensitive artist. He was burly in physique, overbearing toward women, careless in dress and coarse in speech. His chief interests were mechanics and sports, and he was disdainful of literature or anything that smacked of delicacy or refinement.

Even a brief recital of Eakins' career raises a host of provocative questions: Why did he become an outcast? Who brought about his downfall? And how does his troubled career tie in with the somber, troubled mood of his paintings? Until recently, the foundation of biographical fact on which to answer these questions was fairly limited.

This situation has dramatically changed with the discovery of a huge trove of Eakins material, the Bregler Collection, which is now owned by the Pennsylvania Academy. Containing some 1,600 items, it provides completely new information about his life, his working process and the scandals that plagued him. Probably never before has the career of a major American artist been so completely opened to reinterpretation by the discovery of new biographical material.

A walk-through of Eakins' private trove

Now an ambitious exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy, curated by Jeannette Toohey and Inez Wolins, presents a walk-through of Eakins' life, based primarily on artwork and documents from this trove. Entitled "Thomas Eakins Rediscovered: At Home, At School, At Work," it opened in September and will run through April 5, 1992. While most of the material is not artistically outstanding, it provides a uniquely full and intimate glimpse into Eakins' working process—and into his personal life. The Academy has also published a book, *Writing About Eakins* by Kathleen Foster and Cheryl Leibold, which provides an inventory of manuscripts from the Bregler Collection.

Certain facts about Eakins' life and career—almost all spent in Philadelphia—have been long established. Except for four years studying art in Paris, he rarely ventured outside Pennsylvania. Moreover, except for those four years, Eakins left the family fold only once, when he lived in his studio for a year or two. Otherwise, he lived with his father until his death, staying on in the same house, a drab four-story brick building at 1729 Mount Vernon Street. Eakins' father, Benjamin, a strict, severe man, was a writing master who produced elaborately scripted diplomas and formal documents; and thanks to his success in his profession, and to shrewd speculation in real estate, Thomas never needed to work for a living.

As a young boy, Eakins made a number of drawings of lathes and gears. Although marvelous in their precision, they lack any perceptible spark of artistic creativ-

How nuclear energy benefits a typical family of four.

Every year, the ospreys return to their wildlife preserve around the nuclear electric plant near Waterford, Connecticut, where nesting platforms have been built for them by the local utility.

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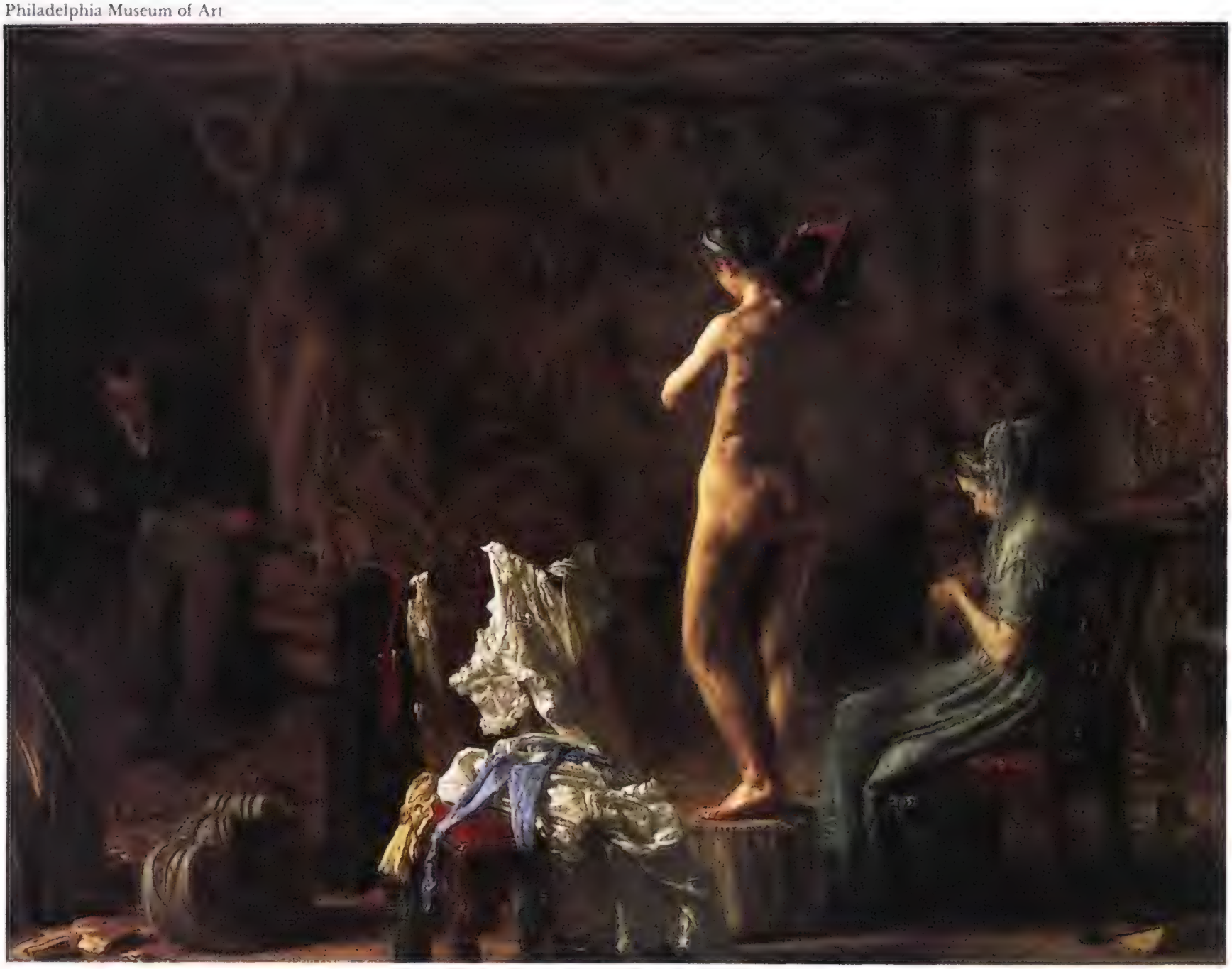

Some critics said that the real focus of *William Rush Carving His Allegorical Figure of the Schuylkill River* was the model's clothing tossed over the chair in the foreground—a still life suggesting the act of disrobing.

ity. He graduated from high school at the peak of the Civil War, and most of his classmates enlisted. Benjamin Eakins, however, bought his son a substitute, and Thomas spent three years living at home, helping his father with calligraphy, and studying anatomy and painting. Then, in September 1866, he boarded a steamship for Paris, which he had heard was the best place for an artist to study.

The boy adapted easily to the brutal life of the Parisian studios. He had a lifelong habit of carrying a gun in his pocket, and once when the French students at Gérôme's atelier ganged up to ambush and haze him, Eakins slid face forward down the banister of a grand staircase, brandishing a pistol in each hand, looking so formidable that he sent them running without a shot. On another occasion, a boxing match was proposed, and Eakins cheerfully stripped down to join the contest. A friendly bystander tapped his French opponent on the shoulder and said, "My good man, let me give you a piece of counsel: never box with an American." The French fellow stepped aside.

Learning to paint, however, was difficult for Eakins. "For a long time I did not hardly sleep at nights," he wrote home to his father, "but dreamed all the time about color and forms, and often nearly always they were crazinesses in their queerness." Speaking of his classroom work he confessed: "How I suffered in my doubtings, and I would change again, make a fine drawing and rub weak sickly color on it, and if my comrades or my teacher told me it was better, it almost drove me crazy, and again I would go back to my old instinct and make frightful work again. It made me doubt of myself, of my intelligence, of everything. . . ." He worked obsessively at small analytic studies, most of which he

Henry Adams is curator of American Art at the Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art in Kansas City, Missouri. He last wrote for SMITHSONIAN *on muralist John La Farge.*

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Jefferson Medical College of Thomas Jefferson University, Philadelphia

Eakins' most ambitious painting, *The Gross Clinic* (1875), shocked viewers then as it does now, dramatically juxtaposing surgery's ghastly, bloody elements with the cool composure of the physician and students.

later destroyed. These focused on bits of anatomy, the rendering of light and shade on geometric solids, or some aspect of the handling of color. Only at the end of his European stay, during a trip to Spain, did he try a finished painting; hardly successful, it depicts street musicians in front of a sunlit wall.

A similar awkwardness is still evident in the first works Eakins painted after his return from Paris, but it disappeared surprisingly quickly. For the first two years, his mother was suffering from a severe form of mental illness, and Eakins stayed close to the house. Although he found some subjects outdoors, he painted numerous interior scenes, portraits of either his sisters or the young women in the Crowell family, with whom the Eakinses were extremely close. The most vivacious are those of Elizabeth Crowell; legend holds that Eakins loved her but could not win her affection. Instead, apparently at his father's insistence, he became engaged to Elizabeth's younger sister Kathrin. Tragically, Kathrin died of meningitis five years later, and the marriage never took place. Despite this misfortune, the two families did become interconnected, since Will Crowell, Eakins' close friend and high school classmate, married Eakins' sister Frances.

Before his mother's death in 1872, Eakins produced his first masterpiece; others followed in rapid succession. Three of his early canvases remain landmarks in the history of American art: *Max Schmitt in a Single Scull*, *William Rush Carving His Allegorical Figure of the Schuylkill River* and *The Gross Clinic*.

A detailed masterpiece hints of evanescence

The first of these, his first major outdoor scene, shows his friend Schmitt in a scull on the Schuylkill River, pausing in midstroke to let his boat glide and to look at the viewer over his shoulder. The late afternoon sunlight glances off his forehead and his right arm. While by no means large, the painting contains a wealth of carefully observed detail: the Railroad Connection Bridge, in the distance, with a train puffing over it; the Girard Avenue Bridge, at an angle to the other one; Sweetbriar, a Colonial mansion, on a hill in the distance on the right; part of a stone house on the far left; three other single scullers in the distance; a steamboat; a red boat with two rowers and a coxswain in Quaker dress; four ducks; and Eakins himself—the rower just beyond Max Schmitt—who is pulling his scull farther into the distance. Eakins signed the painting, in beautiful script, on the coaming of his scull.

Not all the painting, however, is taken up with exactly measured objects, and perhaps that is part of its visual fascination. The tangible elements interact with more fleeting intangibles, such as the reflections on the water or the oddly shaped cirrus clouds.

Recent research has shown that the painting memorializes a famous race of 1870, in which Schmitt won the championship by a full three lengths against four highly touted competitors. Eakins recorded the key facts about this triumph, namely the place (a particular stretch of the Schuylkill), the time (late afternoon), the season (fall, with the foliage just turning) and the name of the winning boat (the *Josie*). Yet Eakins chose not to depict the race itself, but the sort of training that went into it, making the painting a tribute not just to Schmitt's victory but to the discipline that created it; and also giving a bittersweet quality to the work, since it suggests that triumph is brief and fleeting compared with the long hours that precede and follow it.

A sensual tribute to artistic endeavor

Shortly afterward, Eakins created what is surely his most sensual painting, both in its subject matter and in its handling of paint. This is his rendering of William Rush, a Philadelphia sculptor and ship's carver from the Colonial period, whom he portrayed hewing out an allegorical figure of the Schuylkill River, while a nude woman serves as Rush's model (p. 56).

We peer into a dark box of flickering shadows. Hammering away at his statue with mallet and chisel, the sculptor is almost lost in darkness at the far left. Somewhat better lit is the naked woman, who stands on a platform with *Webster's* dictionary on her shoulder. A small splotch of pink draws attention to her naked buttocks. But this point of interest seems dim compared with the brightly illuminated underclothes and silk stockings laid down on the chair to the left, a kind of still-life striptease, which a contemporary reviewer in the *New York Times* complained gave the painting a distinctly immoral character. An old woman with her knitting, evidently a chaperon, is placed just behind the nude woman, to the right. Using a method borrowed from the French painter Thomas Couture, Eakins used a reddish ground for his paintings, and then ran calligraphic strokes of paint on top of it, building up an unevenly textured, sometimes smoky, sometimes sparkling surface of remarkable vitality.

Eakins' most ambitious work is *The Gross Clinic*, a portrait of the distinguished surgeon Samuel Gross, pausing in the midst of surgery to lecture to a class. The operation shown, the removal of diseased bone, is one that Gross perfected; and every figure in the large painting is a portrait, although, as in Rembrandt's *Nightwatch*, many of the figures are almost lost in shadow. Drama is provided by the contrast between ghastly elements—the wet and gleaming patch of blood on Dr. Gross' hand, the sharp scalpel, the bloody incision, the gesture of horror on the part of the patient's mother, who shields her eyes with her arm, and the

Metropolitan Museum of Art

In *Pushing for Rail* (1874) hunters pole through a marsh along the Delaware in search of their quarry. "I have chosen to show my old codgers in the season when nights are fresh with autumn," wrote Eakins.

obvious helplessness of the patient; and unearthly elements—the almost godlike serenity of the physician, and the hushed attention of his students.

It was by far the largest painting that Eakins had attempted up to that point (about 15 times as large as *William Rush*) and he hoped it would win a place of honor in the upcoming Centennial exhibition, which was to be held in Philadelphia. When the exhibition took place, however, while Eakins showed five works in it, *The Gross Clinic* was not one of them. Considered too brutal for an art display, it was moved to the medical pavilion, where it shared space with surgical equipment, catheters and bedpans. Despite some favorable reviews in the press, *The Gross Clinic* was also pointedly excluded from a later exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy—a surprising exclusion, given that Eakins was by then the Academy's major art teacher.

The curious emotional quality of these paintings, and of other almost equally marvelous works that Eakins executed in this period, is not easy to explain. But certainly a fascinating feature of Eakins' art is the tension between the carefully planned spatial framework of his paintings and the handling of paint—the degree to which this neat mathematical structure is darkened and obscured by the pigment that is laid over it. As his career progressed, Eakins grew even more careless in his handling of paint, so that in his late portraits he sometimes allowed pigment to run down the surface, conveying a superficial sense of messiness in paintings that are actually impeccably logical in their visual structure. While somewhat grating, this free use of pigment also contributes greatly to the mysterious emotional quality of Eakins' work. It is as if each of his paintings represented a struggle between logic and emotion, with line, mathematics and perspective standing for the logical component, and dark pigment standing for the erratic, unpredictable pattern of emotion.

To us today it seems obvious that Eakins' paintings from the 1870s are masterpieces, but when he first exhibited them, the critical reaction was muted. Sadly, this early phase of production is a high-water mark in Eakins' career. While the emotional quality of his work in some respect deepened, he never again attempted works of similar scope.

The first distraction was teaching. In 1879, with some reluctance, the trustees of the Pennsylvania Academy hired Eakins as painting instructor. Once in power, he ruthlessly revamped the curriculum, completely eliminating classes on illustration, art history and composition, and concentrating exclusively on anatomical dissection and the study of the nude. This teaching career, however, was rudely cut short in 1886, when Eakins was fired from the Academy after removing the loincloth from a male model in front of a class of female students. Unprepared for the public outcry and the hostility of people whom he had regarded as friends, Eakins seems to have undergone a nervous breakdown, to have consulted an expert in mental exhaustion, Dr. Horatio Wood, and to have gradually recuperated after a trip to a ranch in the Dakota Territory. For the next few years, he continued to teach a band of loyal students, but this group dissolved after six years, and he slipped into increasing social ostracism.

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In happier days, the artist photographed sister Frances and family on the steps of their farmhouse. Seven years later, niece Ella (at far right) killed herself after stay at his home.

he did not have to earn a living. His personal needs were attended to as well, since in 1884 he had married one of his students, Susan Hannah MacDowell, who had abandoned a promising painting career to serve and care for him. ("I do not believe that great painting or sculpture or surgery will ever be done by women," Eakins once commented.) He continued to paint, but concentrated increasingly on portraiture rather than on the complex figure compositions of his early years. He was seldom paid for producing these likenesses and chose the subjects of these paintings to please himself. One of his masterpieces is his portrait of Weda Cook, *The Concert Singer* (p. 67). Cook posed for him for two years between her concert engagements. Eakins examined every inch of her clothing and physique as if through a microscope, and the final painting carefully records the exact position of her throat while she sings the opening bars of "O rest in the Lord" from Mendelssohn's *Elijah.*

The fact that these paintings move us deeply as works of art should not delude us into thinking that they present an accurate record of their subjects. Over the years various scholars have demonstrated that Eakins consistently exaggerated the homeliness of his sitters, accentuating their physical oddities, adding wrinkles and gray hair, altering their expressions and asking them to pose in their oldest clothes. Although his portraits have often been compared to those of Rembrandt—both painters used brown paint and dramatic lighting, conveying a quiet sense of inner sorrow—the resemblances are outweighed by differences. Rembrandt's sitters invariably wear a mobile expression. If we study his work, we find that he generally showed his sitters with two expressions—one, that of the external man, on the lighted half of the face; and the other, that of the internal self, on the shaded one. His portraits thus lead us gradually to the inner soul.

Eakins, on the other hand, a more profoundly estranged denizen of the modern age, tended to show his figures not with mobile features but with frozen ones, as though in a kind of catatonic shock. No doubt Eakins was influenced by the embarrassing disclosures of photography, which reveal unintentional grimaces.

Once lean and athletic, as an old man Eakins grew flabby and overweight. His gait grew heavy and in photographs his eyes look blurred and glazed over. Toward the end of his life, he finally began to achieve some degree of public recognition, but this seems to have done little to alleviate his bitterness. When the Academy awarded him a medal, he had it melted down for cash. In 1910, Eakins suffered kidney problems, which ended his painting career. He lingered on another six years, finally dying in 1916.

With the discovery of the Bregler Collection, many of the gaps in our knowledge of Eakins' artistic process—and his troubled life—may be filled in. What is this trove? Nothing less than Eakins' own collection of papers, sketches and artistic paraphernalia. For almost

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50 years this material lay hidden, its existence rumored but unconfirmed. Eakins' widow, Susan, died in 1938. After the art dealers and furniture movers had passed through her house, a former Eakins pupil, Charles Bregler, stopped by. He was stunned by the disarray; it was, he later said, "the most tragic and pitiful sight I ever saw. Every room was cluttered with debris as all the contents of the various drawers, closets, etc., were thrown upon the floor as they removed the furniture." So he carted what he could save back to his house. It wasn't until 1984 that Bregler's widow agreed to lend the items—which were stored in disorganized piles under beds and in the basement—to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts for safekeeping. The following year, she agreed to sell.

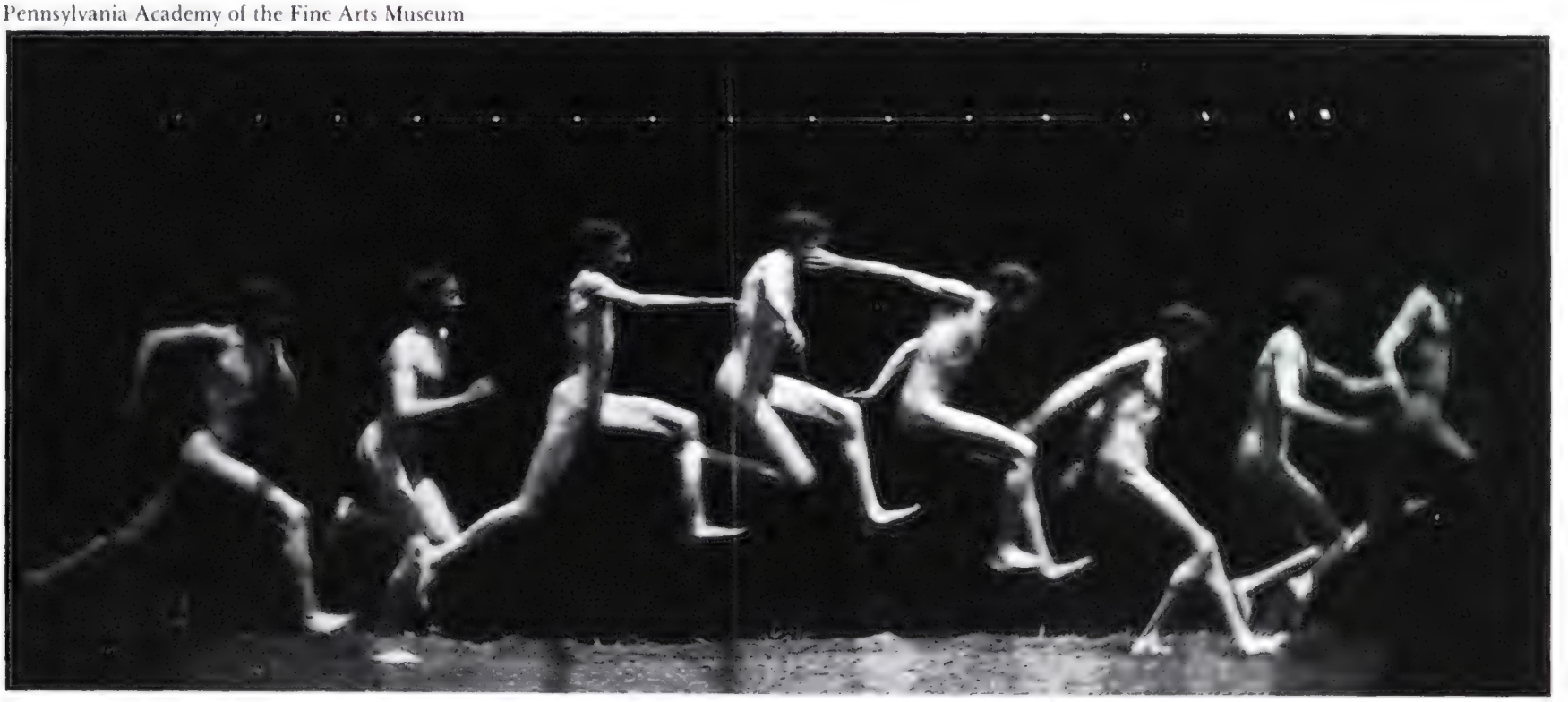
It has taken the team of scholars at the Academy six years to prepare for the exhibition now on view. Oddly enough, the artistic materials—the student notebooks, anatomical diagrams, clay models and elaborate perspective drawings—while often technical in nature, have proved fairly easy to interpret. What is surprising about them, in fact, is the literalness, the exactitude of Eakins' method, which bears little relation to our usual notions of artistic inspiration. One treasure is a series of illustrations for a manual that Eakins wrote about perspective. The manual itself is owned by the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and one hopes that someday soon the text and illustrations can be reunited and published.

The other series of revelations is of a very different type, and is likely to provoke intense argument and dispute among scholars. These are the personal papers. Until recently, scholars depended largely on guesswork in evaluating the many scandals of Eakins' career, including his firing from the Academy, the suicide of his niece and the mental breakdown of one of his female students. The Bregler papers provide a wealth of new material on these matters. In the record of the controversies that surrounded him, Eakins seems to have destroyed the accusatory documents, keeping only those papers that he used in his own defense. Key pieces of the story remain untold, and the motivations of Eakins' enemies are often bewildering. Nonetheless, even this biased account, heavily slanted in Eakins' favor, provides a chilling picture of his behavior, and particularly of his psychological manipulation of women. The notion that Eakins was an innocent victim of misunderstanding becomes almost untenable.

True, much of the backlash against his behavior could be attributed to the straitlaced social code of his time or to exaggerated accounts; for example, his crude language, his penchant for telling dirty jokes, or his removal of his pants to model anatomical features for female students. Without actually being there, it's hard to know what really happened. But what is startling about the revelations of the Bregler papers is that they show that much of the opposition to Eakins came not from professional colleagues, but from within his own family—two successive grand-scale battles, into which siblings, in-laws, cousins, pupils and acquaintances were progressively drawn, creating a mud-slinging medley of accusations and recriminations.

In the first battle, Eakins' brother-in-law Frank Stephens tried to have him thrown out of two Phila-

Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts Museum



Motion study of a male nude (1884) was done using the Marey wheel—a perforated disk rotating behind a camera lens. Eakins got involved in this technology through working on project with Eadweard Muybridge.

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Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden

Portrait of Eakins' wife, Susan, dates from the late 1890s; she saved sketches, drawings, he'd thrown away.

delphia art clubs, accusing him of bestiality and incest. His closest friend, Will Crowell, wrote a long document in support of Eakins. It is now in the Bregler Collection. Even though it was intended as a defense, it provides a deeply disturbing glimpse into the dynamics of the Eakins family. After the dust settled, Eakins had been thrown out of the two art clubs; and Stephens and Eakins' sister had been thrown out of the family home.

Then came the second major family breakdown. Will and Frances Crowell sent two daughters to live and study art with their uncle. Both parents wrote him long letters, now in the Bregler Collection, urging him not to require the girls to pose in the nude. "I almost feel," Frances wrote to him, "as if we were sending them to probable destruction." The older girl, Ella, ended up in a mental hospital; then, after being sent home, she shot herself. She had complained to her parents of Eakins' "degrading touch" and indicated to them that he had sexually molested her. With her suicide, the Crowells broke off all contact with Eakins. Thus, by 1897, he had become estranged from his last surviving sibling.

Nor was this the only scandal that troubled Eakins in the 1890s. Almost simultaneously with the Ella Crowell tragedy, one of Eakins' students, Lilian Hammitt, became mentally unbalanced and was discovered wandering the streets of Philadelphia in a bathing suit. When police questioned her, she claimed that she was Mrs. Eakins. The Bregler papers contain a series of letters from Lilian, written before her breakdown, which provide a depressing record of her poverty, her estrangement from her family, the moral reservations they felt about her behavior, and her attachment to Eakins. In one letter, she asks him whether she should turn to prostitution to support herself. The exact cause of her breakdown, however, remains unclear.

Throughout this period, Eakins did little to dispel the troubling rumors that circulated about his conduct. Indeed, there are many accounts that suggest he was ruled by some powerful compulsion both to undress women and to expose himself to them. In the 1930s, for example, when Lloyd Goodrich spoke to eight women who had known Eakins or had posed for him, he discovered that the artist had continually pressured most of them to pose for him in the nude.

Weda Cook, for instance, reported that when she was posing for *The Concert Singer*, Eakins kept after her to pose nude, though she refused. His manner then took on almost the quality of a sexual seduction. His eyes, she said, would become soft and appealing, and he would drop into the Quaker "thee"—"gentleness combined with the persistence of the devil," she recalled. In another case, he strode nude before a woman who was posing for his friend Samuel Murray, declaring, "I don't know if you ever saw a naked man before; I thought you might like to see one."

Events that occur once may be taken as random, but events that occur twice or more suggest a pattern. Eakins seems to have derived his pleasure from shocking women, not from seducing them; it is in part this absence of a straightforward sexual motive that makes his behavior so peculiar and socially disruptive.

Sorting through the huge and diverse body of material in the Bregler papers will probably take decades. But already it seems clear that scholarship on Eakins will never be the same again. The information they provide, while it need not detract from our appreciation of his paintings, makes it difficult to defend him as a maligned innocent. Instead, he emerges as a profoundly troubled human being, a psychologically manipulative figure. He was not, as many have maintained, an objective realist—and this should be kept in mind when viewing his paintings. It was Eakins' own suffering that allowed him to probe the darkest corners of the human soul.

Weda Cook sang passage from *Elijah* as Eakins recorded exact position of her throat for *The Concert Singer*.

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At Ballard Mill Marina in Seattle, liveaboard Jeffrey Briggs (above) works in his cozy, well-fitted office. More than one-third of the boats are homes in Ventura West Marina (opposite), built to attract liveaboards.

By Constance Bond

No lawn to mow, but you have to like to rock

They say home is where the heart is—which is why thousands of people in this country who love the water make their home on a boat

A sudden lurch awakened me. I sat bolt upright, taking the sleeping bag with me like a second skin. For a moment I didn't know where I was, and then remembered. Wrapped in the cocoon, I looked out at the driving rain, the whitecaps and the wildly waving sailboat masts, their halyards banging above the sound of the wind. It was a damned good storm, but this was no hurricane. We were still tied up to the pierhead in the marina, and although the boat was trying to climb the dock, we were secure. Hurricane Gloria hadn't hit full blast, as had been predicted, after all. In an apartment

the storm would have been outside, but here I was in it. The thought hit me: this feels like a wilderness experience, yet I'm only a ten-minute walk from my office on the Mall in Washington, D.C.

My friend Frances Rowsell, owner of this boat, was asleep in the lower cabin; like almost all the other 160 liveaboards on the D.C. waterfront, she had stayed aboard rather than retreat to land. "This is my home," she'd said on the phone. "You're nuts," I'd answered. But here I was.

Earlier that evening, we'd walked the neighborhood—A through I docks—cracking jokes about "bump-'em boats" (in my case, a shade nervously), comparing notes on the latest estimated time of arrival for the hurricane (just before dawn), helping to double-tie lines, fortifying each other with an occasional brandy. Along the way, we passed the blinding lights of a TV crew up on the seawall. They were filming a segment for late-night news about how the liveaboard community was preparing for the storm.

But as it turned out, Gloria cast her eye eastward, dealing D.C. only a sharp backhanded slap as she

Photographs by Phil Schofield

At Ballard Mill Marina, Mike Whalen kicks back on the roof of his home as he catches up on the news.

swept by. So, finding myself still alive, I bought a 30-foot trawler and moved into the Gangplank Marina the following spring. Although I didn't know it at the time, I was joining a fleet of about 25,000 liveaboard boats around the country, many in the South, but a surprising number in the Northeast, the Pacific Northwest, even the Great Lakes area. Like any lifestyle, this one has proved to have its own peculiar set of ups and downs. Ups like successfully wrestling your boat into its slip in a high wind, to be met by four dockmates holding up written scores ("9, 8, 9, 2—Soviet judge"). That happened to me last summer. I don't have to tell you what the biggest down is when your house is sitting on the water.

I've lived aboard for five years now, full-time for the first three, cheating for the last two, moving to land for four months each year. Guess which ones. The serious liveaboards razz me about this lapse of hardiness, a right they've earned. They go easy on me, though, because in the dead of winter I let them use the bathtub in my pied-à-terre.

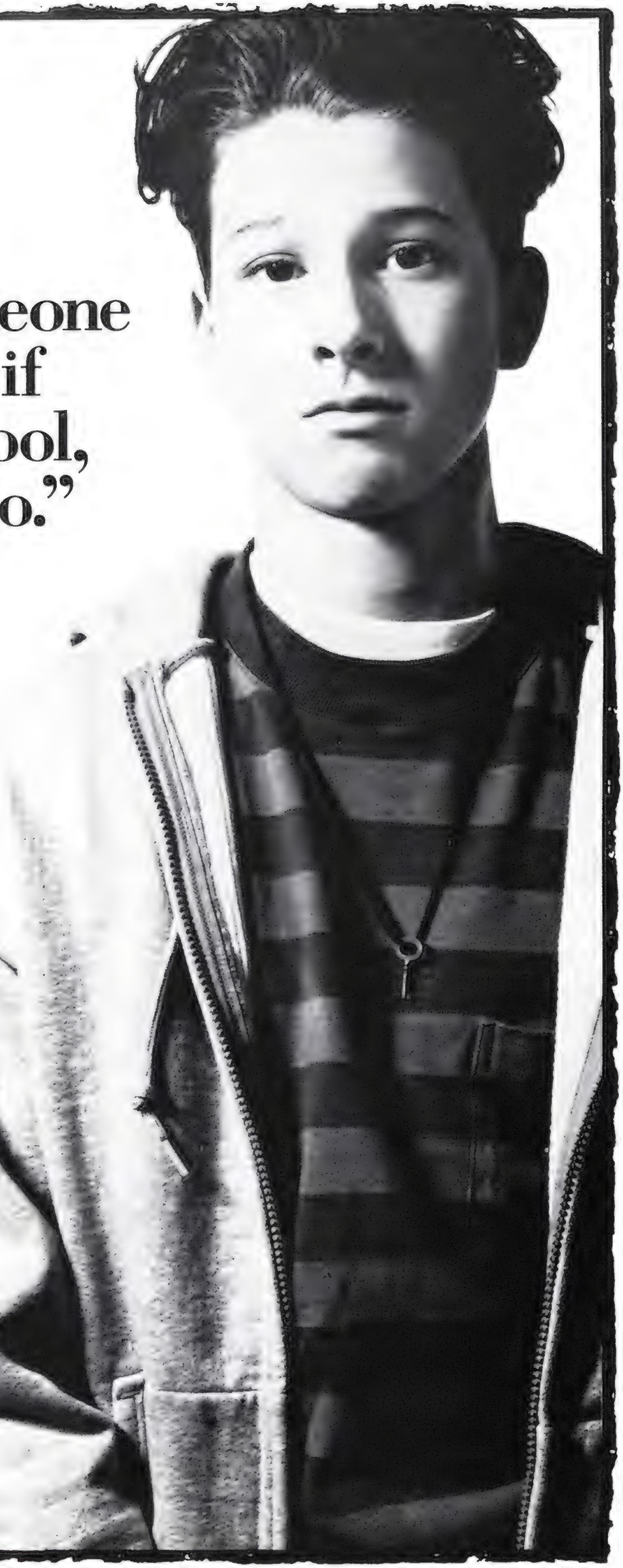
A few words about bathtubs. Thanks to a survey three years ago by *Living Aboard* magazine (the best single source on this way of life), we now officially know that liveaboards miss bathtubs. Also storage space, a garage, a washer-dryer and being able to order out for pizza. But, on the plus side, there's no lawn to mow. Another advantage: when you live on a boat, interior spaces on land that once seemed ordinary start to look huge. Here's a practical application. Want a bigger office? Don't worry about getting a promotion, just move aboard a boat. Pretty soon your office will feel so big it'll make you nervous. That's called downward mobility.

Life aboard is not all lounging

Not that all people who live on boats lack bathtubs or work in offices. Look at Travis McGee, hero of the mystery series penned by John D. MacDonald. He lives in Florida aboard the *Busted Flush*, which he won in a poker game. It's a customized 52-foot houseboat with a huge bathtub. Trav spends a lot of time lounging around on his top deck when he's not solving mysteries, but that's fiction. Many of us are working stiffs, nine-to-fivers on a 35- or 40-foot boat, never quite caught up with the varnishing, driving a pickup or van with an "I'd rather be cruising" bumper sticker and a bunch of junk rattling around in the back.

Interested in how the species is faring, I've dropped in on liveaboard communities around the country over the past couple of years, and I've found that liveaboards are endangered but far from extinct. Along with their obvious love of the water, they exhibit considerable tenacity.

"Maybe if someone else cared if I finish school, I would too."



"There's this poster in my homeroom; it says 'Be cool, stay in school.' Yeah right.

"School might work for some people, but I don't see anybody like that where I live, and they sure don't see me.

"They just put up their slogans and hope I buy it. But I don't. I need more to look up to than a poster."

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Longtime liveaboards in Northwest, Don and Vonnie Baumgartner have shopping down to a science: they time it with the tides, and haul it in a wheelbarrow.

Jim Rueff at Ballard Mill goes through the laundry ritual; most liveaboards use communal facilities.

Undoubtedly, the most tenacious I have met are Vonnie and Don Baumgartner, who live aboard their 44-foot sailboat, *Mithril*, in Bellingham, Washington. This couple built two boats in succession, lived aboard with three teenage sons—and stayed married. In 1976, Don and Vonnie finished building their first sailboat, 33-foot *Yvonne*, in their backyard. The three boys sold popcorn on launch day, and dispensing with their house, the whole family moved aboard.

"We joined the YMCA and the yacht club so we could shower," says Vonnie. "The kids had to haul laundry up and down the ramp from shore. You have to plan your shopping trips with the tides; we have ten-foot tides here, and at low tide the ramp is at a 45-degree angle." Since Don was working full-time as a pipefitter, Vonnie learned how to sail. The boys slept in berths on either side of the main cabin. Vonnie and Don had the forward cabin, with its V-berths: two bunks that meet at one end. "For three years we slept with only our feet touching," laughs Don.

A year and a half after moving aboard *Yvonne*, amid a gala sendoff from the citizens of Bellingham, the family left for the dream cruise down the coast and on to Tahiti. But after 300 miles of heavy fog and close quarters, they realized it wasn't working out. "We can't go back," Vonnie protested; "everybody will laugh at us." Don wasn't bothered. "We'll find out who our real friends are," he told her. Back in Bellingham, they lived aboard *Yvonne* for another year and a half, all of them pitching in to help build *Mithril*, which they moved aboard in 1979.

One by one, in the years that followed, the boys left, but Vonnie and Don plan to stay liveaboards forever. "Everything you see on this boat is what our first

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Oliver Klobas is at home on what he calls "the big boat"; its pilot berth served as a playpen for him.

boat didn't have," says Vonnie; "refrigeration (we brought ice aboard *Yvonne*), a shower, a propane stove, a double bed."

As we relax on the boat, sipping Yukon Jack and coffee, a popular Northwest cruising drink (every place you visit a boater, you get introduced to a new cruising drink), I poke around. Vonnie and Don have perfected the art of living aboard. In their main cabin, shelves and cubbyholes grace every available surface; bungee cords hold books in place. Survival gear is stowed under hinged steps. There is no dead space anywhere. The only obvious nonessential is a vase of fresh orchids next to the washbasin in the head. "I like fresh flowers," explains Vonnie. "You don't have room for a lot of luxury, so I think it's worth spending the money."

Vonnie and Don look after the boat's operating systems. "I took a marine electrical course," Vonnie says. "I know all about 12-volt systems. I feel the equal of any man. If I were going to go cruising with one of these guys, I'd say 'Show me your tools.' "

We compare notes on losses overboard. They've lost a couple of bikes (wakes from fishing boats), a wheelbarrow (gust of wind) and lots of tools, says Vonnie. A couple of years ago, on the Fourth of July, I too was the victim of an unexpected wake. I fell overboard with the phone in my hand, leaving a horrified friend at the other end of the country with a shriek, a few burbles and then a dial tone.

Just as I'm beginning to think that nothing ever fazes the Baumgartners, Vonnie says, almost as an aside, "Then there was the time that Don and Larry didn't talk to each other; it lasted for a year." Larry, then a teenager, is their oldest son. Vonnie, who mediated the year of silence, tosses it off by saying, "Kids are unhappy no matter what you do, so you might as well do what you want."

Don and Vonnie agree that the rewards have far outweighed the problems. They saw numerous slide shows, courtesy of cruisers stopping over in Bellingham, when the kids were allowed to stay up late. They logged 30,000-plus miles on trips to Mexico, Hawaii, the San Juan Islands. And the three sons, who grumbled a lot at the time about having to help build the boats, and schlepp groceries and laundry, now say they wouldn't have had it any other way.

Bellingham is a cruiser's paradise, the jumping-off

The author, a member of the Board of Editors, has a view through her front window of the Washington Monument flanked by sailboat masts.

Her pots lined up along the pier beside her boat, Judy Padgett checks out tomato crop at Ballard Mill.

A familiar neighborhood sight, folks sit out on the steps at Ballard Mill as a dog works the crowd for pats.

point for the San Juan Islands. But there are a lot more job opportunities farther south in Seattle, and many liveaboards who must work full-time make their homes in one of the many urban marinas there.

Urban marinas are particularly interesting because they're often tucked into the midst of bustling waterfront activity. When your neighborhood lies on a seam of the city, you take what you get. For example, boaters at Constitution Marina in Boston, named for the USS *Constitution*, which is berthed about 150 feet away, are awakened daily by the firing of the famed warship's cannon. Daybreak at the Gangplank Marina, where I live, is heralded by the helicopters from hell: a tooth-rattling airborne flotilla pounding north to who knows where. For evening taps, a steel band plays till the wee hours on the terrace of one of the restaurants behind the marina.

For those who prefer the industrial feel of a true working waterfront, the ideal neighborhood is Ballard Mill Marina, which hugs the northern edge of Seattle's ship canal. There, on a warm summer night, I visit Jeffrey and Mary Jo Briggs aboard their 40-foot ferrocement-hull sailboat. Hundreds of fishing boats are docked up and down the canal. Directly opposite lie the sheds and rails of the huge Marco ship-repair facility, where a bright arc of sparks flies from the upper deck of a dry-docked 120-foot crab boat.

A tour of A dock at Ballard Mill reveals the eclectic mix of people found in most liveaboard communities. We pass an old wooden cruiser built in the '50s. "An 85-year-old woman lives on that boat," says Mary Jo. "Her husband died a couple of years ago." Out toward the end of the dock, a collapsible circular playpen catches my eye. Eric Klobas emerges from the hatch, holding his son. Living aboard with a baby, Eric tells us, hasn't been as difficult as he and his wife, Chontel, feared. "We converted the chart table into a baby changer, and the pilot berth, up above the settee in the main cabin, is where Oliver hangs out most of the time. He loves it." Just then a harsh barking sound comes from the restored tugboat tied to the pierhead behind us, sending Eric's cat down the hatch. "Oh, that's just the parrot," explains Eric. "The guy who lives there has taught it to bark."

The owner of the barking parrot is a member of an ambulance crew; there are also several auto mechanics and nurses, a computer programmer, a Boeing engineer, a secretary and a musician just finishing his doctorate in choral directing who moonlights in a rock'n'roll band. Eric is one of the auto mechanics:

Ann and Nick Pencoff have lived at Ventura West aboard their 20-foot sailboat since 1985. Ann conducts her own mail-order flag kit business from the boat; Nick commutes ashore.

"If someone on the dock mentions that their engine sounds funny, I grab my tool box."

We turn to retrace our steps, and Jeffrey points to the next boat. "That couple just bought a slip at a marina on Bainbridge Island," he says. "They paid thirty thousand or so for a 99-year lease. Some boaters think that's the only way to guarantee they'll be able to live aboard in the future." We reach the last boat on the tour, a converted Navy power scow; on its deck are umbrella-topped tables and chairs. "That's Steve's boat," says Jeffrey; "looks like he's having another impromptu party." Sure enough, there's Steve on the stern, wearing an Arco bill cap, clasping a dozen packaged steaks between his hands like an accordion. "Steaks for everybody," he calls out, and we veer left at the finger pier and board.

The following day, I talk with Ballard Mill's dockmaster, Jonathan Ives. Unlike many dockmasters, Jonathan likes liveaboards. For example, he spaces liveaboards out between the nonliveaboard boats. Logistically, it's extra work, but the privacy this creates earns him a place in boater heaven. Jonathan has also developed a portable sewage pump so his boaters can empty their holding tanks without having to leave the slip—frequently an impossibility during winter months.

Jonathan has noticed a change in the liveaboard scene in recent years. "I think what we're seeing now is that there are enough people around who want to live aboard who can pay, so the people who've been living aboard just to get by are fewer."

It takes a lot to get liveaboards to organize, but watch out when it happens. In 1976 in Seattle, there was a proposal to ban them, and a city council hearing was scheduled. Seattle liveaboards appeared at the meeting at City Hall, carrying signs, chanting and brandishing boat hooks. The surprised authorities had just sent for the fire department to come and clear the aisles when the city council president announced that the proposal was no longer under consideration. Relations have improved since then. In 1985, the Boaters' Task Force was formed to work with the city to develop long-term policies for all boaters.

Unlike Jonathan, many dockmasters have a more ambivalent relationship with their marina residents. Down the ship canal from Ballard Mill lies Lockhaven Marina, a 140-boat mom-and-pop operation with eight liveaboards. I drop in on marina manager Roy Dunbar, a master boat craftsman and former rowing coach, and he walks me along a dock past classic old wooden boats, the marina's specialty. "Some liveaboards are ten tenants' worth of work," Roy tells me. "When I first got here the liveaboards came up with a big list of things they wanted done. I looked at the list and said it'd be easier to get rid of the liveaboards." But he didn't, and his reason is echoed by every dockmaster I've talked with. "I really believe they're good for security in the marina," he explains. "They'll let me know if there's a problem with a boat.

"But," Roy continues, "I'm a real idiot on this point: I won't allow liveaboards to look like liveaboards. *No* window boxes. Also, in this marina, if you can't start your engine in 15 minutes, you're out." This rule keeps out "derelict boats," the kind that will never go in any direction but down. As we approach the next dock, I ask if it has any liveaboards. "Yeah, one," answers Roy. "See if you can find it." After looking over every boat, I give up. "Good," he says. "They get an A for today."

Dating from the early 1940s, Lockhaven can handle

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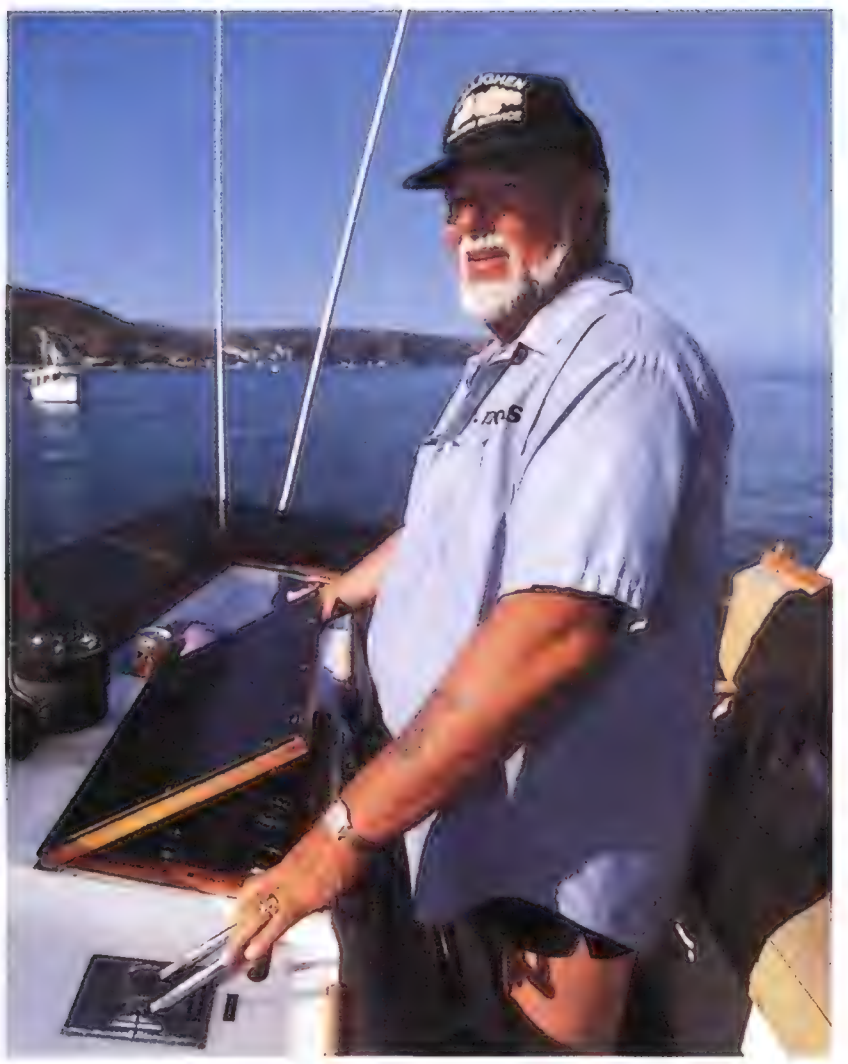

The ultimate reward: Frank Younce maneuvers his trawler at Channel Islands, a short run from Ventura.

Ten-year-old Shea Murdoch's private domain is the V-berth of his family's boat at Ventura West Marina.

only a few liveaboards because of the limited capacity of the docks' electrical wiring. But even in newer marinas throughout the country, liveaboards are often kept to a minimum or even banned altogether. Arguments are made that we don't pay our share of property taxes and that we pollute too much. Our response to the first complaint is that, when we rent a slip from a marina, we're paying property taxes in the same way that an apartment dweller does—via the landlord's payment. As for the environmental problem, most liveaboards agree that there has been a history of abuse, with too many boats releasing sewage into the water. But that situation is rapidly improving, as regulations requiring on-board holding tanks are more strictly enforced, and marinas build more pump-out facilities.

Still, liveaboards are used to rejection, particularly in Florida, Hawaii and Southern California. So it's a pleasant surprise to learn that some marinas actually set out to attract them. One such marina is in California, a state where liveaboards are limited to only 5 to 10 percent in most marinas. Ventura West Marina, located on a man-made lagoon that opens directly into the Pacific, has 200 liveaboards out of a 565-boat total. "This marina was built in 1979 specifically for liveaboards," the marina manager, Tom Kotal, tells me as he shows me the shoreside facilities—big laundry rooms and storage lockers, a walk-in freezer, a lounge with lending library, a ship's store and an inexpensive apartment for boaters' guests. I find myself hoping that this is one of those California trends that will eventually work its way East.

The port district runs a tight ship

Regulations here, says Tom, are strictly enforced by the port district. Once a year, all boats must go to the harbor patrol dock for a permit (requiring the boats to report to the dock effectively keeps out the derelicts). At the dock, each boat's relevant through-hull openings are sealed so that all waste water, even "gray water" (such as that used for showers or dishwashing), goes into holding tanks while the boat is in the lagoon.

After Tom's tour, I drop in on Frank Younce, a burly, tanned, silver-bearded crane operator who lives aboard a 42-foot trawler. Since trawlers are my favorite, too, there's instant rapport when he says to me, "I'll tell you what I fell in love with"—and he turns on the ignition of his twin diesels. "Now we'll walk out here," he says, leading the way to the stern, "and listen to a real pretty sound."

Back in the main salon, Frank serves me a mug of coffee and coconut liqueur, and I notice that he has a tattoo of Tweety Bird on his right arm and one of the Roadrunner on his left. "You never put a lady's name on your arm," he says. "Ever see a black panther on a

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guy's arm? It's covering up a lady's name." Later I ask him what the name of his boat is. "The *Malinda A.*," he says; "it sounds strange, but I named it after my ex-wife." I picture a black panther painted on the boat's transom.

Frank tells me that living in this harbor isn't cheap, but it's worth it; in an hour and a half he can be anchored at the Channel Islands. Outside, a couple of quacking ducks are making their rounds. "Wait a sec; have to feed the kids," he interjects, pulling out four slices of bread. Again we walk to the stern. "I had four garage sales," he muses, tearing the bread up and tossing out the pieces. "I used to packrat things. Hell, I had six exhaust valves from a banana boat. You just sell it all off—clothes, dishes, things you don't need."

Frank is a happy man; he describes his life as idyllic. But Frank lives in a benign climate, and he doesn't have to deal with winter. Ask yourself this question: How often have you heard Jimmy Buffett sing about snow? A neighbor of mine at the Gangplank, Nancy Schertler, best sums up the downside of wintertime. "When the shampoo is frozen," she says, "that's depressing." At the Gangplank, a bubbler system (we call it the Lawrence Welk machine) keeps ice from freezing solid around the boats. Hitting against the hulls, these bubbles produce interesting sound effects—"It's like you're sleeping in a fish tank," says Ron Roberts, who lived on his sailboat at the Gangplank for eight years. (Worse, though, are the bluegills' sound effects—*bonk, bonk, bonk*—in late summer. As Ron puts it, "You can't really appreciate what hard lips fish have until one of them feeds off the bottom of your boat at 3 in the morning." His description may not be anatomically correct, but you get the point.)

Getting back to winters, who would expect to find liveaboards around the Great Lakes at that time of year? Yet, at the Humbug Marina on the Detroit River just north of Lake Erie, the lights burn year-round on five or six of the boats. Mary Taylor and Ken Crowley, both police officers, live aboard one of them, a 41-foot cruiser, with Mary's mother and daughter. And they've got the winterizing problem licked. Eight-inch snowfalls and a wind-chill factor of -30 degrees? No problem. As many Northern liveaboards have learned to do, they shrink-wrap their boat. "It's like one giant piece of Saran Wrap," says Ken.

Last fall, they unrolled a 35-by-70-foot rectangle of transparent plastic over an armature of PVC tubing, then tucked it under "belly bands" stretched all the way around the hull. When they applied a propane torch to the plastic, it shrank tight. "We did it with two other boaters on the dock," says Mary; "it's like an old-fashioned barn-raising, only it's a shrink-wrapping." This past spring, in an intricate surgical procedure, they were able to remove the cover so that they can reuse it this year.

As many liveaboards do, Vonnie and Don Baumgartner cruise on weekends; here, they explore the San Juans.

Hurry up and move before you freeze

I wish I'd known about shrink-wrapping before my first winter aboard. There were a couple of sub-zero weeks when I'd get home from work, pull a mummy bag up to my armpits, and hop back and forth between galley and table, alternately stirring the stew and reading the latest *Atlantic*. One night I woke up so stone-cold, the diesel heater having conked out again, that I remember thinking: you'd better hurry up and move some part of your body, because you may freeze solid while you lie here thinking about it.

But it wasn't until the following spring that I knew I'd really arrived. One day, bike-riding with an acquaintance of several months, I pulled out a sweater from my sun-warmed backpack. "Wow," I exclaimed, "this sweater smells like diesel!" He gave me a funny look. "Really," I said, offering it to him so he could see for himself. Still that funny look. "Connie," he finally said, "you've smelled like diesel since the first day I met you."

Both: D. E. Cox

At Humbug Marina in Michigan, Mary Taylor's mother and daughter and cat share quarters; below, Mary and her husband, Ken Crowley, are comfortable under the shrink-wrap ceiling.

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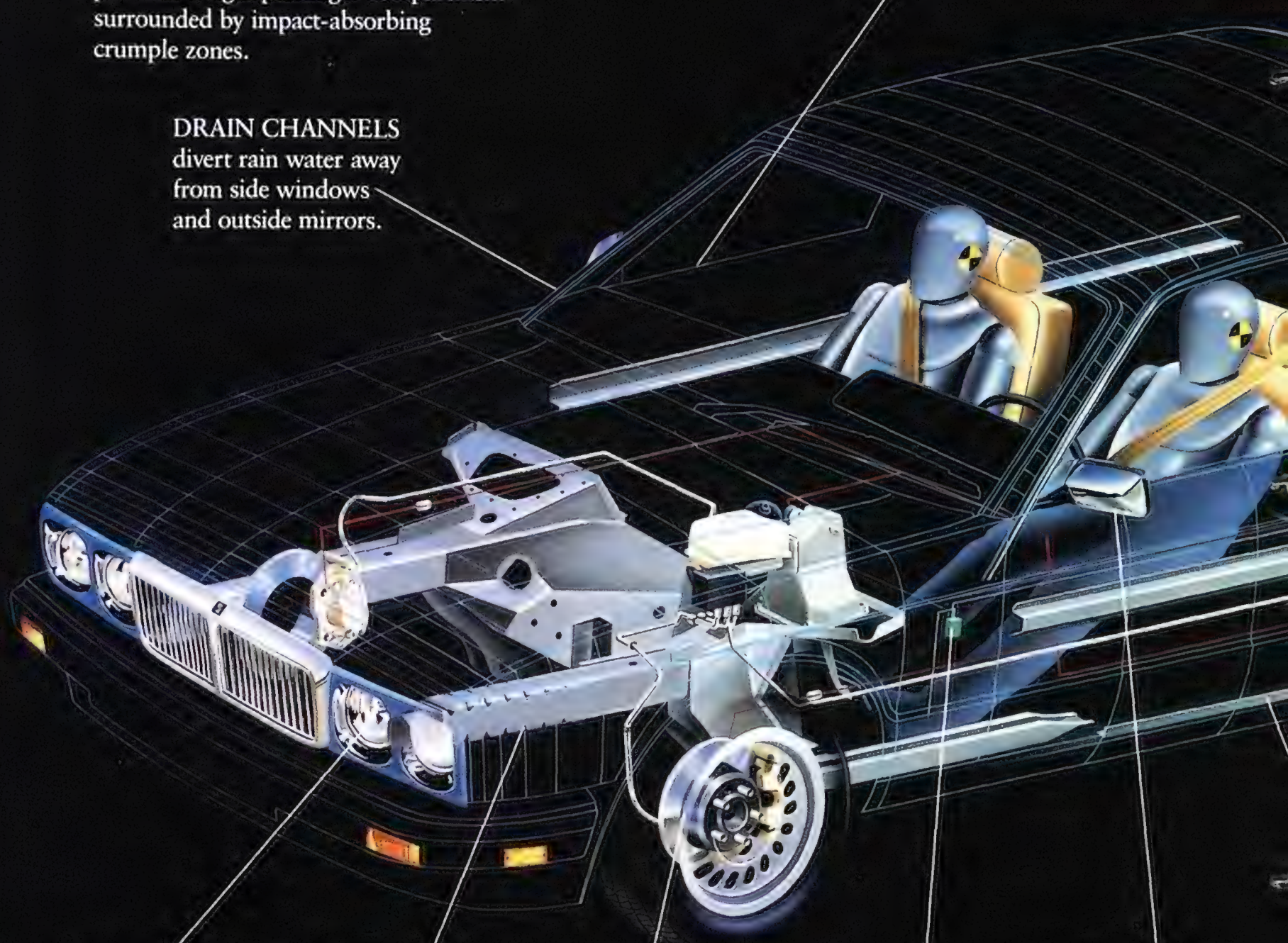

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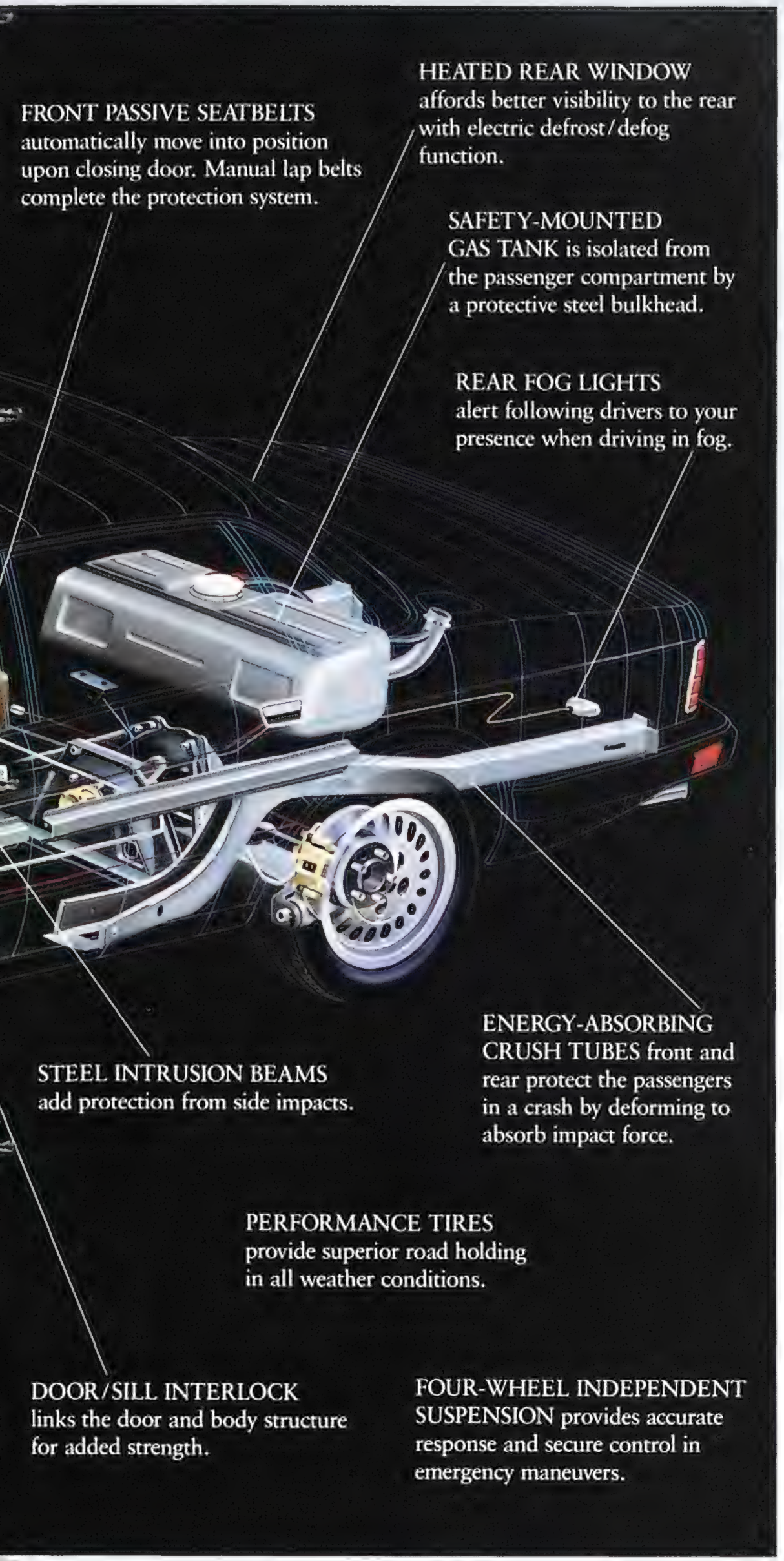
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R T A N D M A C H I N E

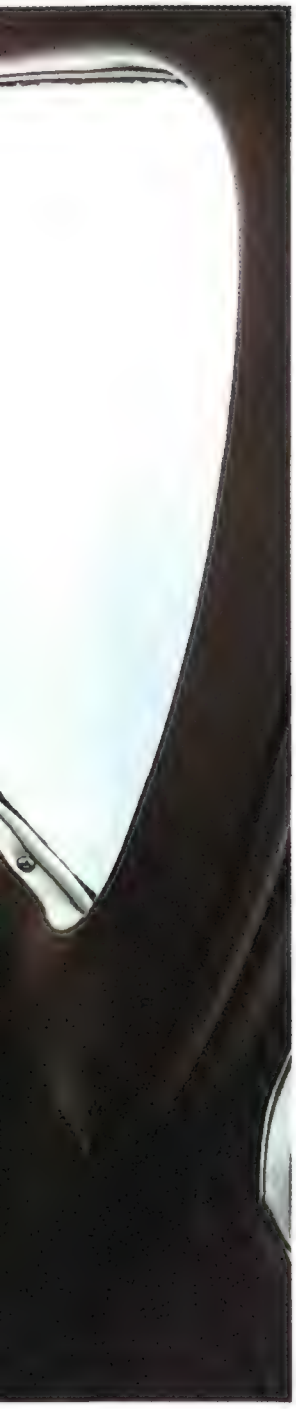
By John Skow

Everything looks different when you are up in the air

Especially things that the 'Environmental Air Force' enables policymakers to put into perspective—pollution, mining, deforestation

Shoreward from the barrier reef, south along the coast from the port settlement of Dangriga to Monkey River Town, then inland toward the Maya Mountains, up the Monkey River to its source at the confluence of the Bladen Branch and the Swasey Branch, gaining altitude westward beyond the last big banana plantation and the last tiny slash-and-burn milpa on the coastal plain, Michael Stewartt spots a king vulture. He banks the Cessna for a look. The bird is royalty, and knows it. Swaggering through the air, it is half again as big as a lowbrow turkey vulture, and it shows off a snazzy black-and-white paint job a lot like that of a killer whale. This flying orca thinks that it owns everything from here to Guatemala, and probably this is true, unless an eagle shows up. Or unless it lands and feeds carelessly; there are jaguars in the untouched and nearly unexplored forest below us.

We are flying now below cliff tops that reach to about 1,500 feet, threading the mountainous, upstream course of the Bladen Branch into a region nearly impenetrable on the ground. High, tumbled, white rock faces scar the riotous upland rain forest. Narrow can-



Opposite: Indian leaders from Belize take first airborne look at their tropical homeland in Lighthawk's Cessna 206. As seen from the plane, a jabiru stork (above) towers over young in nest at Belizean refuge.

yons follow no clear logic of erosion, and the river itself disappears underground for half a mile at a time. Here and there are the distinctive reddish brown blossoms of mahogany trees.

This is an unplanned side trip; Stewartt's volunteer mission today is to fly a survey for two Belize government fisheries biologists who are monitoring the runoff of soil, pesticides and fertilizer from large citrus and banana plantations into the waters around the coastal reefs. Plantation owners are encouraged to leave a buffer strip along riverbanks, to diminish runoff. Mostly they don't, because buffer strips also diminish profits. The mouths of the Monkey River and Stann Creek, to the north, are silting up, and the biologists say that the fisheries and the coral reefs are suffering. An old perplexity, though one that is fairly new here: How can environmentalists persuade polluters—who are also part of the power structure—to change their ways?

But the upper Bladen represents a victory, and Stewartt, a 41-year-old American who runs a public-interest environmental flying service called Lighthawk, based in Santa Fe, New Mexico, wants to see it again. Last year, some 40,000 acres of the Bladen watershed were scheduled to be logged by private interests. The government of Belize was debating whether to pay for logging access roads. (The tiny country below Mexico on the east coast of the Yucatán peninsula was called British Honduras until 1973.) Lighthawk flew Belize officials, including Victor Gonzalez, permanent secretary for tourism and the environment, and Deputy Prime Minister Florencio Marin, over the Bladen for their first look at the wilderness forest. Both officials had the same reaction: road building and logging in this rough, beautiful place would be destructive and foolishly costly. They were able to switch the timber contracts elsewhere. Today the Bladen is part of a 97,000-acre forest reserve. Sometimes the good guys actually win one.

Back in Belize City after the Bladen flight, Michael Stewartt sits on the veranda of the Fort Street Guest House, ignoring an excellent club sandwich. His mind is several countries distant, as it often seems to be when he is not actually piloting a plane. He is thoroughly

Photographs by Enrico Ferorelli

angry, just now, with the Mining Law of 1872, still in force in the United States, that lets mining companies claim the mineral rights to huge stretches of public land, and then end up owning the land outright. This sort of giveaway to encourage development may have made sense in 1872, he says, but not now. He tells of a fight that Lighthawk has joined to block the claiming process on some 1,700 acres of virgin pine forest in New Mexico's Santa Fe National Forest. "Because there are minerals underneath, the guy gets to cut down the forest," Stewartt says bitterly. "Then he gets to strip-mine the stuff underneath, which is pumice. And what do they use pumice for? Stone-washing blue jeans! That forest will be destroyed so that teenagers don't have to bother fading their own jeans." Stewartt is furious. He has no grudge against wealth or big business, but senseless fouling of the land disgusts him. He shakes his head, then grins. "We'll stop it. We'll fly people over the forest, and then we'll fly them over a strip mine. There's one nearby, and it looks terrible. They'll see it."

Until he starts talking and his intensity begins to show, Michael Stewartt is the Sundance Kid, one more tall, blond, easygoing Westerner with a mustache, looking a few years younger than his age, the kind you can find cheerfully passing the time of day in every ski-town bar from Taos to Jackson Hole. When this illusion dissipates, the enduring impression is of a restless, almost mystical, dreamer. It is no surprise to learn that his hobby is skydiving, floating through the firmament. But Stewartt has another quality that brings friends and strangers along on his journeys. There are useful people who are problem solvers, and then there are those, quite rare, who see that there is no problem. The founder of Lighthawk sees destinations beyond ordinary horizons. Obstacles are merely clouds.

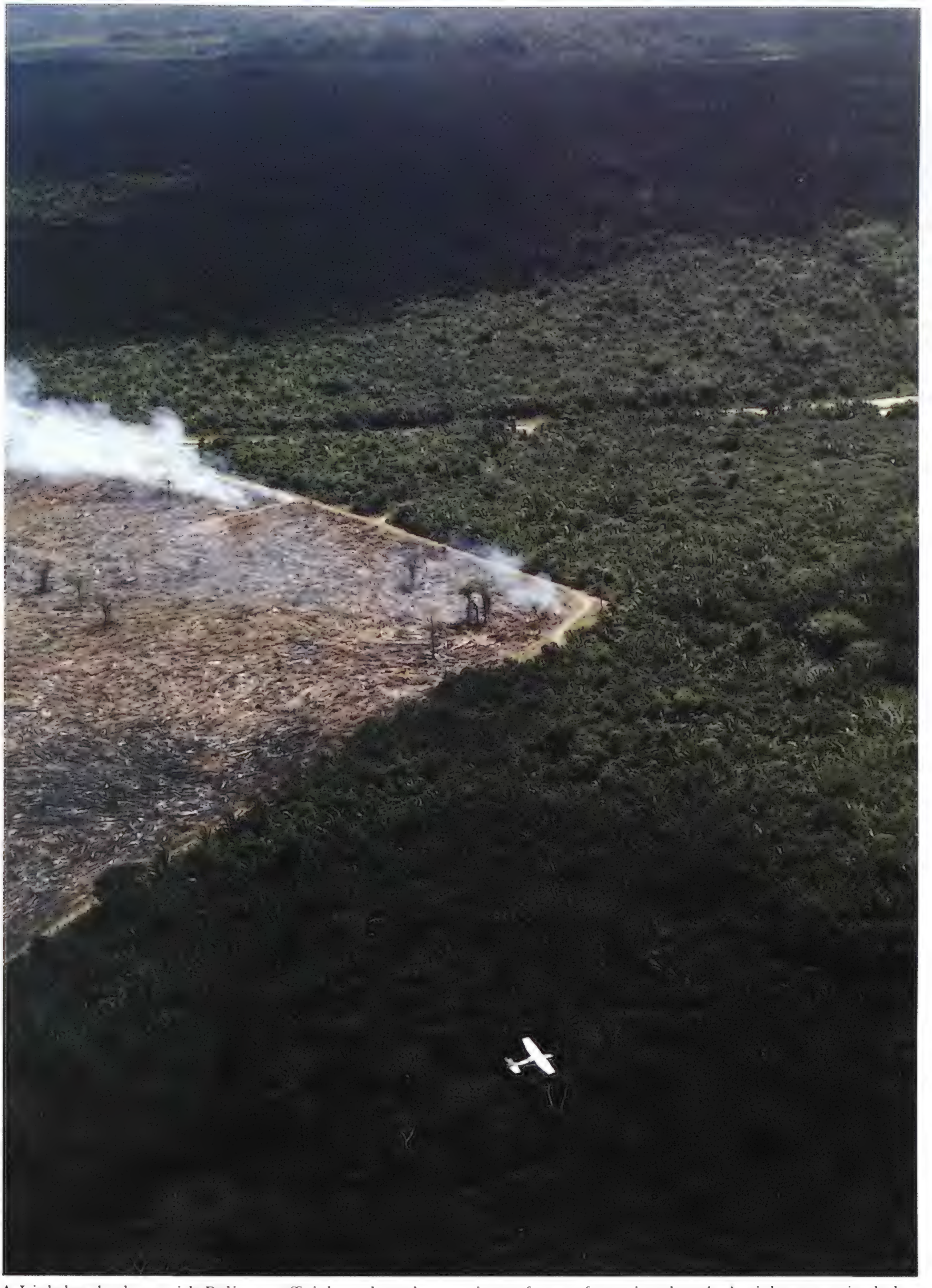
What's to stop you, for instance, if you decide to have two final *t*s in your last name? He was a very young man when he realized that one-final-*t* Michael Stewarts were bumping into one another all over the world. So he installed another *t* in the control surfaces of his last name's tail assembly. Great! Going to college didn't suit him, so he went to Australia instead. Lots to learn in Australia. Back in the United States, and broke enough to take a job in a copper mine, he learned what a bright young man would learn 2,000 feet underground: he wanted to fly. He spent his paychecks on lessons.

By his late 20s, in Alaska, he had been chief pilot for a charter service and had flown as a bush pilot. He had seen then that environmental damage can't be disguised from the air. Leaving 100 feet of trees between the motorists and the clear-cuts, the way loggers do in national forests, doesn't work. When you fly close to the ground in a small plane, the ugliness lies below you, staining and scarring the earth. He found himself brooding through a period of "if onlys"—if only the people who make the laws could see this mess, if only I could just get a news photographer up here.

So in 1979 Stewartt shook the dice and rolled them. He started Lighthawk with one used plane and a few months' worth of expenses donated by friends, and began trying to stop a proposed dam on the Gunnison River in western Colorado. His hunch turned out to be correct. Show someone a fiasco in the making—in this case, the farmland and archaeological sites that would have been flooded—and chances are that the person will get mad. Within a few months, local politicians had scuttled the project.

Now Stewartt and Lighthawk are blown along, sometimes too fast, by the favoring tail winds of success. After all the years and all the battles fought, his house is still a flight bag, its furnishings a clean shirt and an address book. But Lighthawk no longer fits in a flight bag because its mandate has long since expanded well beyond flying. In addition to identifying environmental trouble spots, Lighthawk helps figure out solutions and devise plans for implementing them. It has four headquarters now: the main one in Santa Fe; a second in Aspen, Colorado, where lead pilot Bruce Gordon keeps one of the outfit's four planes and helps with fundraising; the third, and newest, office is in Seattle; the fourth is in whatever phone booth or motel room Stewartt happens to be calling from. Lighthawk's growth shows no sign of stopping here; Stewartt is quite serious about starting a branch in Asia. The operating budget for 1991 is $1,140,560, including payments on a newly renovated twin-engine, 18-passenger

John Skow, a contributor to Time, *last reported for* SMITHSONIAN *on underwater archaeology (December 1986). His home is in New Hampshire.*



A Lighthawk plane with Belizean officials on board surveys clearing and burning of private land next to intact forest of a national park. Aerial perspective helps managers gauge the impact of clearing on the park.

Founder Michael Stewartt has made Lighthawk into an environmental problem solver as well as a watchdog.

Pilot Jerry Hoogerwerf confers with consultants for Mexican conservation group during flight over Yucatán.

Belizean official Victor Gonzalez (left) talks with Lighthawk pilot Bruce Gordon on airstrip in Belmopan.

De Havilland Twin Otter that cost $400,000 (bought with an initial down-payment grant of $140,000 from the W. Alton Jones Foundation), primarily for use in the fight to preserve what remains of the old-growth forest in the Pacific Northwest.

With a degree of forgivable melodrama, Lighthawk has taken to calling itself the Environmental Air Force. And though the organization has never shot anything except photographs, the somewhat pugnacious description fits. The air force has been particularly effective in countering the excesses of the timber industry and its customary ally, the U.S. Forest Service (USFS). In 1987 I had flown with Stewartt and activists from the Wilderness Society over what remained of the Tongass rain forest in southeastern Alaska. It was clear that the USFS, which had charge of the Tongass, was a case of split and warring personalities. Individually, its men and women in the field were likely to be well-informed environmental idealists. But the organization itself was still stubbornly devoted to the cut-'em-down and ship-'em-out practices of 30 years before.

Why upset the tree-huggers?

A year later I flew with Stewartt again, this time over Washington and Oregon. Environmentalists there had become suspicious that the USFS, deliberately or through convenient bumbling, had vastly underreported the amount of old-growth forest that had been cut. Why upset the tree-huggers? Lighthawk, using the agency's own maps, picked supposedly unlogged areas at random, flew to them and found repeatedly that the trees were long gone. Sampled areas of remaining old-growth forest in six national forests were only about one-third to one-half as extensive as they were supposed to be. And at the accelerating rate of logging then allowed, they would be gone in a decade or so.

A few months after the forest flight in the Northwest, I was flying with Lighthawk again, this time with Bruce Gordon, the lead pilot from Aspen. Gordon is Stewartt's opposite in manner and looks: of medium size, dark, quick, combative. His Rolodex is turbo-assisted; he knows the people in *People*. He persuades his friends John Denver and members of the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band to give a benefit concert for Lighthawk. A favorite Bruce Gordon story—he tells it, and so do the other Lighthawkers—has him showing up at the Santa Fe headquarters with the concert proceeds just in time to pump up Lighthawk's flat bank account and finance the coming winter's campaign in Central America.

Now, in the early spring of 1989, we were over Yellowstone National Park, whose destruction in the huge fires of the previous summer had been widely reported. By the time of our flight in April, grass was

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Fallet Young, a founder of monkey sanctuary, makes his way down the Belize River as a Lighthawk aircraft passes above him. Lighthawk helps sanctuary's staff maintain an overview of land-use practices in the area.

pushing hard through the charred earth, and it was clear that the park vegetation would do fine. Livestock was another matter, though the problems weren't the result of fire. Yellowstone has far too many elk and bison. Many hundreds of elk had died off in the hard winter of 1988-89, and their carcasses lined the roads. The bison carry brucellosis, primarily a disease of cattle, and are gunned down regularly by stockmen as they try to migrate beyond park boundaries to find food. This was clear proof, said my fellow passenger, biologist Renee Askins, that the park needed wolves. Askins heads the Wolf Fund, an educational group based in Moose, Wyoming, that is dedicated to reestablishing wolves in Yellowstone, where government hunters exterminated them in the 1940s. "It's perfect wolf habitat," she said, as we flew over high, wooded hills. "It doesn't take much imagination to see wolves here."

Conversations about the habits of wolves or the place of fire in the life cycle of lodgepole pines started in the cockpit and spilled over afterward. A Lighthawk flight is likely to be an environmental seminar. Stewartt and Gordon, and the volunteer pilots who fly regularly for Lighthawk, have been learning from scientists like Askins for years. Moreover, the Lighthawkers have flown for virtually all of the environmental organizations in the country and, at least in the West, for most of the lawmakers and aides who can be persuaded to climb into a small plane. They know who's real and who's a wave-and-a-grin lightweight. They know which corporate gestures at ecological righteousness are just public relations. Lighthawk's friends in the environmental movement regularly call for advice: Congressman X sounds wonderfully ecological, but does he carry through on his promises? No, the answer may be, he has the attention span of a squirrel, but if you get chief aide Y on your side, you have a chance.

The data bank now extends well down into Central America. Lighthawk has been flying in Costa Rica during the February dry season for six years, and in Belize for five. Stewartt started the Central American venture knowing only that there was work to be done in helping to preserve the rain forest. What he didn't

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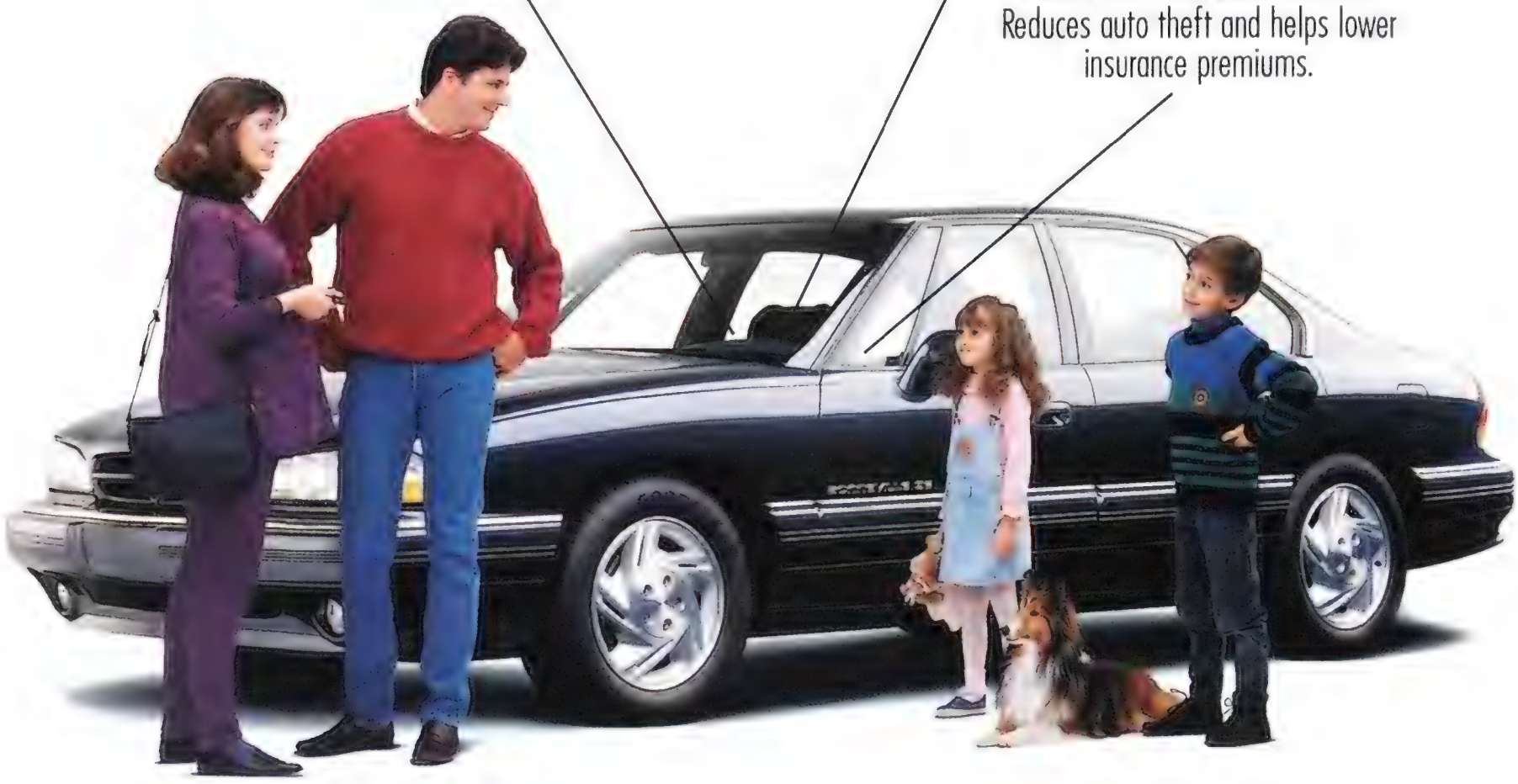

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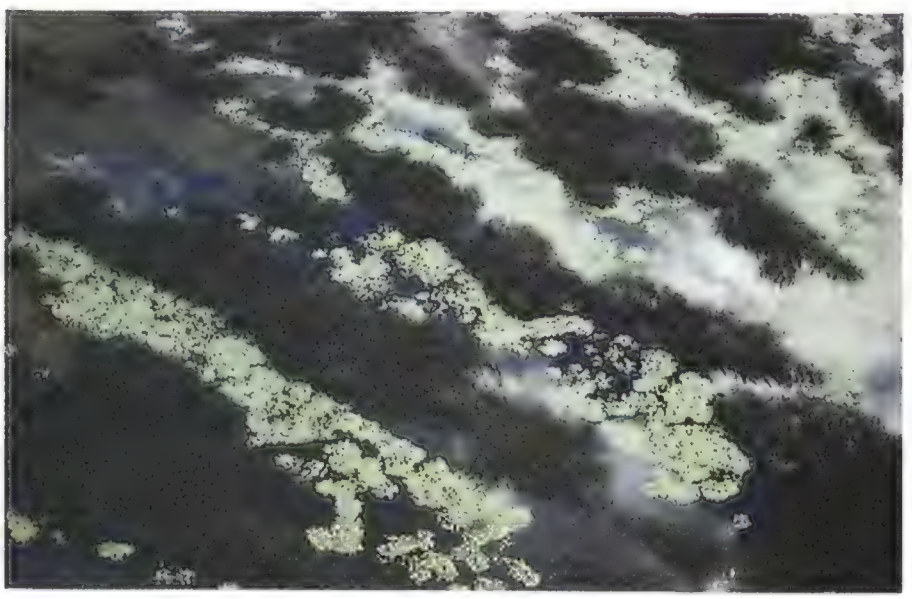
know was where he would find a suitable rough-field plane (Lighthawk's two Cessna 210s, which have retractable landing gear, are best suited to paved strips), or who would share the piloting. Then one day the phone rang. A flier with an unusual name was interested in volunteering. Jerry Hoogerwerf (Dutch for "higher wharf") was an airport manager at Soccoro, New Mexico. Yes, he owned a good Cessna 205, with sturdy, nonretractable landing gear, and had time to spare in the winter. Costa Rica? As a matter of fact, he had spent two years there as a Peace Corps volunteer. And yes, he spoke good Spanish.

Since then Hoogerwerf has done much of Lighthawk's flying in Costa Rica, Belize and Mexico. Often, as is true of other volunteer pilots, he is the only Lighthawk representative a scientist doing a bird census or a manatee count will see. He's a good ambassador, a tall, good-humored, loose-jointed fellow who not only knows how to fly the plane, but also looks and acts as if he knows how. This calms the jittery, and calmness is desirable when you are about to spend two and a half hours doing a seabird count at an altitude of between 200 and 300 feet. And especially when, at that altitude, an ornithologist says "Could we go back and look at that rookery again?" and Jerry stands the plane on one wing, not very far above a mudflat, and makes a sharp U-turn.

I met Jerry at Cancún, Mexico, a gaudy tourist development of 70 or 80 Miami Beach-type hotels in a row, each full of honeymooners from the United States who tell themselves that they are having fun when, at about 2:30 in the afternoon, the poolside MC announces the day's first tequila-drinking contest. South of Cancún, however, is the astonishing 1.3-million-acre biosphere reserve called Sian Ka'an, "land where the sky was born" in Maya. Approximately one-third of Sian Ka'an is tropical forest, another third is a watery complex of savannas and mangroves, and the rest is ocean, including a stretch of the barrier reef, the second longest in the world, that ends southeast of Belize off the coast of Guatemala.

Lighthawk had been flying manatee and wading-bird censuses over the reserve for Juan Bezaury Creel, executive director of the Amigos de Sian Ka'an, a citizens group that oversees the reserve. Now we were heading north of Cancún with ornithologist Jorge Correa and his wife, Minerva, a marine biologist, to assess the peninsula—little known in terms of what wildlife is there—of the small fishing town called Holbox. Like most of the Yucatán, the land here is flat: brown pelican habitat in the mangrove swamps, says Correa, and the home of jaguars, pumas and other cats in the scrubby, rather nondescript forested areas. Not far into the interior is smoke from one of the sawmills



Bird's-eye view of Belize's Crooked Tree Wildlife Sanctuary reveals dominant role of water in ecosystem.

From plane near Mexico's Calakmul Biosphere Reserve, Maya ruins look like an island in an ocean of trees.

that's responsible for the woodland's rapid disappearance. Back at Cancún, Bezaury, a bright, energetic activist, says that he will use the knowledge gained on the flight to propose creation of a new protected area on the eastern tip of the Yucatán. Like Sian Ka'an, it would be a workable agreement between conservation and development. Without Lighthawk's survey, Bezaury says, he couldn't make a sensible proposal. Chartering a plane would have cost $240 an hour, or about $600 for today's flight—"and for us, that means forget it," he says.

For the next several days we fly from Mérida and Campeche, over eastern and central regions of the Yucatán. Local researchers, colleagues of a private group called Pronatura—"for nature"—are surveying land use, including slash-and-burn incursions, and doing wildlife counts. The big biosphere reserve of Calakmul, named for a spectacular Maya ruin, is Pronatura's special concern. For a hitchhiking journalist, the flights are magical: round cenotes, or sinkholes, in the limestone of the northern Yucatán, Maya temples appearing in the jungle exactly where the plane's Loran said they should be. And twice, in the waterbird sanctuaries of Celestún and Rio Lagartos in the north—regions in which the expanse between navigable water and walkable land may be 10 or 15 miles of mangroves, glistening mudflats and shallow, snaking creeks—we pass over pink clouds of flamingos in numbers that approach 5,000 birds.

We fly southeast over the Mexican border to Belize, a land that shares the Yucatán peninsula, a Maya heritage and the same sorts of palm, pine and broadleaf tropical forest, sheltering the same creatures. But Belize could not be more different from Mexico. English is the predominant language, spoken as a kind of creole among the majority of the residents, the descendants of black slaves brought in during the 18th century to cut logwood (a valuable source of dyes) and later, mahogany. Minorities include Maya, old-settler Hispanics, newly arrived Hispanic refugees from Guatemala and El Salvador, Garifunas (who fiercely preserve their distinctive language and culture, which they inherited from Carib and black ancestors) and white Mennonite farmers.

The British gave over authority peaceably in 1981 and left, neither much loved nor much hated, as far as a visitor can sense. Two political parties, both more or less populist in outlook, compete democratically to address some fairly intractable problems: poverty, high unemployment, too many refugees (some of them former guerrillas accustomed to solving problems with weapons), resentment of ever-more-numerous Hispanics by the majority blacks, and a severe crack-cocaine problem. Agriculture and tourism are the main industries, but muggings by street criminals in Belize City and attacks by thugs at tourist sites in the bush are souring the country's reputation among travelers.

Assets are impressive: Maya ruins, some still unexplored; an amiable, literate populace; great fishing from offshore reefs and islands; large tracts of intact forest; and an environmentalist tradition accepted by leaders of both political parties. It seems quite normal in Belize, for instance, that Victor Gonzalez was president of the Belize Audubon Society until he assumed government office, and that groups such as Audubon are listened to when decisions are made.

In such a place, as in Costa Rica, Lighthawk's goal is not to start battles or to tell citizens how to save their rain forest. Stewartt and the rest try to avoid the arrogance, perceived and real, that sometimes characterizes both private and public U.S. aid in developing countries. It isn't hard to hear the bitterness that even

A Baird's tapir is discovered grazing in a Belizean swamp. Sightings of this nocturnal creature are rare.

Egret in shallows is spotted from a Lighthawk plane helping the Belize Audubon Society do a stork census.

Sharon Matola (left), the director of the Belize Zoo, drapes a harmless snake around a squeamish youngster's neck. One of Matola's missions is to teach schoolchildren to love and be protective of their country's wildlife.

do-goodism that really *does* good arouses. Consider the woman, a well-traveled black Belizean intellectual, who recently spilled over with resentment toward the end of an ordinary suburban dinner. "You used to call us savages because we had too much jungle," she said. "Now we're savages because we don't have enough jungle. You wrecked your own environment, and now you come down here and tell us to save the rain forest." She was worried about "recolonization"—being taken over by big corporations and the big Northern neighbor. I had been telling of that morning's Lighthawk flight, a survey—for two American scientists, Nicholas Brokaw and Elizabeth Mallory—of 42,000 acres, some forested and some not, in the Rio Bravo region in northwestern Belize. The Coca-Cola Company had donated the land, part of a 92,000-acre tract it owned, to the Programme for Belize, a private foundation dedicated to environmentally sound use and protection of land. The Programme for Belize now owned 152,000 acres. On the other hand, Coca-Cola still owned 50,000. With luck, it would manage these well. One hoped so, said my friend.

Victor Gonzalez says that what Belize needs now is not so much to preserve even more forest, but to assess what the country already owns. "Some forest land is thin, and poor for agriculture," he says. "We all know that now. But some is good. And we need agriculture. We import our vegetables from Mexico, did you know that? We need jobs. We will have to cut some trees, and do it intelligently."

Lighthawk's people—Stewartt, conservation director Steele Wotkyns, Bruce Gordon—have known Gonzalez long enough to hear a change in what he is saying. He's an official now, his responsibility is much wider; he's no longer just a wildlife advocate, as he was with Audubon. But they trust him; he's solid. And like other Belizeans, he trusts them. Lighthawk is committed to this tiny, appealing country for the long haul. A visitor tagging along with the fliers meets other old friends.

In the small, southerly port town of Punta Gorda, William Schmidt, an American-Belizean who works as an advocate for the area (having been asked by local Indians to take this unpaid position), is helping villagers establish a system of foot trails and guest houses

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A white speck against the blue water, a Lighthawk plane cruises over barrier reef off the coast of Belize. The organization has helped survey this reef, the world's second longest, for a coastal management plan.

within nearby Indian villages. The idea is to get small-scale ecotourism going. Lighthawk flies down and gives several Indian leaders—short, dignified men, their eyes shining with delight—their first view of their homeland from the air. Doing this is not easy, partly because Belize forbids the sale of aviation fuel in the boondocks to discourage drug transshipments from cocaine-producing countries. The American pilots manage, by going far out of their way, to give the Indians their 45-minute flight, and then (more Indians want to fly) to do the same thing the next day.

Lighthawker Steele Wotkyns turns up at supper one evening with a dazzling guest—the director, curator and creator of the Belize Zoo. She is Sharon Matola, a onetime lion tamer for a Mexican circus ("Sure, spangles and tights," she says) and a production assistant for a small English film company in Belize a few years ago. They were making nature films and had collected a tapir, a jaguar and a puma, and some monkeys and parrots. Then the parent company in London went broke. The photographer said "Look, sorry," and took off in the wistful hope of earning a living somewhere else. Matola phoned London for instructions about what to do with the animals and was told to "feed the little ones to the big ones, and shoot the big ones" (she is an idealist and puts this down to British humor).

Not she. Most Belizeans, she realized, hadn't seen these animals native to their country. Hmmm. By last spring, every schoolchild in Belize, said Matola, had visited the funky, home-style zoo she started—or else the zoo, in some portable form, had visited them. Since Matola refuses to take animals from the wild, all except those born in zoos were once pets. (Homegrown signs teach respect for wildlife: "Don't worry . . . Be Happy! We white-fronted parrots used to sing that tune until somebody came along and took us from our nest and sold us!!! Yes, Mon! We were nest robbed, imagine dat.") What was more, April, a mountain cow, or tapir—the Belize national animal—was awaiting a mate (a gift from the Los Angeles Zoo). And in late 1991 the entire menagerie would move to grand, new, $800,000 quarters a few miles away, most of it already paid for by Matola's lecture tours in the United States. She leads expeditions into the wild for scientists from the States, and has flown with Lighthawk as a wildlife spotter. Have a question on the habitat of macaws? Need someone to raft an underground river? Call Matola, if she's not six days into the bush.

Fallet Young, first manager of the Community Baboon Sanctuary at Bermudian Landing on the Belize River, is another wildlife protector who has flown with Lighthawk. At the suggestion of Robert H. Horwich, an ethologist who does independent research and conservation work, Young and other villagers of Bermudian Landing banded together in 1985 to protect the howler monkeys, known locally as baboons, whose habitat was being destroyed by logging and slash-and-burn farming. What Horwich suggested was not to stop logging or farming, but to leave forested patches along the river and between the fields, and to protect fig, sapodilla and other trees the howlers use for food.

By now more than a hundred small landowners have agreed to the voluntary conservation program, and more than 150 troops of six or eight howlers each have reestablished themselves. The sanctuary has several miles of trails, beginning at a useful and

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well-arranged small museum. During morning and evening hours, the monkeys need no encouragement to warn others off their territory by roaring. At midday, a bit of huff-huffing by a guide starts the performance, which sounds like huge, flesh-eating beasts preparing to fight. "Maybe people could settle their differences this way, just a lot of roaring," Young says. He spots a margay, a small wildcat, high in a fig tree. Warblers are everywhere. "You know," he says as we leave the woods, "we had all of this when I was a boy here. And then for a long while it seemed that we were losing it all. Now I take some pride in what we have. We can make a living, and they can live too."

A week later Bruce Gordon flew to Ecuador by commercial plane to see whether Lighthawk might work there in the '92 season. Jerry Hoogerwerf and Michael Stewartt went back to New Mexico, and another volunteer flew the Cessna to Costa Rica for some flights promised there.

By midsummer Lighthawk had sent two planes, two volunteer pilots and Steele Wotkyns to Mexico. There the World Bank, a development-driven organization notorious among environmentalists for its blundering in Brazil and other places, is proposing to put up tens of millions of dollars for a huge logging operation in the Sierra Madre of Chihuahua and Durango states. Supposedly this is to be a sustained-yield "forestry development project" but, according to Wotkyns, it could be a one-time "mining" of trees that endangers native cultures and watersheds throughout the region.

A Lighthawk operation aimed at preserving old-growth forests in British Columbia's Kitlope watershed was under way. But Stewartt decided not to put a major effort into the battle over oil drilling in Alaska's Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. ("Could we make a difference? Does anybody else have good film footage?") By day, he was flying the Twin Otter over Washington and Oregon. After hours, he was several countries away. In fact, he was planning this winter's campaign in Belize. The government there (though he didn't think of it that way; he thought "Victor Gonzalez") needs a big aerial mapping project done. This means, for Lighthawk, borrowing a plane equipped with a costly mapping camera. Stewartt pondered, then he reached into his flight bag for his address book. He thought he knew where to find the plane.

Lighthawk staffers gather on the tarmac in Aspen, Colorado, to admire new acquisition, a De Havilland Twin Otter. Stewartt (right) and Gordon perch atop cockpit. Plane will be used mainly in this country.

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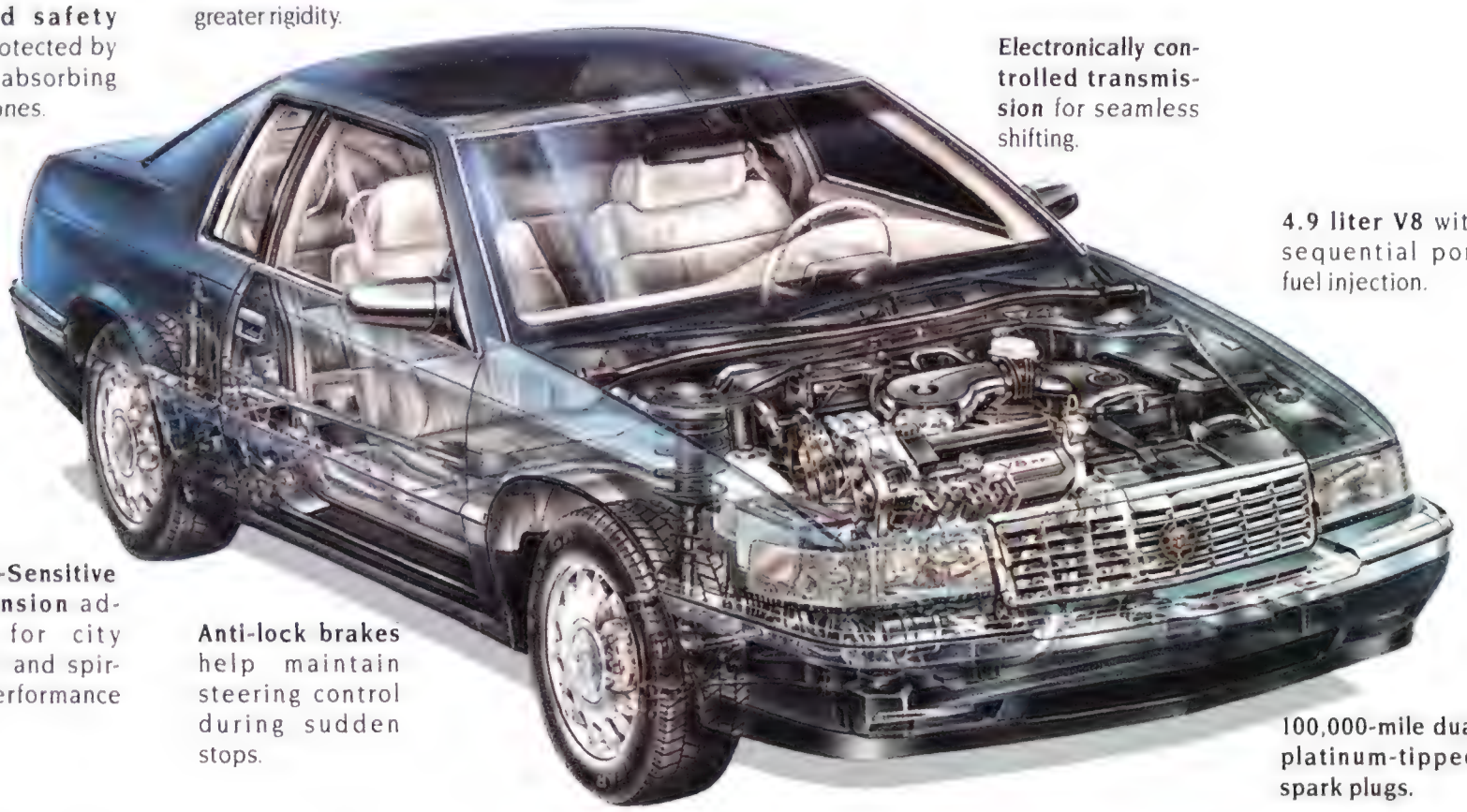
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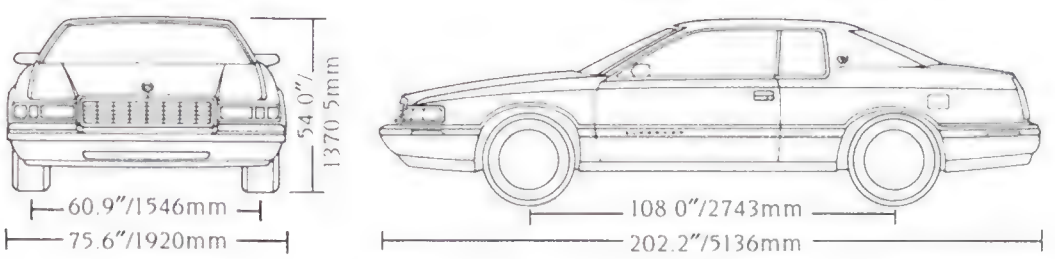

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The night sky was once a stage for grand drama

A remarkable 16th-century fresco reveals both the rich mythology of ancient Greece and the cosmological sophistication of the Renaissance

Living as most of us do in a world where our blazing lights blot out the night, it requires a leap of the imagination—or at least a trip to a remote desert—to comprehend the fiery brilliance of the stars in the sky known to the ancients. For them, the heavens not only inspired awe, they held knowledge that was vital to survival. The wheeling stars marked the turning of the seasons: the times for planting and harvest, the onset of winter, the occasions for religious rituals.

Thousands of years ago people had an intimate knowledge of the patterns of the stars and their celestial paths, and most societies peopled the cosmos with characters of myth and legend whose adventures reflected universal themes—the cycles of life and death, the conflicts between good and evil, the relations be-

tween men and women. In Europe and the Middle East these myths, born in ancient Mesopotamia and retold through the generations, were finally codified by the Greeks. In the second century A.D., astronomer Claudius Ptolemy published a catalog listing 48 constellations, basically the traditional ones we know today.

The sky inspired not only awe but art, and one of the most beautiful interpretations of the celestial legends is the little-known fresco above, painted by an unknown artist between 1573 and 1575 on a ceiling in the Villa Farnese in Caprarola, Italy. The work is lavishly reproduced in *The Glorious Constellations*, a new book by Giuseppe Maria Sesti, published this month by Harry N. Abrams. In his book Sesti recounts legends, from many sources, surrounding the celestial figures, including those shown on the following pages.

The fresco was commissioned by Alessandro Farnese, a cardinal in the Catholic Church. It may seem surprising that a high church official would sponsor such a work at a time when "pagan" Greek mythology was already recognized as legend, but during the Renaissance many in the upper classes were fascinated by astronomy, and they fervently admired classical culture.

On a close look, something about this painting seems peculiar—and it is. In the 16th century the sky was still conceived of as a kind of bowl on which the stars were fixed. Celestial globes, popular artifacts of the time, offered people a godlike view of the cosmos—they saw it from above, rather than from below. Thus constellations appeared in mirror image, reversed left to right

Photographs by Isidoro Genovese

compared with how we see them in the sky. The artist transferred this mirror image to his ceiling, even showing figures from the back, as if his vantage point were heaven rather than earth.

Although the constellations of the zodiac appear, the fresco is not an astrological chart but a painter's attempt to reflect the celestial cartography of the times—albeit with some artistic license. The star positions are not accurate, but the constellations are roughly correct in relation to one another, and the pale river of the Milky Way snakes along the proper path. A faint curved line sweeping from right to left represents the ecliptic—the sun's apparent course—and a straight line across the center shows the celestial equator, which passes directly overhead when one stands on Earth's equator. The artist included all of the then recognized constellations in the sky's northern hemisphere.

On the painting, north is up, south is down. The constellations in the center are those that would lie overhead on a summer evening; spring constellations lie to the left, autumn ones to the right, with winter constellations at both edges.

To our eyes, the patterns of the stars bear little relation to the fanciful forms created by constellatory artists—nor did they to the eyes of the ancient Greeks. The star groups were named with little regard for likeness but with great attention to status and location. For example, stars that once lay in the sun's position at the onset of the fierce heat of summer were named for the lion, now called Leo. Writes George Lovi of the Hayden Planetarium, "That part of the sky is where the sun reached its maximum altitude, appropriate to a creature long regarded as the King of Beasts."

The constellations have always had a utilitarian purpose, for they allowed particular stars to be identified by their locations—in the scorpion's tail, say. Even today, although their boundaries have been redrawn to a geometrical grid, the constellations still provide a convenient means to refer to areas in the sky. Thus, thousands of years later, the myths live on; the beautiful queen Cassiopeia, turned to a statue on her throne, endlessly circles the pole, and the doughty Orion and his hunting dogs stalk the winter night.

Don Moser

In the watery reaches of the sky called the Celestial Sea, the artist added to the classical constellations the legendary Phaeton, a youth who, during a wild ride in the chariot of the sun, was thrown to his death in the river Eridanus, which meanders upward toward Orion. Above Phaeton is the sea monster Cetus, and at the left are Aquarius, the water bearer, and one of the Pisces fishes (with beribboned tail).

Cassiopeia, mythological queen of Ethiopia, sits on her throne in the Milky Way (above right) and reigns over her royal family. The Greek legend tells of the queen boasting that her beauty surpasses that of the sea nymphs. Neptune, god of the sea, is enraged and demands Cassiopeia sacrifice her daughter Andromeda (left) by chaining her to ocean rocks where she can be devoured by Cetus. But fortunately, just in the nick of time, heroic Perseus (bottom) appears on the scene and sees Cetus approaching. Perseus has just beheaded the Gorgon Medusa. When he dives down to rescue Andromeda, the sea monster gazes at Medusa's reptilian locks and is instantly turned to stone. Perseus then marries Andromeda—and they live happily ever after.

Centaurus, with the body of a horse and the torso, arms and head of a man, is the consummate celestial warrior. Centaurs may have entered mythology at the time when soldiers from the Orient rode horseback through the Mediterranean region. Here, Centaurus appears to be using a lance to attack Lupus, the she-wolf, but according to mythology the weapon is really a magic rod that plays a role in an erotic ritual between the centaur and the she-wolf, whom the Greeks and Romans worshiped as the moon goddess. Above Lupus lies Scorpius, one of the few constellations whose star pattern actually suggests the object that it is named for. In the myths, the scorpion was assigned by Artemis, the hunting goddess, to kill Orion, far across the sky.

Gemini, the twins, are named for the bright stars that mark their heads: Castor (above) and Pollux. The Greeks honored them as sons of Zeus, and they were thought to bring good luck to sailors, for when the sun entered the constellation it signified the end of winter storms, and ships could then return to sea.

Sagittarius, the archer, joins Centaurus as the other centaur in the sky. They were considered by the gods as creatures of wisdom and knowledge. The two constellations face toward each other across the firmament. Sagittarius is aiming his arrow at Scorpius to avenge the death of fellow hunter Orion.

Orion is universally regarded as the heavens' most magnificent constellation. He is easily identified by the trademark of three equally bright stars in his belt. To win the hand of his lover, Orion—a great hunter—was ordered by her father to rid the land of dangerous beasts; here, he confronts Taurus, the bull.

It's time for a change to Gallo.

Beef tenderloin with zucchini and red pepper spears.

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By Thomas H. Wolf

Once upon a time a cookbook was a recipe for excess

If it flew or swam or walked on all fours, was dug up or plucked down, there was a 'receipt' for it in milady's kitchen of yore

There are doubtless those who will maintain that Geoffrey Chaucer was the greatest writer in English of his day. I beg to disagree. I cannot reveal the name of my candidate—for the simple reason that it has been lost for more than half a millennium. But I can disclose the title of the manuscript on which rests the writer's claim to eternal fame: *Forme of Cury*. It is the earliest known English cookery manuscript, written circa 1390—probably by a cook to Richard II. And just look what it started.

Ask any American publisher these days "What's cooking?" and the answer is likely to be an echo, "Cooking!" It's hot stuff. Between four million and five million cooks have snapped up the books of Jeff Smith, the Frugal Gourmet. The Book-of-the-Month Club's all-time best-seller is *The Joy of Cooking*. This tasty work has sold more than 12 million copies in hardcover alone since it was first published in 1931. All of which merely confirms William Makepeace Thackeray's no-

Illustrations by Robert J. Byrd

tion: "Next to eating good dinners, a healthy man with a benevolent turn of mind, must like, I think, to read about them."

The real revolution in the publishers' kitchens didn't begin until the late 1950s. It had, in a way, been foretold in a cookbook written by Gertrude Stein's friend and companion, Alice B. Toklas: "Wars change the way of life, habits, markets and so eventually cooking. . . . Invading or occupying troops carry their habits with them and so in time perhaps modify the national kitchen or table." (When the Toklas cookbook was first published in America, the author's most famous recipe was omitted. It was for "Haschish Fudge.")

Julia Child, a leader of our cooking revolution, agrees with the Toklas theory: "As far as food goes, we Americans used to be isolated. Then came World War II and shortly after that jet airplanes. We began to travel and to meet up with the taste of good food. And then, too, the Kennedys came to the White House. They had a French chef, and food was important to them. I think these three things made us ripe for an explosion of information about food and eating."

And what an explosion it has been. Oh, for the good old days! Then there were no vitamins to be concerned with. No calories. Food writer Susan Dooley reports that it was the second decade of the present century before a Polish chemist named Funk (what else?) discovered vitamins. And prior to the Gay Nineties no one knew—or would have cared—that food had calories. Which was just as well. Consider the "Bill of Fare" recommended in *The Frugal Housewife* by one Susannah Carter, in 1772: "First Course: A dish of Fish, Vermicelli Soup, Chine of Pork, Veal Cutlets, Boiled Turkey and Oyster Sauce, Beef Collops, Ox Palettes, Leg of Lamb and Spinach, Harrico."

For those still hungry, there was a "Second Course," too: "Woodcocks, Fruit, Hare, Sheep's Rumps, Oyster

An 18th-century coffeehouse offered "a huge bear, smoking hot . . . *whole and standing.*" Carve, anyone?

Patty, Blanchmange, Crocant, Ragou'd Lobsters and Lambs Ears."

But even this modest repast pales compared with the pièce de résistance dished up at William Niblo's Old Bank Coffee House in New York. In *On the Town in New York from 1776 to the Present*, Michael and Ariane Batterberry report that "a huge bear, smoking hot, was served up *whole and standing.*"

Even in those Olde Days there were some who frowned on such gluttony. England's Mrs. Hannah Glasse made crystal clear in *The Art of Cookery, Made Plain and Easy* that she was fed up, in a manner of speaking, with those French chefs who "use six pounds of butter to fry twelve eggs, when every body knows (that understands cooking) that half a pound is full enough." Mrs. Glasse noted that her book was "not wrote in the high polite style," since it was her intention to "instruct the lower sort"—a goal, as we shall see, shared by many an author of early cookbooks.

Cookery from a long-winded American orphan

If Mrs. Glasse served up her household hints for those seated well below the salt, Amelia Simmons, author of what may have been the very first cookbook written and published (in 1796) in the newly independent United States, took pains to include everyone: *American Cookery, or the Art of Dressing Viands, Fish, Poultry and Vegetables, and the Best Modes of Making Pastes, Puffs, Pies, Tarts, Puddings, Custards and Preserves, and All Kinds of Cakes, from the Imperial Plumb to Plain Cake. Adapted to This Country and All Grades of Life by Amelia Simmons, an American Orphan.* This pathetic waif earned another claim to fame: it was she who first described for her new nation a dish as American as pumpkin pie—"pompkin" pie. "One quart stewed and strained [pompkin], three pints of cream, 9 beaten eggs, sugar, mace, nutmeg, and ginger, laid into paste No. 7 or 3, and with a dough spur, cross and chequer it, and baked in dishes three-quarters of an hour." Simple enough—if you know that "paste" means "pastry" and you have looked up recipes 7 and 3. It wasn't a dietician's dream, but in those days it didn't matter if the housewife put on a few pounds at the table. She would work them off soon enough. For most Colonial dames it was a do-it-yourself society. You grew your own pompkins, raised your own eggs, milked your own cow—sometimes right into the dish you were preparing. Simmons' recipe for syllabub (lifted word for word from Susannah Carter) asks that you "sweeten a quart of cyder with double refined sugar, grate nutmeg into it, then milk your cow into your liquor." A neat trick. The recipe continues: "When you have thus added what quantity of milk you think proper, pour half a pint, or more, in proportion to the quantity of

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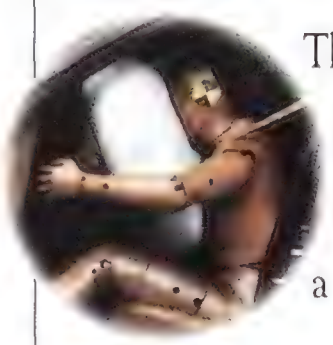

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Recipe for syllabub required cook to "sweeten quart of cyder with double refined sugar, grate nutmeg into syllabub you make, of the sweetest cream you can get all over it." If this seems somewhat vague, remember that in early America such niceties as measuring cups were uncommon. (Indeed Fannie Farmer's undying claim to culinary fame may well be that she was known as the "mother of level measurement.")

No measuring cups? Not to worry. Simply consult either *A New System of Domestic Cookery . . . by A Lady* or *Miss Leslie's Lady's New Receipt Book.* In them you will find such piping-hot information as the fact that "ten eggs weigh one pound" or "A common-sized tumbler holds half a pint." So for your syllabub just pour a good tumblerful ("or more") of the sweetest cream you can find over it.

So much for syllabub—except for the suggestion that should you wish to follow a recipe of old, it would not be a half-baked notion to invest in an unabridged dictionary. The directions for yesteryear's cuisine are stuffed with such arcane morsels as calipash, emptins, frumenty, harslet, collops, our old friend chine and it, then milk your cow into your liquor," but failed to specify whether with cow on table or guests in stable.

salep. This last delicacy, according to my unabridged *Webster's*, is derived from the Arabic word for the testicles of the fox and has come to mean "the starchy or mucilaginous dried tubers of various Old World . . . or East Indian orchids."

But vocabulary is unlikely to be the only obstacle to your dishing up an 18th-century repast. There is also the matter of timing. Consider the small nectar that Susannah Carter mixes up as follows: "To thirteen gallons of water put thirty pounds [let's see, that would be the weight of 300 eggs] of honey, boil and scum it well, then take rosemary, thyme, bay-leaves, and sweet briar, one handful altogether; boil it an hour, put it into a tub with a little ground malt; stir it till it is new milk warm. . . ." This was a temperature the Colonial cook was very familiar with—for who else did the milking? Or the other chores that family meals entailed? Like planning, often way ahead. (One culinary author was so hooked on advance planning that she produced a cookbook for mariners with a recipe for "catchup to keep for twenty years.")

Normal advance planning might begin with a calendar for planting herbs in the right phase of the moon,

Although he writes to eat, frequent contributor Tom Wolf says that, infrequently, he has to eat his words.

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Apicius' Lucullan feasts and sorry end preceded by 100 years the appearance of cookbook bearing his name.

according to Gervase Markham, the 17th century's most important expert on homemaking—in which cookery plays so major a role. Markham's *The English Housewife* took over the kitchen—and then some. It contained "the Inward and Outward Vertues which ought to be in a Compleat Woman; as her skill in Physick, Chirurgerie, Cookery, Extraction of Oyls, Banquetting Stuff, Ordering of great Feasts, Preserving of all Sort of Wines, conceited Secrets, Distillations, Perfums, Ordering of Wool, Hemp, Flax: Making Cloath and Dying; The knowlege of Dayries: Office of Malting; of Oats, their excellent uses in families, Of Brewing, Baking, and all other things belonging to an houshold."

If this seems like an enormous amount to set before the family queen, consider the number of courses that fashion might prescribe for milady's menus. Her day might even begin with a breakfast party. For such a hoedown Miss Leslie suggests: "black tea; green tea; coffee; chocolate; hot cakes of various sorts; omelets; birds; game; oysters, stewed, fried, and pickled; cold tongue; cold ham; biscuit sandwiches; boned turkey, cold; potted or pickled lobster; raised French pie; pigeon, partridge, or moorfowl pie; mushrooms fried, broiled or stewed; jellies; marmalade; honey; fresh fruit, or sweetmeats, according to the season; a large almond sponge-cake." And the author adds, no doubt in the interest of frugality, "At a breakfast party the dress of the ladies should be more simple than at a dinner or a supper party."

No wonder that homemakers—frugal or otherwise—needed help. And help arrived by the heaping tablespoonful: books filled with an outpouring of advice about food and everything else in a lady's domain. Barbara Haber, curator of books at the Schlesinger Library at Radcliffe College, says that if you want to know how women were expected to go about their business in days of yore, you turn to cookbooks. Her library has more than 9,000 volumes of cookery. The Library of Congress has more than 5,000 in its Pennell and Bitting gastronomy collections alone, and its card catalog for "cookery, American" requires more than three feet of shelf space, according to Leonard Beck, for many years that library's expert on tasty subjects.

Today nobody knows just how many books on cookery are gobbled up each year. This is in large measure due to the huge slice of the culinary pie of which the publishing industry cannot keep track: "community cookbooks." More about these later. For the moment, suffice it to say that some publishers believe that community cookbooks may account for as much as 20 percent of all cookbooks sold—whatever that elusive number may be.

Without doubt the number is a mind-boggling one. Homemakers still have to plan dinner seven times each week—just as they did in Colonial days, except that dinner then was a midday meal. Then, as now, milady faced the question of what to serve. Should she dish up roast possum? (It's still considered a treat in parts of the South. Ernest Matthew Mickler's *White Trash Cooking*, published in 1986, has a recipe for "Mama Leila's Hand-Me-Down Oven-Baked Possum." And for "Butt's Gator Tail," too.) Muskrat soup? Beaver stew and dumplings? Trappers Delight à la Muskrat? Or maybe roast udder washed down with asses' milk? It "far surpasses any imitation of it that can be made," according to the author of *A New System of Domestic Cookery*, who adds that "it should be milked into a glass that is kept warm by being in a basin of hot water." (Another neat trick if followed literally.) Or perhaps milady's dinner menu should start with "a dish of fish"—say a delicacy like roasted cod's head.

Take a cod's head—and whatever else you can find

"To roast a cod's head, wash and score the head very clean, scotch it with a knife, strew a little salt on it, and lay it before the fire; throw away the water that runs from it the first half hour, then strew on some nutmeg, cloves, mace and salt and baste it often with butter. Take the gravy of the fish, white wine and meat gravy, some horse-radish, shallots, whole pepper, cloves, mace, nutmeg and a bay leaf or two; boil this liquid up with butter, and the liver of the fish boiled, broke, and strained into it, with the yelks of two or three eggs, oysters, shrimps, and balls made of fish; put fried fish round it. Garnish with lemons and horse radish." Talk

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What porker worth its salt wouldn't flee mob intent on spitting, roasting, tastefully arranging it on platter?

about everything but the kitchen sink! Except garlic—possibly because, as Amelia Simmons once noted, "garlicks, tho' used by the French, are better adapted to the uses of medicine than cookery."

A cod's head, of course, is but a soupçon. The whole hog is another matter, yet almost every early cookery has a recipe for this tidbit. The following example comes from Susannah Carter's *Frugal Housewife* (many of its illustrations were engraved by Paul Revere). To save space I will assume that you have raised your hog and have slaughtered it and have hung it for the appropriate number of days, weeks or months. And that you have somehow managed to spear it onto a spit and have wrestled the spitted beast onto the firedogs over the drip pan in your own fireplace. You are now to wait until you notice that the eyes "are dropped"—which is to say, have fallen out. (Somewhere along the line, about here perhaps, I imagine that the housewife has removed the animal from the spit. I only hope that she has worn bib overalls during the process.) Now "cut off the head, open it, and take out the brains, which chop, and put the sage and brains in half a pint of good gravy, with a piece of butter rolled in flour; then cut your pig down [the back] and lay it flat in the dish; cut off the two ears, and lay one upon each shoulder; take off the under jaw, and cut it in two, and lay one on each side; put the head between the shoulders," and then—if you haven't long since fainted—"pour the gravy out of the plates into your sauce, and then into the dish."

A "well-directed ductility of mind"

The lady author of *A New System of Domestic Cookery* is keenly aware of the importance of the table; in her work she impresses on her followers that "united with, and perhaps crowning all virtues of the female character, is that well-directed ductility of mind, which occasionally bends its attention to the smaller objects of life, knowing them to be scarcely less essential than the greater. Hence the direction of a *table* is no inconsiderable branch of a lady's concern. . . ."

It may be appropriate to pause at this point to consider whence cometh this outpouring of culinary help—and why. For much of the information that follows I am indebted to the aforementioned Leonard Beck. The world's most famous cookbook author, he says, is one Marcus Gabius Apicius. Surely you have heard of him. (The *New Columbia Encyclopedia* characterizes him as "a first-century Roman gourmet [who] squandered most of his large fortune on feasts and then, anticipating a need to economize, committed suicide.") Beck thinks "Apicius" may have been any of three people, and that, like "Joe Miller" of jokebook fame, he "did not write the book for which he ever will be known"—*Apicius*. Apparently it was not unusual for early cookbook writers to skim the cream from another's work. Poor Amelia Simmons' *American Cookery* was copied verbatim by several authors under a variety of titles. And even today there is no effective method of copyrighting a recipe.

Beck contends that the lines of the early literature of gastronomy converge in the Renaissance. Enter a Lombard named Bartolomeo Platina, whose work, *De honesta voluptate*, was so successful that wags were saying it was outselling Plato—"a fact which has character-

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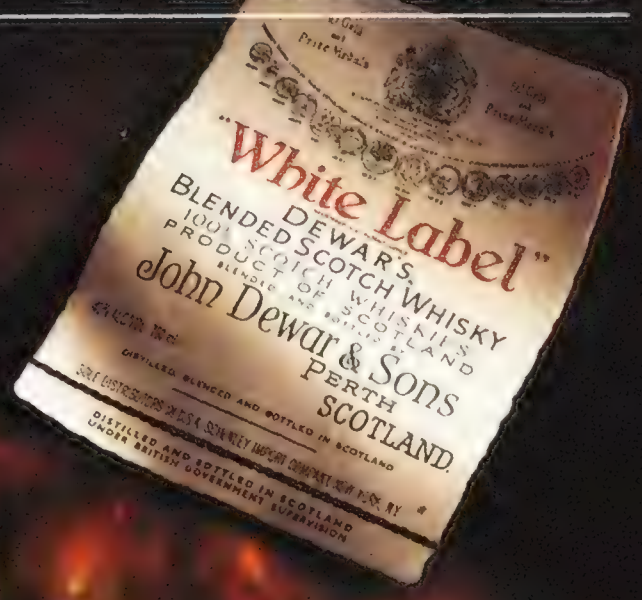

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ized cookbook sales since 1475," writes Beck. He goes on to say that, "like all Renaissance art, gastronomy began in Italy and moved to France, where the French did what they always do: gave it order and discipline."

All that aside, in some ways women's lib may be said to have started in the kitchen. Amelia Simmons opens her 1796 cookbook: "This treatise is calculated for the improvement of the rising generation of *Females* in America . . . to the perfecting them as good wives and useful members of society." And Beck makes the point that many early American cookbook authors—Catherine Beecher, Marion Harland and Mrs. Horace Mann among them—were ardent feminists, eager to provide young women with information that might be used to better their lives. (Fran McCullough, consulting editor at Bantam Books, notes that while cookbooks filled with household hints once helped women get out of the kitchen, today, now that food is in, women are going back to it—by choice.)

Early cookbooks are now attracting serious attention from many social scientists. M.F.K. Fisher has deduced that "between the ages of twenty and fifty, John Doe spends some twenty thousand hours chewing and swallowing food, more than eight hundred days and nights of steady eating." No wonder that Barbara Kafka, a best-selling cookbook author, says, "Food is the largest activity of humankind. It's the reason man invented tools, and it's never been properly examined." Such an examination is starting in earnest this fall at Radcliffe, which is offering a survey course in culinary history.

Important in that history will be those community cookbooks. Culinary historian Jan Longone dates them back to the Civil War, when charities raised money for war victims through the sale of local recipes. Today, estimates of the number of community cookbook titles on the market each year run as high as 10,000. So important are these publications that last year the McIlhenny Company awarded Hall of Fame status to 23 cookbooks published by nonprofit organizations in support of every conceivable kind of community service—cultural, religious, civic and social. It is estimated that the titles so honored have sold more than 7 million copies and raised more than $15 million. This is not so surprising when you consider that over the past 30 years two volumes of *River Road Recipes*, produced by the Junior League of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, have sold more than 1 million copies and raised nearly $2 million. As one Wyatt Cooper put it in his introduction to a Jackson, Mississippi, Junior League cookbook: "The huggin' and the kissin' don't last forever. The cookin' do."

Despite recent elevation to travel-cum-history status, cookbooks read in bed may constitute spousal cruelty.

A cake that weighed in at 27 pounds

In the process of lastin', of course, cookin' has undergone sea changes. There was Susannah Carter's suggestion for a cake to climax an 18th-century meal: "Take six pounds of the best fresh butter; work it to a cream with your hands; then throw in by degrees three pounds of double refined sugar, well beat and sifted; mix them well together, then work in three pounds of blanched almonds and having beaten four pounds of eggs and strained them through a sieve, put them in; beat them all together till they are thick and look white. Then add half a pint of French brandy; half a pint of sack; a small quantity of ginger, and about two ounces each of mace, cloves, and cinnamon, with three large nutmegs, all beaten in a mortar as fine as possible. Then shake in gradually four pounds of well dried and sifted flour. When the oven is well prepared, and a tin hoop to bake it in, stir into this mixture (as you put it into the hoop) seven pounds of currants well washed and rubbed, and such a quantity of candied orange, lemon and citron in equal proportions, as shall be thought convenient. The oven must be quick and the cake will take at least four hours to bake it." Oh.

En route from this stomach-stuffer to the nouvelle cuisine of just a few years ago, we Americans have gobbled up the works of many a chef. At the start of this century it was Fannie Merritt Farmer, whose cookbook continues to sell like hotcakes (there was another new edition last year). In the 1930s came the all-time best-selling Irma Rombauer with her *Joy of Cooking*. Then, in midcentury, authors like Craig Claiborne and James Beard. Beard introduced America to that great ethnic style, American food. Shortly after, Julia Child burst out of the kitchen. Says her editor, Judith Jones:

In her later years,
with the chores to herself,
Mona Sheerin would swear
that her house
had become a mansion
and the yard
had gained an acre.
But, somehow, things got done.
When she returned
from shopping,
the lawn would be mowed.
In autumn,
she'd find the leaves had
been mysteriously raked.
In fact, it wasn't until
the first snowfall,
when she heard a shovel
scraping clean the driveway,
that she figured it out.
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she sent a box
of warm cookies with a
special gift to Bobby Kelly,
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as a token
of her
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Sprawled in front of the telly, cookery seems a cinch; that it isn't could never deter today's rabid cooks.

"When I came to Knopf in 1957, fine dining was very much a hobby of the rich. There was a feeling that cooking was somehow demeaning. Then, the James Beards and Julia Childs. People began to see cooking on television, and to see that it was fun, not drudgery. Cookbooks began to proliferate."

Just before the cookbook explosion of the '60s there was a breakthrough in culinary writing that has become increasingly important today. Michael Batterberry, founder-editor of the trade magazine *Food Arts*, cites the works of M.F.K. Fisher and Alice B. Toklas as beacons that later food writers tried to emulate. Instead of using text merely to introduce recipes, they wrote stories in which the food and recipes figured. Nahum Waxman, founder of Kitchen Arts and Letters, a New York resource center for information on all aspects of food and wine, illustrates: "Let us say that Saint So-and-So was lost in a forest and that this is the dish that a kindly woodsman cooked for him. And ever since then, on the saint's day, his dish is traditionally eaten. In the medieval period it was made with this and that and the other thing. However, such and such happened, and after Pope So-and-So banned it in 1450, the dish was made in a different way—like this." And Waxman adds: "Now, you tell me that when you sit down at your table to eat this dish, it's not different from just sitting down at the table and eating dinner."

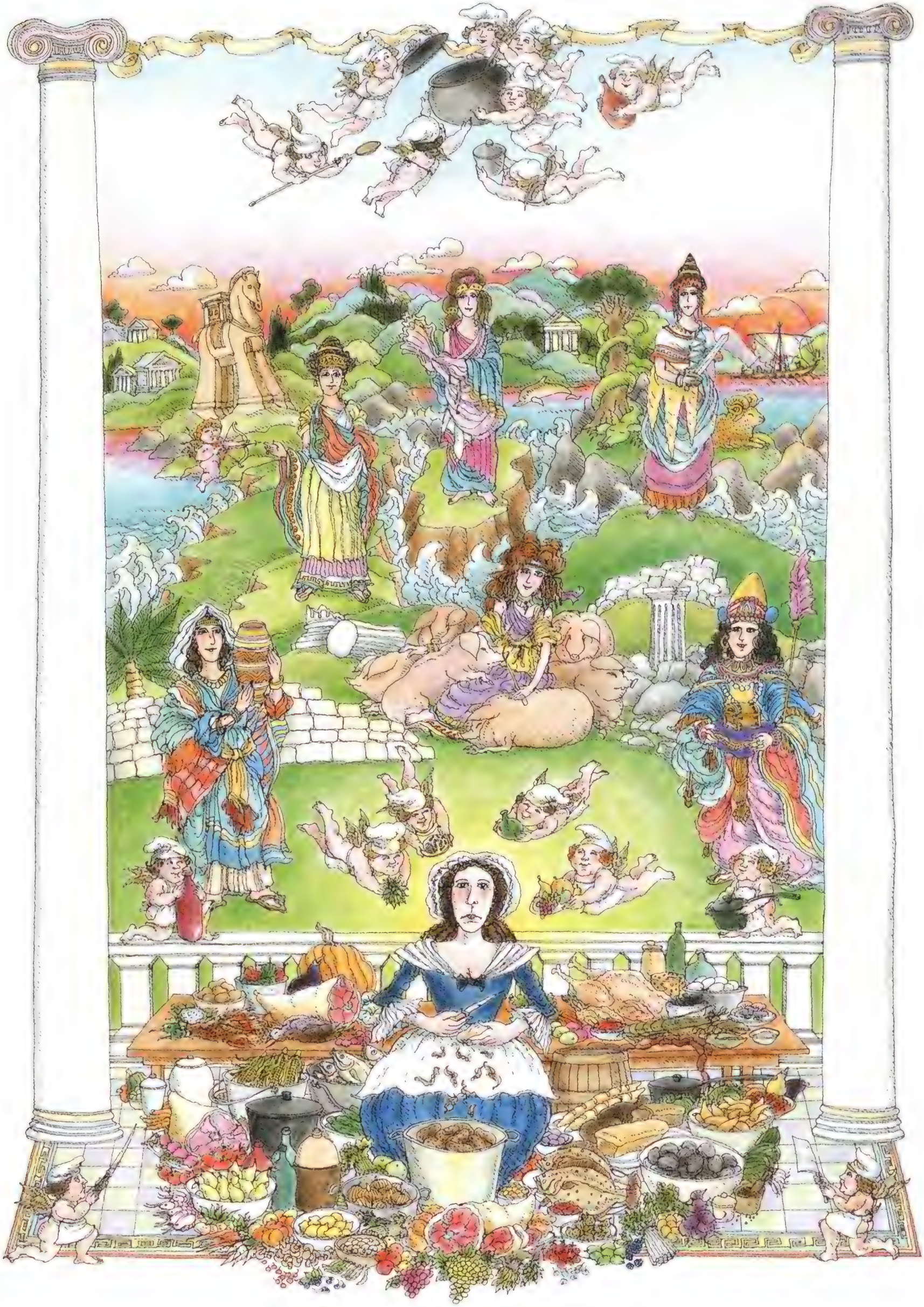
Today in America the interest in food is extraordinary. *The Guide to Cooking Schools* lists 197 such institutions in 39 states and the District of Columbia. One, the Culinary Institute of America, was featured in the December 1983 SMITHSONIAN. So great is the demand for kitchen expertise there's even a toll-free 800 number for the great French school, Le Cordon Bleu. Bookstores now feature prescription victuals for every imaginable taste: low-cal, low-salt, easy-on-the-heart, low-cholesterol, high-bran, high-fiber, "safe" foods. (There's even a cookbook based on the Dublin of James Joyce, *The Joyce of Cooking*.) And, of course, there are the aphrodisiac cookbooks, although as Clifton Fadiman remarked (in male-chauvinist-pig fashion) in his introduction to M.F.K. Fisher's *The Art of Eating*: "The only dependable aphrodisiacs, my wordly friends tell me, are not to be found in books. They are two in number, the first being the presence of a desirable woman, the second her absence."

And what about tomorrow? Well, video cookbooks are on the way. The "food wheel" that adorned Home Ec classroom walls in the 1950s is apparently out. The "Eating Right Pyramid" is in—maybe. And cookbook editors are of differing minds about the '90s. Judith Jones at Knopf thinks there will be a swing back from foreign cuisines. She's betting (surprise!) on a new series—"Knopf Cooks American." Fran McCullough at Bantam, on the other hand, bets on a focus on French and Italian regional cuisines. She also thinks there are unexplored ethnic cuisines and gives an example: "There are some fantastic foods on the east coast of Africa. Nobody has done anything with that wonderful mix of spices and very sophisticated foods."

If these views of leading editors seem contradictory, Nahum Waxman thinks that's because it's the way the market will go in the next few years. "Let's face it," he says, "for most of us, food is not a matter of survival today. It is a leisure activity." Which may explain how two books slated for publication in the immediate future can be so very different. Knopf is bringing out Betty Fussell's enormous cultural, social, economic and gastronomic history of corn. At the other end of the gastronomic palate is Workman Publishers' *Rosie's Bakery: All-Butter, Fresh-Cream, Sugar-Packed, No-Holds-Barred Baking Book*.

Ridiculous? Not at all. You don't have to cook to drool over cooking. I was once married to a woman who read cookbooks as though they were novels. As Barbara Haber says, "All over America there are cookbooks under beds." Or, as Clifton Fadiman writes in his introduction to M.F.K. Fisher: "A good book about food informs us of matters with which we are to be concerned all our lives. Sight and hearing lose their edge, the muscles soften, even the most gallant of our glands at last surrenders. But the palate may persist in glory almost to the very end."

> Perhaps English critic John Ruskin summed it up best: "Cookery means the knowledge of Medea, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebekah, and of the Queen of Sheba . . . of all herbs, and fruits, and balms and spices; and all that is healing and sweet in the fields and groves, and savoury in meats. . . ."



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By Lawrence Malkin

In Lenox they are 'dropping in' on the Bard of Avon

For actors and schoolchildren alike, a way to Shakespeare's heart lies with a kinetic group dreamed up by British actor Tina Packer

The scene is a borrowed school auditorium. Three actors are rehearsing for a production of *As You Like It*. At the moment they are working through the harrowing part in which Frederick, the usurper of his brother's dukedom, banishes his niece Rosalind from his court. His own daughter Celia will renounce her heritage and flee to the Forest of Arden with her beloved cousin. The scene pivots on a single line by Celia, who pleads with her father on behalf of her cousin Rosalind. The line seems fairly straightforward: "Dear sovereign, hear me speak."

Julie Nelson, a soft-spoken ingenue who plays Celia, starts off in a tender tone: "Dear sovereign." The director, a motherly Englishwoman named Tina Packer, points the actor toward a revealing nuance in the line: "Why didn't you call him 'Father'?"

Nelson repeats the phrase, this time with an edge to it. Packer then asks: "Why have you remained silent so long while he was throwing out Rosalind?"

This time, Nelson puts some pleading into her "Dear sovereign." Packer tries another tack: "Did Rosalind really get herself done in by Frederick this time?" Out comes the phrase again with an edge of panic.

Nelson moves on to the next phrase, "Hear me speak." "Doesn't your father ever pay attention to you?" Packer whispers. This time the whole line is laced with the familiar anguish of a daughter who can't get her father to listen.

Karen MacDonald, the production's playful Rosalind, and Chris Coucill, a tall, baritone hunk cast as Duke Frederick, go through similar exercises. Coucill first drops his voice in cold contempt, then raises it in anger, when he warns Rosalind that if she's not off the ducal estates in ten days, she will die.

We are watching Shakespeare & Company, the only theater group in America that not only performs Shakespeare, but also puts equal emphasis on the training of actors and the teaching of the Bard to children and their teachers. In another company, the actors might have been ignoring words to brood about character, working themselves into their roles by what is known as Method. Or they would have been concentrating on the director's instructions for positioning and cuing themselves. As Coucill explains, "My mind would have been so full of learning all that stage business, I wouldn't be able to fit anything else in." "After you go through the play this way," Julie Nelson says, "you own the words."

These readings are nothing like the play's final cut, though. When the trio ran through the same scene later, Packer encouraged them to try variants on the text and experiment with bits of business of their own devising. At the point where Celia finishes her vain pleading with the mean Duke Frederick, the director asks Coucill to lay hands on Nelson "just to see what it feels like." Prompted by the father-daughter explorations in the lines, Coucill angrily seizes Nelson's cheeks between his thumb and finger and squeezes hard—as an exasperated parent might do with a willful child—and she shrieks.

Spreading its Shakespearean gospel

A unique group of 60 players, and 60 administrators, technicians and teachers, Shakespeare & Company inhabits the Mount—once novelist Edith Wharton's home—in the heart of the Berkshires in Lenox, Massachusetts. In summer the actors perform in their outdoor amphitheater, just as Shakespeare's own company did under the sky at the Globe Theatre in London—no scenery, just lots of props. The lighting, though, is 20th-century wizardry. The rest of the year, the group spreads its gospel among theater people, schoolchildren and teachers, showing them how to draw inspiration directly from the text and express the words with clarity.

The company's most palpable influence so far lies in bringing infectious passion and life to the teaching of Shakespeare in schools. During the school year, traveling companies based in Lenox bring the plays to schools in the Northeast, from the wealthy New York suburb of Scarsdale to Boston's inner-city. Every year since 1978, when Shakespeare & Company was founded, more than 40,000 schoolchildren in a hundred schools have seen its performances, which range from complex and demanding plays, *Hamlet* and

Representing the multiple projects of Shakespeare & Company are: costumed actors, directors (at top right, cofounder Tina Packer in purple dress), schoolchildren (bottom left), movement and voice trainers (top left).

Photographs by Richard Howard

During workshop, Packer helps New York actor Glory Crampton understand her role in *Henry IV, Part 1.*

Backed by the Mount, Edith Wharton's home, cast of *Twelfth Night* gyrates through daily voice exercises.

Romeo and Juliet, to workhorses like *Macbeth* and *Julius Caesar*. Actors and directors also visit schools, sometimes for weeks, to stage student productions in the 4th through 12th grades.

Each July, 30 high school teachers chosen from all across the country undergo rigorous training at Shakespeare & Company's Institute on Teaching Shakespeare, currently supported by a three-year grant of $450,000 from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Among other benefits, the teachers get moral support for dropping the bowdlerized Shakespeare texts used in many schools. Phyllis Kutt, who has trained at the institute for three years, and teaches at the Lawrence School in Brookline, Massachusetts, introduces 8th-graders to *Romeo and Juliet* by dividing them into two groups declared "hostile." Then she encourages them to turn the air blue by hurling schoolyard curses at one another, the catch being that they must do it only with gestures. After limbering up this way, she labels one group "Montagues" and the other "Capulets," and hands out lines from the play's feuding first scene; the students immediately get the connection.

Shakespeare has always been taught in American high schools. But an increased interest during the past decade stems from demands by teachers themselves for methods that are "less deadly," in the words of Peggy O'Brien, director of education at Washington, D.C.'s Folger Shakespeare Library. "Over the years," she says, "Shakespeare came to be only for the very bright and the very white. All that did was to get us farther and farther away from the broad, popular audience at the Globe Theatre." When the Folger began holding performance festivals for students in 1979, it was a struggle to find the 11 schools that participated. Last year 65 schools took part and 25 had to be turned down. The Folger now sponsors a national network of student performance festivals. "Performance demystifies Shakespeare," says O'Brien. "The way for students to own the text," says George Slover, an English professor at the University of Massachusetts at Boston, "is the way of the actor, not the scholar and critic."

Once hooked on Shakespeare, schools find it hard to kick the habit. After the Massachusetts budget crisis forced the state to reduce its subsidies for the $16,000 that Shakespeare & Company charges for its elementary school director-in-residence program, the Pittsfield School Committee voted to save the program by adding a surcharge on every student's athletic fee. Later budget cuts killed the program, however, and the community continues to hope for grant money to keep the company returning to its schools. Budget crises notwithstanding, the biggest break that the Bard

Lawrence Malkin is chief U.S. correspondent of the International Herald Tribune. *He has written on London theater for* Time *and the* Atlantic Monthly.

Apprentice Paul Boyer limbers up body and voice with push-up and protracted sound pushed from the gut.

probably will ever receive was a spot on ABC's *Good Morning America* last March, which showed eager Pittsfield 4th-graders putting on a slam-bang *Macbeth* under Shakespeare & Company's tutelage.

Twice a year, actors belonging to celebrated theater groups from all over the world, including Broadway and Hollywood, sign up with Tina Packer for an intensive four-week workshop in text interpretation, fight training (i.e., dueling), clowning, movement and voice. More than a thousand professionals from more than a dozen countries have attended, including seven from the Soviet Union. Shakespeare & Company members now ornament the faculties of NYU, Brandeis, Syracuse and the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, while others have taught at schools as varied as Juilliard and the Yale School of Drama. For the past decade Helen Hayes, perennial first lady of American theater, has donated her time and name to raise funds for Tina Packer. She calls Shakespeare & Company a "national treasure."

Academics applaud the resuscitation of language that the company's techniques can bring to the English-speaking world's most eloquent poet. Packer and her colleagues, says Marjorie Garber, professor of English at Harvard and a leading Shakespeare scholar, "put students back in touch with the language."

During the summer of 1990, Brent Blair, a director and actor, staged *Hamlet* in Boston's inner city with teenagers who admit they would be in jail or selling drugs if they had not been paid $150 a week by community services that support this bold program. After playing Prince Hamlet, 17-year-old Carlos Pires told a local newspaper reporter that he was getting along better at home. Blair wasn't surprised: "Shakespeare lives in the underbelly of the Earth with murderers, thieves, kings who would screw anyone, anything to get that power. There's a lot of this in the lives of these kids."

Tina Packer's rehearsal schedule requires that actors explore the language of the play for two or three weeks, picking it apart word by word and line by line through a process they call "dropping in" to the text. The aim is to discover subtleties in the language that might tell the actors more about the characters they play. In *The Tempest*, what does Caliban *really mean* when he sings of "freedom" from the benign Prospero? What is Hamlet thinking when he bitingly addresses his mother, Gertrude, as "you" rather than the familiar "thou"? As members of the cast each pronounce a word from their lines, no matter how elementary it seems, director Packer whispers a question, often provocative, into the actor's ear. In response, says Packer, the actors "tap more and more deeply into the meaning."

Too many modern directors and producers have a tendency to try to smuggle the works of Shakespeare onto the stage cutely, disguised as Westerns or psychological fantasies. Others use the plays as vehicles for

In showing emotion without motion, schoolteacher Viki Oliver freezes into a confrontational stance.

film stars. The power of Shakespeare & Company productions depends on a close and passionate reading of the poetry, which sounds muscular and contemporary in the hands of the ebullient Packer. Her creed is verbal, not visual, learned from John Barton, her former director at the Royal Shakespeare Company. Barton, in turn, learned his approach as a student of the great Cambridge scholar F. R. Leavis, who taught a generation to respect the author's intentions by reading his words.

For many of today's scholars the writer's text represents an empty vessel into which are poured the most idiosyncratic interpretations, a view that Tina Packer regards not only as extremely distorting but also as highly limiting to the actor. In the early days on this side of the Atlantic, she did not endear herself to the theatrical establishment by dismissing most aspects of the self-centered psychological approach of American Method acting, which encourages the actor to paint his personal experience over the emotionally deprived landscape of the modern world.

The poetry's larger psychological truth

"They didn't understand my passion and what I was all about," says Packer, who now mixes traditional British training with some American techniques. "What I am saying is that as actors, words should shape us, not the other way around. The classics are a vessel for human emotion. They may be stories, but they are 'true.' Otherwise they would not have lasted. In the Method, you may think of your own mother if you're playing Hamlet, and if you're lucky, the word comes out of your mouth. But you're also lucky if anybody else can hear it. With us, it is not only your own personal experience that is the trigger but also, always, the larger psychological truth which rests in the poetry of the text."

When Shakespeare & Company performs, every earthy word resounds brilliantly across the centuries like a measured gong. Sexual innuendo is not shunned. Knockabout clowning is as essential to the action as brutal, groin-kicking fights, which are made to appear as rough and dirty as they must have been on the medieval battlefield.

The techniques work well with high school actors. I watched another production of *As You Like It* at Monument Mountain Regional High School, not far from Lenox. For self-conscious teenagers the relationships in the play are especially ambiguous because the character of Rosalind is disguised as a boy, Ganymede. In one scene Ganymede encourages Orlando to pretend that he, Ganymede, is Rosalind and describe his love for her. Rosalind was played by an innocent Rose Morris, age 15. It soon became obvious that Rose had a bit

In Hands-on Workshop for children, company actor Gregory Lamont Allen leads students from Park School in Brookline, Massachusetts, in warm-up that includes matching primal vowel sounds to motions of body.

of a crush on Kevin Rafferty, also 15, who was playing Orlando, with whom Rosalind eventually falls in love.

"I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it," Rose recites teasingly.

Making the text explicit, director Kevin Coleman asks, "What do boys want girls to grant them? Why do girls say no?" Kevin Rafferty blushes.

"But Kevin," Coleman prompts, "look at Orlando's response. Does he ask her to sleep with him?" Kevin reads the line. "Then love me"; his voice grows stronger now, resounding with the emotion of a lovestruck Orlando.

Christal Riley, 16, who plays cousin Celia, later complains, "It's so cruel what Rosalind's doing, making him believe she's a guy." Rose defends her role in drag: "I'm doing this so I can get to know him, without all the business of being wooed."

One reason students are turned off by Shakespeare is that in many high school texts the explicit passion that might turn them on has been censored. Not the way Shakespeare & Company teaches it. Its performances are nothing if not full of passion. Troupes of actors, usually six, tour high schools with 90-minute versions of the plays. In a recent production, Lady Macbeth was so persuasive at goading her husband to murder the king that students in the audience shouted out: "Go tell Duncan!"

"When you put Shakespeare in the hands of adolescents," says Coleman, who is the director of education, "you are giving them a loaded gun. It will demand the most of them intellectually, spiritually, emotionally. You are giving them material that was written during the Renaissance, so it's about being outrageous, expansive, going out into the world and into yourself on every level, and that's what the teenage years are about."

Taking Shakespeare into the schools is a logical extension of Tina Packer's didactic methods. Watching her direct is something like what it must have been to see her schoolteacher mother work gently and firmly in the Midlands in England. "Where exactly are you?" she asks an actor in a workshop production of *Richard III* as he charges toward Bosworth Field. "How far is it from London? Would the horsemen be tired when they arrive?" She orders the startled actor to consult an atlas, then continues her barrage: "Is it winter now? Would you be cold in your battle gear? Is the cloak heavy?"

The actors have to provide the answers to shape their own interpretation—but always inside the historical text. In a rehearsal of *Measure for Measure*, which is filled with never quite resolved moral conundrums, Isabella, a nun, refuses to sleep with a state official in order to save her brother Claudio from the scaffold. Visiting Claudio in prison, she tries to tell him. As I watch, both actors play the scene as if they are at the opposite ends of a bad phone line.

By way of mild reprimand, Packer asks the actress, "What order do you belong to?" The actress doesn't know, and the director explains it is the Order of Saint Clare, perhaps the most unworldly in the Catholic Church: "Isabella has been betrothed to Jesus. She loves him; he's her man. That's why she can't sleep with anyone. She's definitely going to heaven, so what else can she do?"

The actors talk it over. This brother's death will bring a place in heaven for his sister; to save his life will mean her damnation. How should she play the scene? The actress gropes: "With rapture." Everyone lights up with a shock of understanding.

Packer sketches in some more history to indicate something larger is at stake: "Today, we can understand why she has refused to take a husband, but not why she would sacrifice her brother in lieu of having sex with someone. It's the philosophy of the Middle Ages versus the new thinking of the Renaissance. She's desperately trying to adhere to the old rules where the spirit is more important than the flesh. She really wants to go to the other world, and he wants to stay in this one."

When they play the scene again, their voices are softer. Claudio shouts less and tries to persuade more deftly. Isabella, still heavenstruck, on her knees as if praying, pleads with her brother to understand.

Cofounder Kristin Linklater (left) works on Russian translation of her book *Freeing the Natural Voice.*

Another pair of actors are preparing for a scene in Act IV of *Richard III.* It is both sinister and lascivious. The story: Richard has just had his nephews, the two young princes in line for the throne, killed, and has decided that in order to cement his grip on the throne, he needs to marry their sister. He speaks to their mother, Queen Elizabeth. He has just murdered her sons; now he wants to marry her daughter. At first the queen declares scathingly that she has "no more sons of the royal blood" for him to murder. But the queen is herself made of flesh and blood. As the scene unrolls, she cannot resist Richard, whose outrageous wit and raw wickedness seem to have a basilisk fascination for women.

"Whatever you're doing, keep doing it"

As part of the "dropping in" process, Gary Mitchell, who plays Richard, helps Trudy Kessler explore her character as Queen Elizabeth by teasing with individual lines and outright ad-libbing. Each time he asks a question, she says her line differently.

Trudy: (coldly, with a shrug) I have no more sons of the royal blood.

Gary: (teasing, as if he didn't know) Don't you have any sons?

Trudy: (more firmly—she has already told him) I have no sons.

Gary: Did your mother have any sons?

Trudy: (through clenched teeth) I. Have. No. Sons.

Gary: Of the royal blood, you mean.

Trudy: (shouting) I have no sons of the royal blood!

Gary: (nonchalantly) Have you ever bled profusely?

After an hour of this byplay he has Trudy squirming. They have discovered the sexual torpedoes hidden in the text. When she asks this hunchbacked murderer how he intends to attract the young princess, he leaps across the stage at her and says Shakespeare's line with a leer: "That I would learn of you." As the dowager queen taunts him with his sins, he starts pawing her. It is an amazing scene: Richard is making love to his former sister-in-law, whom he proposes to make his mother-in-law, and she is squirming with a mixture of disgust and passion.

"Whatever you're doing, keep right on doing it," commands Tina Packer, fully aware that they are thoroughly overdoing it. She will tone them down later. She explains, "We work by trying to feed into each other—rather than figuring out how I get ahead of you."

In another company, actors might be precisely—and too often imprecisely—instructed by the director in what he or she wants. If the actor's natural strengths play to the director's idea, all goes well; if he tries to experiment with his own ideas, they usually are cut out. "So everybody starts being a diplomat, giving people what they want," says Rocco Sisto, a 1989 Obie Award

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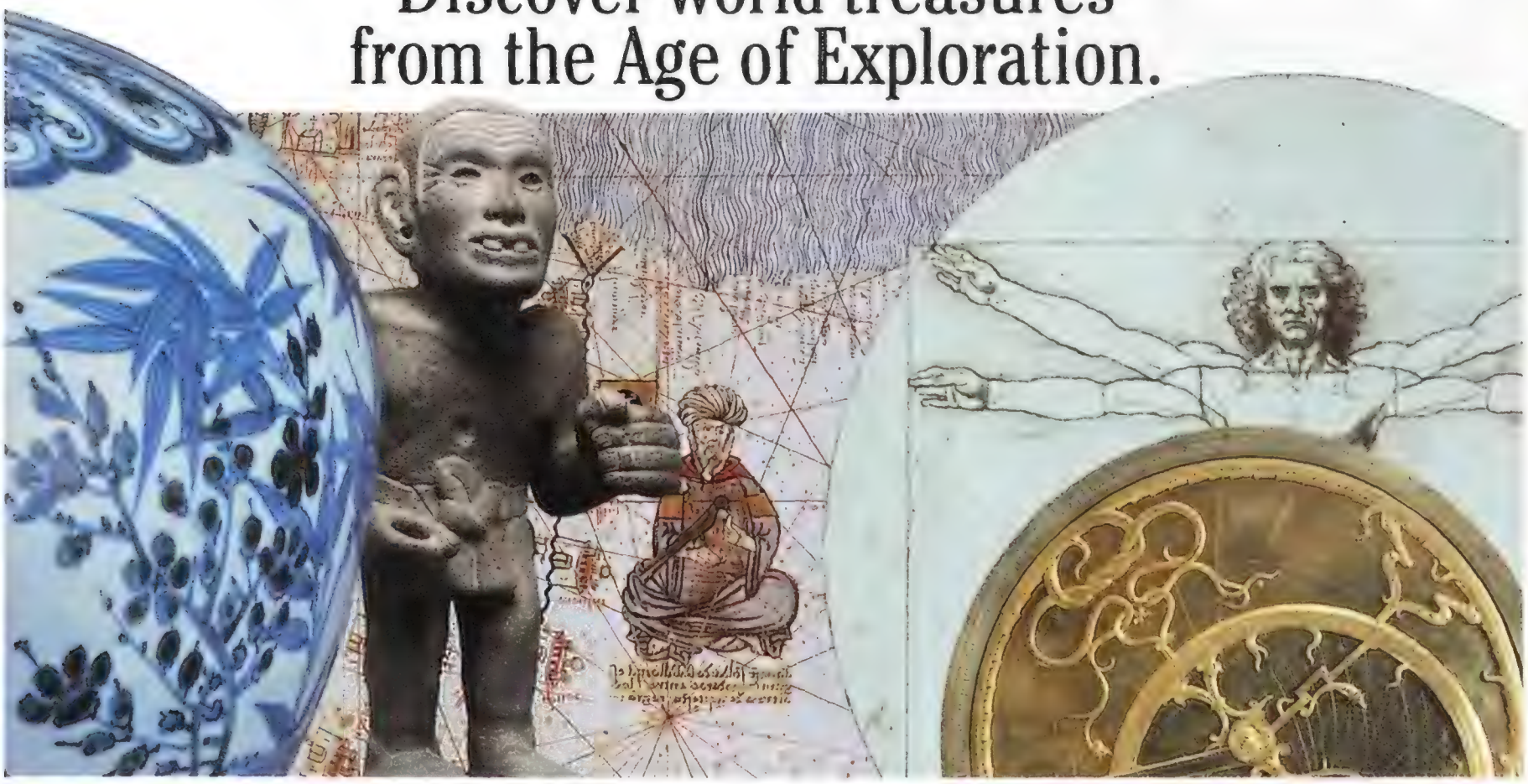

Credits from left to right, details of: Blue and White Porcelain Jar with Plum and Bamboo Decorations, Ho-Am Art Museum, Kyunggi-Do, Korea; Xiuhtecuhtli as an Old Man, CNCA-INAH, Museo Nacional de Antropología, Mexico City; Atlas Catalan, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris; Leonardo da Vinci's Vitruvian Man, Gallerie dell'Accademia, Venice; Astrolabe of Alphanus Severus, Museum für Kunst und Gewerbe, Hamburg.

"Circa 1492: Art in the Age of Exploration"
National Gallery of Art
Washington, D.C.
October 12, 1991-January 12, 1992

It was during the Age of Exploration that the world began to grow smaller. Rapid advances in communications linked continents and changed life forever on both sides of the Atlantic and eventually throughout the entire world.

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This exhibition is one of the most ambitious ever undertaken by the National Gallery of Art. It includes more than 600 paintings, sculptures, maps and other objects drawn from the major civilizations of the time—Mediterranean, West African, Far Eastern and American.

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At the Plain School, directors-in-residence Lezlie Lee (left) and Lindsay Pontius coach scene in *Macbeth.*

winner for his interpretation of Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale* at the New York Shakespeare Festival.

Sisto started out with Shakespeare & Company a decade ago and returns regularly to recharge. Three seasons back he delivered a remarkable performance of Caliban in *The Tempest,* researching the role by reading about Elizabethan reactions to the discovery of the New World. Then he built up the aspect of Caliban as an exploited native, a hybrid of the New and Old Worlds, manipulated by Prospero's European magic into denying his nature; he dyed his hair white and his nails black, and became a perfect and hilarious butt for the play's knockabout clowns, Stefano and Trinculo. When I saw the play, I was struck by the sharp political overtones that shone through what was still a broadly comic reading.

There is in fact another method in this group madness: the study of the sounds in Shakespeare's poetry. Enter Kristin Linklater, who founded the company with Packer and others, and has trained a cadre of teachers to help actors sound their music from the heart, the stomach and, if need be, the gut. She developed her exercises—set out in the widely used book *Freeing the Natural Voice*—because she often could not understand the lines that rolled off not only American but also modern British actors' tongues.

Shakespeare was an actor and, like most English schoolboys, might have begun training his voice by declaiming the Latin authors in school. In modern England, until recently, speech training meant putting everything on the front of the tongue to do battle with a stiff upper lip, while from the 1930s to the 1960s in America, actors were so busy searching for their inner souls that voice training was virtually abandoned.

The diaphragm, Linklater teaches, is influenced by the emotional nerve center of the solar plexus—as anyone who has ever experienced a sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach will recognize. Another nerve center, at the base of the spine, is the source of sexual and creative impulses. Flexibility of the spine and relaxation, she suggests, are essential in freeing the emotions.

Baying primitive, emotive sounds

In class, Linklater gets actors to explore the connection between the emotions and primal vowel sounds—"aaah" may evoke warmth and happiness or rage, "eeee" might suggest fear or even ecstasy. The sounds become an emotional palette. In one startling exercise, she sets a circle of actors to choosing the appropriate whizzing, wheezing, clicking and thumping sounds as they toss an imaginary tennis ball among themselves, then a Ping-Pong ball, a balloon and, finally, a large, jagged rock. In a more subtle exercise, the class is asked to interpret colors as sounds and then as a body movement. A pair of actors are instructed to pick their most- and least-favorite colors, and send them at each other. Circling around and baying primitive, emotive sounds at each other, the actors express in turn passion, fright, tenderness, fatigue, defeat, aggression, seduction. "Open your throat!" calls Linklater from the sidelines. "Respond!" The actors do, and they give a passing imitation of maniacs in a snake pit.

"Tomorrow," Linklater promises the exhausted class, "consonants." Words will not be far behind, and then the actors will begin the task of taking apart and exposing the emotions latent in Shakespeare's language. Eventually, when they try a line, it will sound like a stroke on a cello.

Tina Packer was a leading actor with the Royal Shakespeare Company before she was 30. She also appeared in BBC Television roles as varied as sweet-but-feckless Dora Spenlow in *David Copperfield* and the girl scientist facing the dreaded Yeti in the sci-fi cult serial *Dr. Who.* By 1974, after some practice directing, she threw over her formula life of theatrical success to come to America and form the company. There is no better way to explain what Packer has been trying to

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In Plain School *Macbeth,* sixth-grader Lacey Shepard was Banquo.

As one of the murderers, genial Chris Calero worked hard to look cruel.

Macbeth himself, doomed Thane of Cawdor, was played by Jason Brown.

do ever since than in her own words, in her first application for a grant from the Ford Foundation almost 20 years ago.

"I am aware that there are other companies doing Shakespeare, but none are doing what we are doing," she proclaimed to the Ford trustees. As for the New York Shakespeare Festival, "while I admire the actors' vigor enormously and feel they often capture Shakespeare in spirit, [they] are hard put to catch his soul because that is contained in the verse which Mr. [Joseph] Papp's men seem to fear."

She probably got away with this slap at the home team and won her grant because she had the backing of Peter Hall, then the director of Britain's National Theater. A training company was eventually formed around Kristin Linklater, John Broome and B. H. Barry, who choreographed all the stage fights for Packer's first seven productions. Barry now is a celebrated Hollywood choreographer of elegant duels and vulgar dustups in such films as *Dangerous Liaisons.* Linklater has just moved to the faculty of Boston's Emerson College. Her new women's company will perform an antiwar *Henry V.* "And why not?" asks Harvard's Marjorie Garber. "The original Shakespeare companies were all male, weren't they?"

One place that has proved almost impervious to Packer's ideas is the New York stage. Early in the 1980s, the company performed in Brooklyn's Prospect Park at the invitation of Joseph Papp's free, outdoor Shakespeare festival. The company filled the seats and won glowing reviews. But after three summers the project was stopped, perhaps because the company stubbornly refuses to use the star system necessary to keep pulling in crowds. Because of its exhausting rehearsals and intense company spirit, the group has not had happy experiences with the big film and theater names that Broadway producers demand to make cash registers sing. Shakespeare & Company is chronically struggling to balance an annual budget of $1.25 million on a combination of ticket receipts, training fees, foundation grants and outright charity. Packer is a familiar sight with her begging bowl in the drawing rooms of the rich, and some university professors, such as Harvard psychologist Carol Gilligan, think she's worthy of a MacArthur Foundation "genius grant."

Only in the security of a company do actors get the opportunity to practice, to explore and, most important, to fail. "If you are going to be a classical actor, it is going to be a marathon," says Tina Packer. "You are onstage for three hours if you're playing a major role, and the amount of energy you use focusing and putting it all out to the audience is just phenomenal. You can't do it without being trained and keeping at it for a long period of time. Everybody in America understands this about football. Why don't they understand this about the classical theater? People are always saying that Americans can't act the classics. That's nonsense; they don't even train for the classics. Nobody even tries."

At Shakespeare & Company they do.

Dutifully blending eloquence of voice and body, the witches work up to "Double, double, toil and trouble."

In her usual high dudgeon, Madam Chatterly defends feeder hanging near author's living room window.

Article and photographs by Hope Ryden

A red squirrel's life is more than just a tempest in a treetop

Competition for food, danger in the sky and trouble at home—no wonder this tiny creature of the northern woods is such a noisy tyrant

We knew something had happened when Madam Chatterly failed to show up after 36 hours.

"Either she's dead or something very important is taking place inside that bat house," I said to John.

"I don't suppose you know how long it takes a red squirrel to give birth," he responded.

I didn't. Although the species is common in New York State, I was new to the subject. I was, of course, familiar with its ratchety voice. I had also listened to the querulous complaints of neighbors whose attics it had invaded. Still, the critter itself had escaped my close attention until one cold day in late February when I returned home from foot surgery. I would be housebound with both feet in mummy wraps for six weeks, an unhappy circumstance for a naturalist with a compelling urge to track, study, photograph and write about wild animals. But even as I sat brooding about that dismal prospect, my next project materialized. For there on our bird feeder sat a plump and very red female squirrel, busily nibbling on sunflower seeds and scolding the ubiquitous chickadees and pine siskins that were trying to join in the feast. Here was an animal I could observe through our bank of windows!

Cold weather or no, this creature did not appear to be operating on a tight energy budget. Hindquarters trembling, tail jerking and rear legs stomping, she chirped and squealed and whirred at the birds. Not until the immediate area was cleared of competitors did she fall silent. Then she slid headfirst down the tubular seed holder, gripped a feeding rung with her rear

toes and, in this upside-down position, resumed eating.

The tranquil scene was soon interrupted, however. The approach of a gray squirrel provoked the red one to leap from the bird feeder and give chase. After driving the much larger animal up a tree, she returned to reclaim her seed trove.

To entice this tiny tyrant to do more than hold dominion over the bird feeder, John set to work converting one of our unoccupied bat houses into something more to a red squirrel's taste. We planned to nail it to the trunk of a lone chestnut oak that stands 15 feet from our front windows, amid an island of young spruce and hemlock. It was our hope that this irascible representative of the species *Tamiasciurus hudsonicus*, whose thumbnail is elegantly adapted to flick tiny seeds from the tightfisted cones of conifers, would take up residence among those evergreens.

Over the next two weeks, the converted bat house stood empty. Nevertheless, the creature I had begun to call Madam Chatterly continued to inhabit our property and enliven my days. She appeared to be growing fat on sunflower seeds. Or was she pregnant? If so, the condition did not slow her down in the least. I tracked her movements as she frisked about high in the leafless oaks. From tree to tree she leapt, without hesitating for a moment to assess how far through space she needed to fly to make a safe landing on some outstretched finger of a distant bough. How did she cross those gaps in her runways at such reckless speed?

A daunting aerial road well taken

I watched with closer attention and discovered that her travel routes were known to her, for, invariably, she followed a particular course to reach a particular destination. To move from the chestnut oak to the hemlock beside the pump house, for example, she went by way of a pin oak, each time running along the same branches, taking the same forks and jumping the same gaps. But what if some critical portion of a memorized route should snap off in a storm? Traveling at breakneck speed would she then leap for a missing bough and fall to her death? And was she aware that the wind, too, could increase or decrease distances between branches and bring a speeding squirrel to grief? Whether or not she possessed such knowledge, she behaved as if she did. When the trees were soughing and swaying, she hardly moved about at all.

True to form, March was windy, so whole days passed during which I failed to spy or hear from Madam Chatterly. Then I spotted her ascending the chestnut oak with a bunch of dry leaves in her mouth. Across the roof of the bat house she crept, down she dropped onto the door stoop, whereupon she turned and, using her front paws, shoved her load through the small entryway. "We've got a strike," I called to John.

I watched Madam Chatterly try to enter the bat house, presumably to arrange the leaves. "I don't think she can do it," I told John. "She's too fat. She *must* be pregnant."

And indeed she did become stuck, caught by the middle halfway through the opening, her hind legs flailing in the air. After some struggle, she managed to wriggle the rest of the way in. Moments passed. Then she poked her head out of the door and looked about.

"Now how will she get out?" we wondered.

We needn't have worried. A little gnawing around the edge of the door enlarged the opening. Then down the tree she went headfirst, squirrel-fashion, to pick up another load of leaves. Trip after trip she made. Occasionally she returned with something that looked suspiciously like our house insulation. Most deliveries were simply pushed through the hole. Every few trips, however, she went inside and stayed for a time.

This development prompted me to sign a contract to write and take photographs for a children's book about Madam Chatterly; titled *The Raggedy Red Squirrel*, it

Trespassing gray squirrel stoically endures a harangue while appropriating the same feeder somewhat later.

In a rare idle moment, the red squirrel gets a break from her busy rounds to rest on a rock. With her glossy coat and fluffy tail, Madam Chatterly is the picture of good health.

will be published by Lodestar Books next fall. I experienced some qualms in doing this, due to the unpredictability of my subject, but these were quickly allayed. The red female was generous with her photo opportunities and, during the next three weeks, she made good use of the bat house. Sometimes she dozed on its stoop, and often she groomed herself on its roof.

Obviously, we had placed it in a propitious location, for we frequently heard her whizzing about in the dense spruce that surrounded the nest tree. She was feeding on buds and needles. "That spares us having to prune them," I reported to John. But I had misgivings about her prickly diet. Was she hard up for better fare? A paper by G. A. Kemp and L. B. Keith reassured me. In it they noted that the nutrient quality of conifer buds prior to a bumper crop just might act as a stimulant to squirrel reproduction. So spruce buds were an item in the red squirrel's diet. No surprise, then, that one regional name for the species is "spruce squirrel."

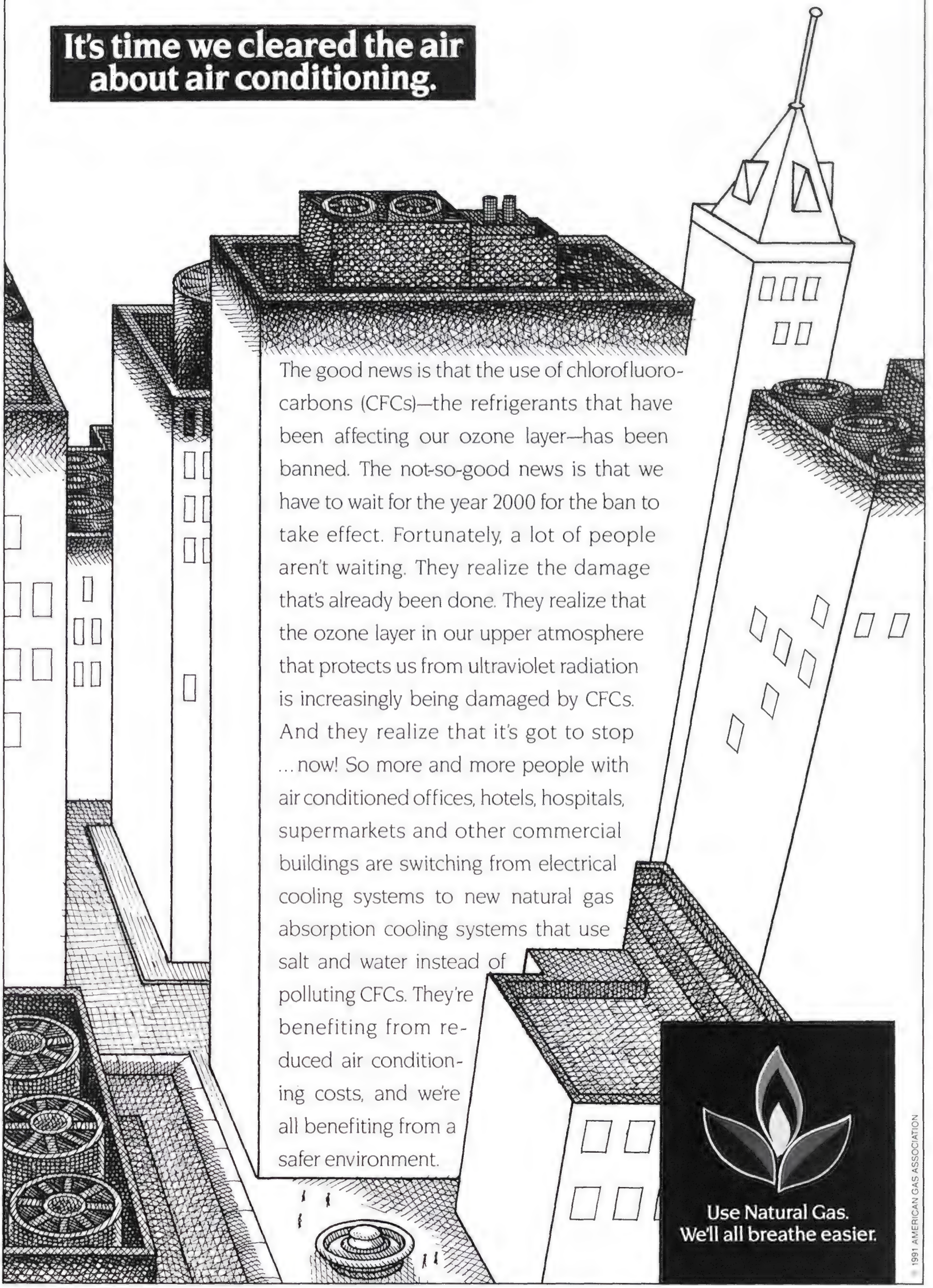
Historically, the red squirrel and its Western counterpart, the Douglas squirrel (*Tamiasciurus douglasii*), are native to the great conifer forests that stretch across the northern latitudes of the continent and extend southward along major mountain chains. Members of this genus can also adapt to life in mixed hardwoods. In such habitat, however, they trespass on the native ranges of their gray cousins (represented in the East by *Sciurus carolinensis*). Wherever overlap occurs there is contention, for the Eastern gray squirrel fails to respect the squeaky warnings *Tamiasciurus hudsonicus* emits when defending its nest or newly claimed food supply.

It wasn't long before a resident gray squirrel, whom I called the Gray Lady, became another regular at our bird feeder. The uproar that resulted was wonderfully terrible to hear. But the gray squirrel remained impervious to Madam Chatterly's tirades, and this so infuriated the red squirrel that her hind feet would begin to tread until quite suddenly they would launch her on a chase that sometimes covered 50 yards. If the Gray Lady let herself be overtaken, she could be assured of receiving a nip in the flanks.

In no way did this dissuade the Gray Lady from making subsequent trips to the feeder. Nor were any of the chipmunks, by then appearing in explosive numbers, intimidated by the red squirrel's rattling. To rid the feeder of these creatures, Madam Chatterly was invariably forced to give chase. This led me to wonder what purpose lay behind her scolding behavior. Obviously, at some time or in some place, all that vocalizing must serve red squirrels well.

I found the answer to my question several months later in northern Alberta, where I observed the red squirrel in a near monoculture of jack pine, the cones of which contain the tiniest of seeds. These seeds constituted the species' main winter food. To survive, every squirrel must cut great quantities of unopened

In pursuit of subjects to photograph and write about, Hope Ryden has run with wild horses, snowshoed with coyotes and waded with beavers.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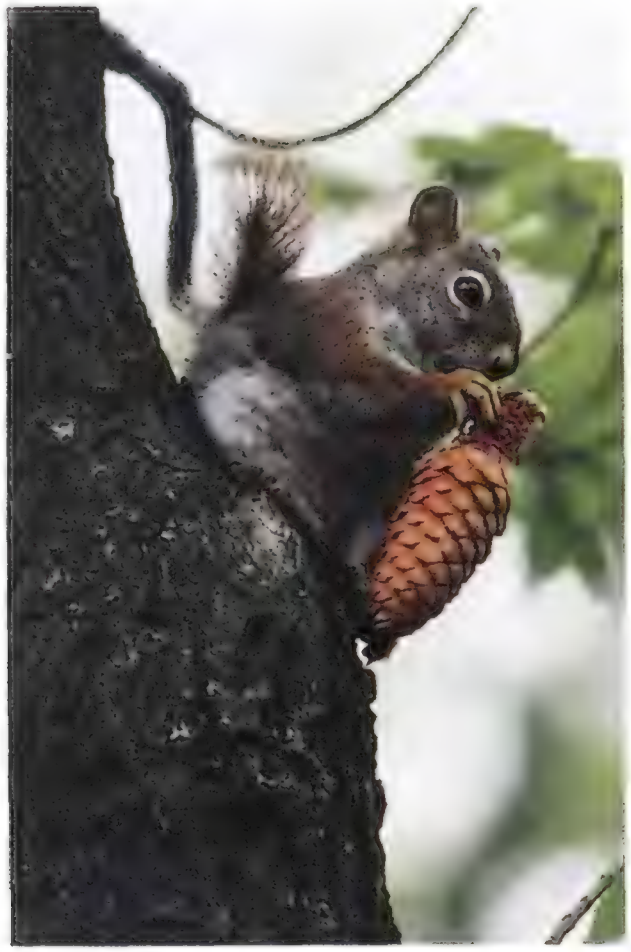

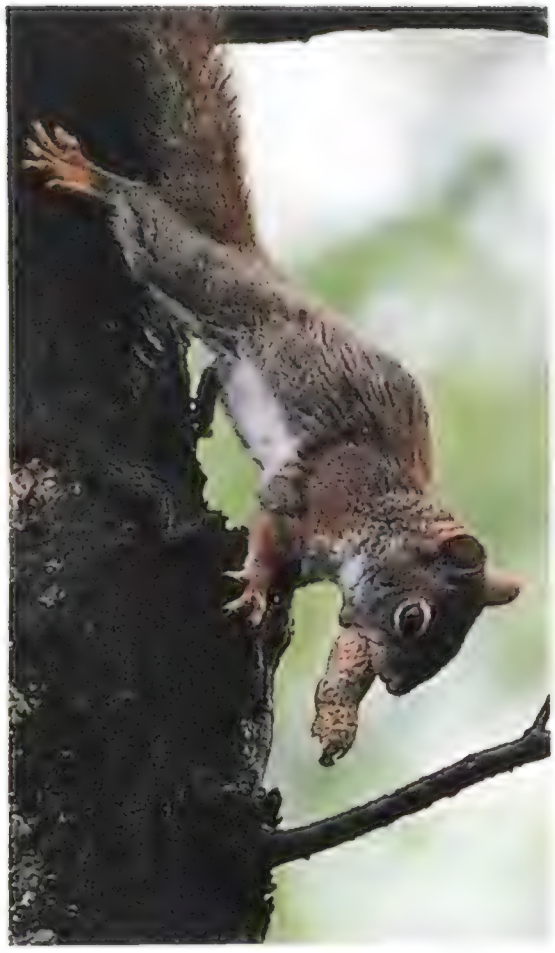

Making herself at home on a tree trunk, upright Chatterly extracts pine cone seeds (left) and, upside down, carries a peanut shell (center). She is also comfortable in midair, as she deftly leaps from branch to branch (above), following her familiar route.

cones and stockpile them, no easy task. Researcher Karl Larsen discovered that the average midden there contained upwards of 3,500 cones. Understandably, individual squirrels did not share their hard-earned larders with one another. Indeed each squirrel staked out a piece of the forest and defended its borders from its neighbors. Such were the hard conditions that shaped the species' possessive nature.

From territoriality emerged another behavior. To keep poachers at bay without having to resort to combat, the red squirrel developed complex vocal signals—rattles, squeaks, buzzes and growls. In this jack pine forest, where gray squirrels aren't often found, the red species talks only to its own kind. These signals are understood and help the animal to conserve energy that might otherwise be expended in chasing.

To the south, in gray squirrel country, however, the story is different. Mixed hardwoods provide an abundance of nuts and seeds. Acorns, each of which contains a large kernel, lie scattered about the forest floor. As a result, most red squirrels need not stockpile enormous quantities of cones to get through the winter. Nevertheless, old strategies die hard and *Tamiasciurus hudsonicus* has not rid itself of the impulse to stand guard over every food find and shout invectives at all comers. And when the gray squirrel and the chipmunk fail to comprehend the message, the red squirrel acts it out.

It was the absence of frenetic activity that alerted me to the possibility that Madam Chatterly might be giving birth. All one evening and throughout the following day I missed her rambunctious presence and looked for her. A slight shift in the nesting material that protruded from the bat house door buoyed my hope that she was inside. It was not until the second day, however, that I spied a most skittish red squirrel emerging from the nest box, looking a good deal slimmer than I had last remembered her. In no time flat, she zipped over to the bird feeder, stuffed her mouth with seeds and returned to her birthing chamber, where she remained out of sight for the next 24 hours. At dusk she repeated this routine. So brief were these two excursions, I might easily have missed them had I not remained glued to my window.

Over the next weeks, Madam Chatterly spent most of every day inside, on top of, or stretched across the stoop of the bat house. Sometimes she rested on the nesting material just inside, her head protruding through the door. I presumed she was nursing pups, for from time to time her eyes narrowed, and afterward she would emerge and groom her breast.

I checked the literature to find out how long I would have to wait to see the babies and was amazed by what I learned: the female red squirrel keeps her litter in a nest for seven weeks and continues to nurse them for another two weeks after they have become mobile. That's quite an investment of time and energy for such a loner. Many highly social species do not nurse their offspring for such a long time. Wolf and coyote pups, for example, are weaned at about five weeks. Clearly, motherhood exacts much from this single parent.

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The red squirrel's scrappy ways

Not surprisingly, Madam Chatterly showed the effects of these demands. Her teats became inflamed, and in an apparent effort to soothe them, she frequently stretched out on mossy places. Moreover, the tattered condition of her coat, attributable only in part to a seasonal molt, bore evidence of trauma. A heart-shaped section on her back appeared to have been chewed. Did she have scabies? Mange? Perhaps it had been clawed. Had a hawk grabbed her? If so, by what miracle had she escaped its grasp?

In Northern forests goshawks take more red squirrels than any other predator including the pine marten. I could not dismiss the possibility that a raptor had been responsible for the marks on her back. In the end, however, I concluded that the perpetrator was the Gray Lady. By the third week in April, that big squirrel no longer allowed herself to be chased by a pipsqueak relative one-third her weight. Whenever Madam Chatterly charged, the Gray Lady wheeled and faced the threat. Then the two engaged in paw-to-paw, mouth-to-mouth combat that sometimes escalated into a two-toned mass of spinning color. Afterward, Madam Chatterly would retreat to the bat house.

I was sorry to see the little scrapper receive her comeuppance, but it could hardly have been otherwise, for by now the gray squirrel was as determined as the red to obtain supplemental nourishment from the bird feeder. She, too, was nursing babies. I spied them in a hollow tree not 50 yards from my window.

After that, the woods around our house became a war zone. One day I spotted the Gray Lady climbing Madam Chatterly's nest tree. With mounting apprehension, I watched as she peered into the nest box. What was she up to? And where was the red mother? Though the entryway was too small to admit the big gray, what would stop her from reaching inside and seizing a baby?

Suddenly, the red mother's baleful eye appeared at the opening, and the Gray Lady slipped to the side of the tree. I waited for a battle royal to erupt. The red squirrel, however, did not abandon her nest to give chase. Not until she heard the Gray Lady head down the tree did she emerge and nose slowly along the spiraling course her enemy had taken.

Meanwhile, Madam Chatterly continued to tend her as yet unfledged young. Then one morning I caught sight of her scurrying up the nest tree, carrying a furry animal in her mouth. Apparently one of her pups had fallen out of the nest. Across the roof of the bat house she crawled, down to the stoop she dropped, whereupon she attempted to push her bundle through the small entryway.

Try as she would, Madam Chatterly could not thrust her wriggling offspring through the opening of the bat house. Again and again she endeavored to do so. And again and again it resisted her efforts. It clutched the stoop, clung to the edges of the door and flattened its body spread-eagle against the entryway. After some time, Madam Chatterly set down her recalcitrant pup and tried another tack. While the baby watched, she repeatedly entered and exited the doorway. To my delight, after a dozen such demonstrations, the little squirrel followed her in.

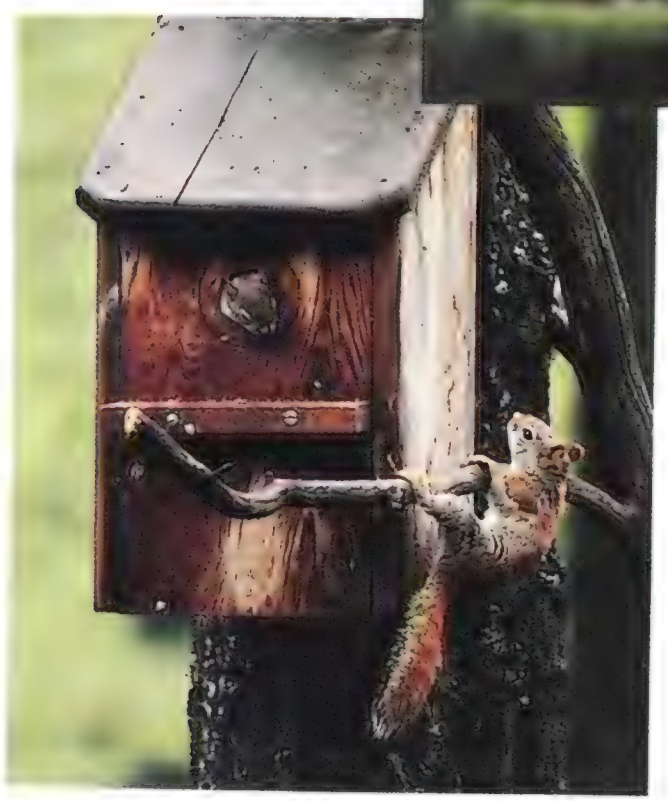
The universal frustrations of motherhood

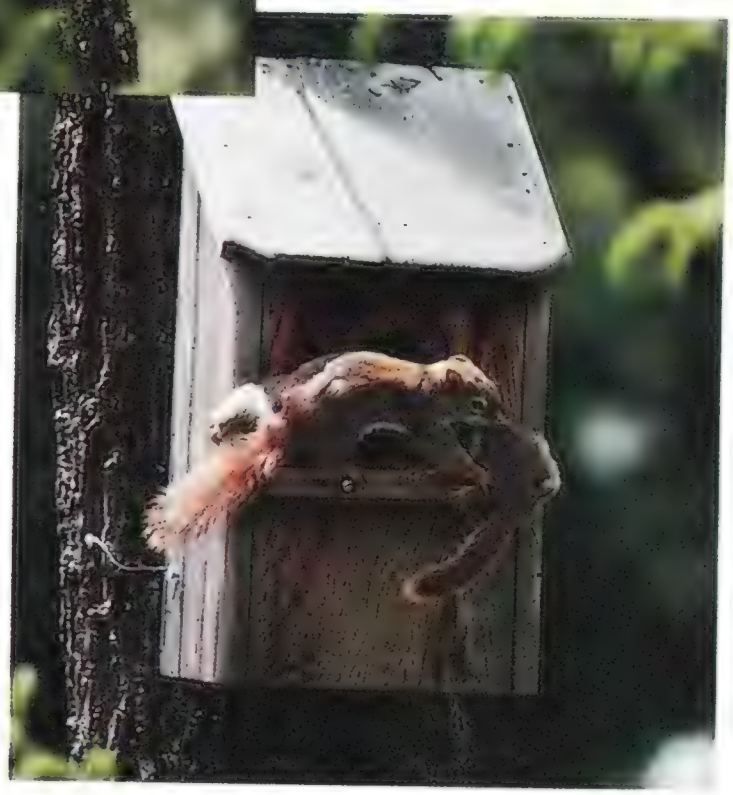
But Madam Chatterly's troubles were just beginning. Immediately after settling that youngster, she ran down the tree and, of all things, returned with a second baby dangling from her jaws. If the first pup had been willful, this one was intransigent. It not only resisted being pushed through the entryway, it escaped Madam Chatterly's grip and clambered onto the roof of the nest box, from whence it could neither be pulled nor lured to the stoop. And when its mother climbed up after it, it shot up the tree.

Madam Chatterly of course followed, and before long I spied her leading this wayward baby back to the nest box roof. As she had done with the first pup, Madam Chatterly next began to model the behavior she wanted. Repeatedly she dropped from roof to stoop, scooted into the nest, then popped right out again. The baby watched, wide-eyed, but did not imitate her. After 22 demonstrations, I wearied of counting. Madam Chatterly must have grown tired too, for suddenly she stretched out on the stoop, and for ten minutes, while her baby clung to the slippery roof, she slept. Then abruptly she came to life, leapt on top of the bat house, grabbed her surprised pup by the nape, whisked it down to the stoop and stuffed it into the nest box. The job was done! Not 15 minutes later a broad-winged hawk flew past.

Chatterly sizes up the modified bat house while snow melts on the roof (top, left). Later she starts work building a nest (top, right). When the gray squirrel pays a call (right), Chatterly keeps an eye out for her.

When her youngsters are able to leave the bat house nest, she tries to entice one of them out (bottom, left). But after the pup enjoys a taste of freedom, its mother has trouble stuffing it back through door (bottom, right).





Chatterly peeks out of house (left) while, 50 yards away, the gray squirrel devours a snack at her own place.

I concluded that there were only two babies in the nest. Karl Larsen established that red squirrels in northern Alberta generally give birth to three pups annually. Though second litters have been documented in some places, the red squirrel is not prolific. Rather than give short-term care to a succession of large litters on the chance that a few individuals will survive (the strategy of many members of the rodent family), *Tamiasciurus hudsonicus* mothers devote many weeks and much energy to the rearing of a small number of well-developed offspring.

Just how unassailable is a red squirrel mother's attachment to her young can be deduced from the fact that, during Karl Larsen's four-year study, not a single female abandoned her pups subsequent to his removing them from their nests for marking. This was true even when underground nests were unavoidably destroyed and the babies left on the ground. While working in the Yukon—where few vacancies exist for the young-of-the-year to occupy—another researcher, Karen Price, reported that some mothers bequeathed their territories to their offspring and took a chance on locating elsewhere. Given the unlikelihood of the mothers finding suitable habitat, Price's choice of the word "bequeath" seems apt. Nevertheless, despite maternal solicitude, life is precarious for young red squirrels. Only about 12 percent of the pups in Larsen's study lived to see their first birthday.

Certainly Madam Chatterly's mothering behavior was exemplary. So I was surprised when, just two days after she put her youngsters back in the bat house, she tried to lead them out again. She did this by touching noses with whichever pup happened to be at the door, then hopping from stoop to rooftop and back again, until she began to look like some kind of windup toy. The perverse pups, however, refused to emerge. Not that they lacked interest in the outside world. Since their premature outing, each had tried to monopolize the view from the door. Nevertheless, neither would now leave the safety of their nest. John and I decided that the door to the bat house, projecting away from the tree trunk as it did, offered an awkward means of egress. To afford the little squirrels a less harrowing route, John propped a branch against the tree trunk, with one fork crossing the face of the nest box.

Madam Chatterly immediately made use of this windfall, but try as she would, she could not persuade her pups to follow her example. At nightfall I pulled down the window blind and went to bed, unmindful of the critical information I was missing. For when I awoke, I found the red squirrel babies gone, nest stuffing scattered about the yard, and the thick branch that John had propped against the house snapped.

What could have happened? Had Madam Chatterly moved her youngsters to a new nest? Red squirrel mothers do that. But that would not explain the scattered nesting material. Had she, in a fit of exasperation over her pups' refusal to leave their cozy lodging, thrown out all their bedding? But that would not explain the broken branch. And why was the normally pugnacious Madam Chatterly now so passive? All that day she lay in the pin oak, as if depressed.

Perhaps the pups had been pulled from their nest by a predator. Perhaps a raccoon had fished them out and in so doing, strewn nesting material about the grounds. Just the day before, I had heard a neighbor tell how a raccoon had pulled her pet rabbit from its hutch and killed it. Certainly the weight of an adult raccoon would have been sufficient to snap the branch.

An urgent hunt for a photogenic family

For three weeks I hunted for the pups. It was important that I find them, or at least find others at the same stage of development. Young readers are not pleased by books that end in catastrophe. Seeing that time was running out, I flew north to Canada, where red squirrel reproduction takes place on a later timetable. There, at the suggestion of Karl Larsen, I scouted land alongside his study area, looking for an unmarked (therefore photogenic) family. On my second day in the jack pine, I found one.

It was clear that the three juveniles I watched in Canada (opposite) were destined for solitary existences. They ventured forth on solo sorties, convening only occasionally—at which times they greeted each other by touching noses, tagged one another with their paws, and curled up and slept together.

I was charmed by these inquisitive youngsters who fingered pine cones and took daring chances in trees. In a way they reminded me of monkeys, and indeed the

squirrels of North America do occupy an arboreal existence, which on other continents is filled by primates. But I would not allow myself to become too enamored, for every night Karl inquired how many were left and seemed surprised when I reported the little family still intact. Mortality in this age-group, it seems, is outrageously high. By September about 60 percent of Karl's marked pups would be gone. Whether they would succumb to bad weather, be plucked from trees by goshawks or be pinned under the paws of coyotes could not be determined. It hardly mattered what would kill them, though, for in this pine forest few vacant territories exist for them to colonize. As a result, by summer's end adjacent tamarack bogs would fill with emigrating babies who could find no better place to stake their claims. They might survive for a time; come winter, however, they would die.

I didn't stay to see that happen. I had no desire to witness the demise of any more pups. Besides, by then I had seen enough to put *Tamiasciurus hudsonicus* in some kind of perspective. Red squirrels, I concluded, are what they are because they have it so hard—especially mothers. On them alone rests the responsibility for perpetuating their kind, and though they give their all to this end, few have descendants. Still they try. Some may even bequeath their property to their offspring. I reflected on Madam Chatterly's stormy nature, her persistence, her assertiveness, and understood why she so antagonized the neighborhood. Her race depended on it.

These insights reassured me that whatever impediment the Gray Lady posed, come spring, the red termagant would stand her ground and try again to bring off a litter; that is, if she escaped the clutches of the broad-winged hawk. Madam Chatterly's sound and fury signified something.

Trio of red squirrel siblings about 35 days old huddle for reassurance while warily investigating forest floor.

By Carl Posey

The bittersweet memory that was the Canal Zone

As socialism loses favor around the world, the last vestiges of America's own flirtation with it are disappearing without a trace

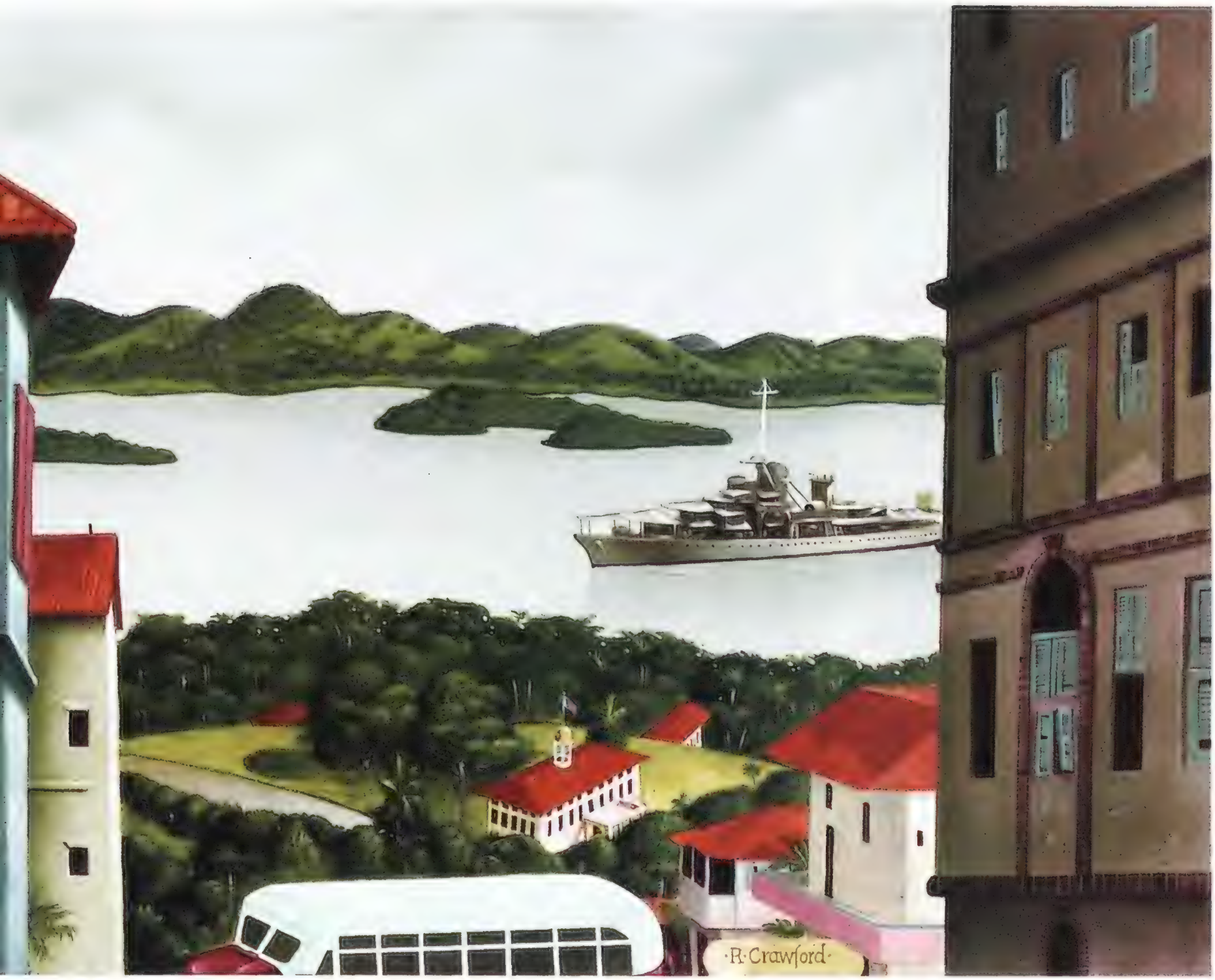
The view from apartments in the hills overlooking Panama City takes in a colorful area filled with history.

Not quite a decade ago, while researching a story on economic reforms in Bulgaria, I was taken by my enthusiastic hosts to a vast apricot orchard on the Danube. At a clutch of mean stuccoed structures that might have been in rural Central America, we paused. Here, they told me, is a clubhouse for workers, and over there, a commissary, and there, an administration building, party headquarters, dispensary. It took me a moment to realize that they employed the vocabulary of my childhood. For I was born and reared, I later explained to them, in another bastion of socialism: the Canal Zone that once ran north to south across the narrow waist of Panama. They chuckled at this news that the United States had once dabbled in a command economy, but not heartily; perhaps they imagined a sneer at their system. But if anything, I was commiserating with them, as I do now that both experiments have come to their sad, strangely similar conclusions.

Nowadays, one can almost stage the entire saga of America in Panama among the buildings, sea and sudden hills visible from the balcony of Leon Greene's eighth-floor penthouse in La Cresta, a neighborhood that winds along a ridge above Panama City's Avenida Central, noisily clogged with garishly illustrated buses bearing ferocious names like El Cancer and El Terror. Off to the east, the isthmus runs toward Colombia. A journey to the west eventually takes you to Costa Rica. Residents boast that this peculiar east-west segment of this oddly twisted land causes the sun to rise over the Pacific and set over the Atlantic—strictly speaking, the Caribbean. The kink has a disorienting effect on those of us who have lived there—it reverses the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and seems to put the sun in the wrong place in the sky.

In the distance are the ruined towers of Old Panama, the once-rich port of entry for the Spain-bound wealth of colonial Peru. On our right is the oval walled city that succeeded it. In 1903, President Amador sent from New York to his government in this enclave the disappointing treaty that gave the United States what amounted to perpetual sovereignty over a ten-mile strip of land across the isthmus.

The canal, the reason for almost everything visible from here, is a narrow, intermittent ribbon of bright water cutting through green hills in the distance. On



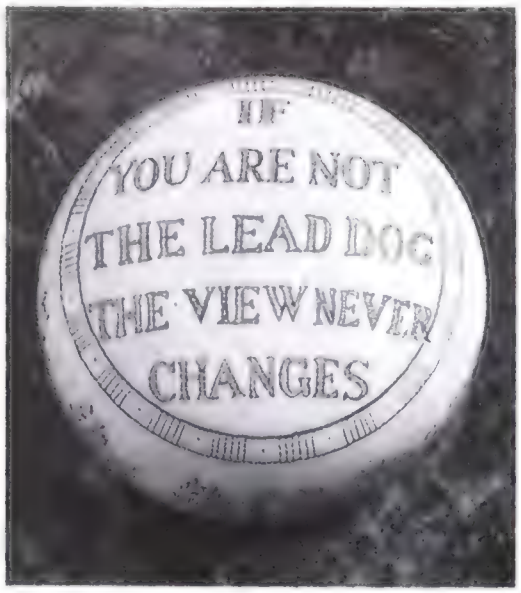
Out in the bay on the Pacific Ocean, ships wait to enter the canal for their transit across the isthmus.

the pewter bay, ships wait at anchor for their turn at the crossing. They lie beyond a scatter of small islands that rise from the ocean like the round backs of swimming creatures. The air is full of birds—spirals of black buzzards and gulls, green clouds of noisy parakeets, hawks, herons. With mild surprise I think, why, the old place is beautiful!

When Leon Greene's father came to Panama, the walled oval by the sea and its entourage of mean shanties were about *it*. The place was marsh and jungle, and there was no canal. A father and grandfather himself, Greene, at 84, is one of the few remaining Americans who have seen the entire adventure in Panama unfold, and who now are there to watch it close. Most of his compatriots will have left before the end. Many are refugees of an odd sort, retreating to the United States not from a world that has changed so much as from one that has vanished. Like the aging children of a tropical Atlantis, they have watched their homeland steadily sinking out of sight.

In the 1970s, the United States and Panama, in the persons of American President Jimmy Carter and Panamanian dictator Omar Torrijos, agreed on terms by which ownership of the canal would revert to the nation it bisects. On December 31, 1999, this figurative Atlantis will vanish utterly, taking with it the last vestiges of a unique American experience, America's flirtation with socialism. For those who, like Greene, have adapted and evolved, it will be a sour note in a continuing symphony of sweetness. But for many others, the

Illustrations by Robert Crawford



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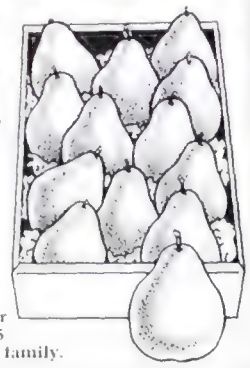

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changes in Panama are truly the end of the line.

At first glance, their experience may seem to have been simple. Some have savagely caricatured it as a society of rednecks, jingoists, bigots and—noting the plethora of lodges and temples—joiners. In fact, life there was as large and vital as life anywhere. The difference was that always at the center, whether one consciously felt its presence or not, lay the canal.

To me, and I believe to others of my generation, the canal was one of the least interesting things about our small community. Watching the great ships transit the locks was like watching bougainvillea grow.

But for our grandparents and parents, the canal exerted a formidable gravitation. It drew people from small-town America into the tropical jungle, shaped the way they lived and were employed, and presented them with a one-of-a-kind instrument of vast complexity. It was conceived in the late 19th century to be run by generations of artisans and mechanics trained—one might say doomed—to sustain the technologies of the past. The Americans who colonized the place fashioned a life that endured almost intact for several generations, as unchanging as a bubble in amber. Then, finally overtaken by time, this insulated community was thrust suddenly into a much older, harder world. The amazing thing, of course, is not that such a community withered, but that it will have taken nearly a century to do so.

This surprisingly resilient adventure began on the Caribbean flank of the isthmus, the side facing civilization, as it were. Here the United States picked up the remnants of the project the French could not complete. The French strategy had been to hack

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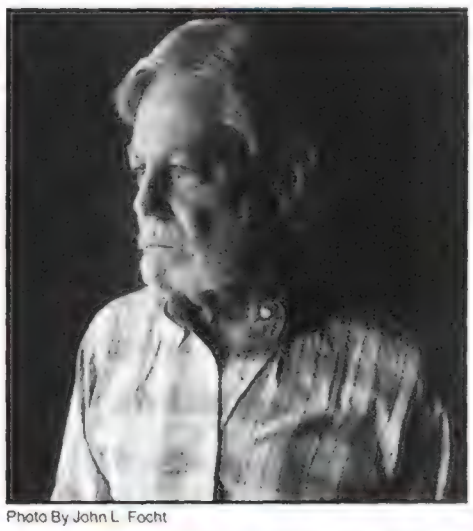

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Zonians could not own their homes. Workers were assigned housing and then given opportunities to rise to better quarters.

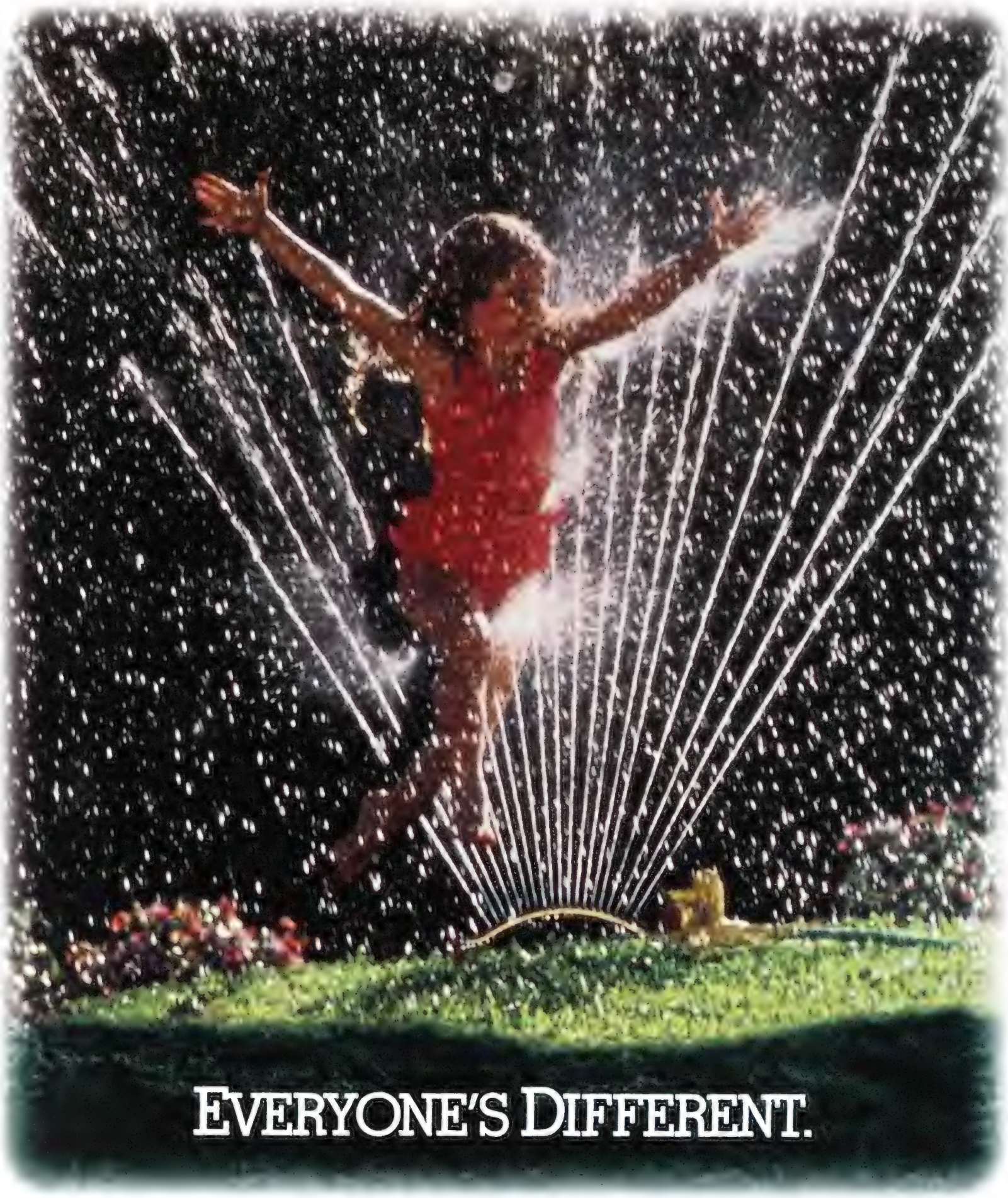
out a Suez-type ditch uniting the two oceans at sea level. Although the American design has been called the Big Ditch, it was conceived as an alternative to the impossible excavations envisioned by the French. The Panama Canal became not a channel but a bridge that carried ships up and over a dent in the low-lying Continental Divide, from one ocean to another.

The Chagres River was sealed near its Atlantic end by an earthen dam, creating a huge artificial lake whose surface is about 85 feet above sea level. It became the main span of the bridge. To reach the lake, canal builders constructed massive concrete and steel locks that, filled and flushed with Chagres River water, provided a set of steps from sea level.

For most Americans drawn by the adventure, the first taste of life in Panama came in the two sister cities on the Atlantic side, Cristobal and Colón (from the Spanish name for Christopher Columbus). Leon Greene was present more or less at the creation. "Dad came in 1907," he recalls. "At that time, a depression was on and he couldn't get a job. They were doing a lot of advertising to get people from the U.S. to work on the canal." While somewhat frail, Greene is still a tall, lean man with a passing resemblance to Douglas Fairbanks jr.

"He turned down a job," Greene says of his father. "He couldn't bring his family with him. But then, when he was still having a hard time, he told them he'd come down if they'd provide some sort of housing. 'OK,' they said, 'if you find your own housing, you can come down.' So he signed up." Greene was born in Rochester, New York, that same year, and traveled to Panama with his mother and sister in what he calls the "year of eight." "We had a room on Front Street," he says, referring to Colón's bay-front boulevard of saloons and shops, "up over a bar. You can imagine."

While Greene's father was a professional, primarily maintaining surveyor's delicate instruments, young Lackey Stapleton of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, on the other hand, was perhaps more representative of the lads attracted to Panama: he had no technical skills to speak of. He began his career in Colón after eloping with Naomi Turner, also of Hattiesburg, in 1911. The small, serious Mississippian spent sev-



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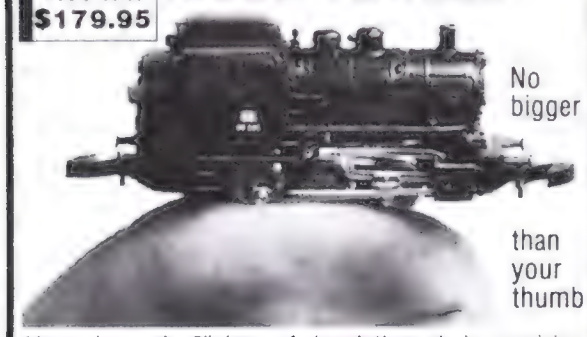

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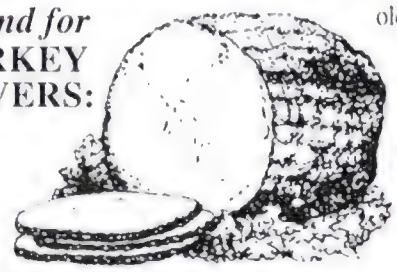

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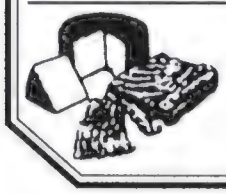

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eral years moving back and forth across the isthmus until settling finally in Balboa, on the Pacific side. His movements reflected the campaigns of construction and early operation of the canal, when a chain of scrubbed American communities of screen-porched, frame-and-concrete houses coalesced along the waterway. In 1928, Stapleton and his family—there were three children by then, my mother, Margaret, and Bess and Jimmie—lived in Balboa, in a concrete, tile-shingled duplex.

Taken as a whole, the Zone was an odd slice through the cultures of the United States. It was determinedly classless, a kind of idealized America largely free of crime, poverty, politics, unbridled ambition—and private enterprise. The only profit-making businesses allowed were those that offered services that the government chose not to provide. American banks had offices there, as did oil companies and shipping agents. To me, however, the quintessential entrepreneurs were horticultural: Morgan's Garden, a florist's intended, one supposes, to provide Zonians with flowering intimations of home; and the immaculate truck farms—what we called Chinese gardens—run by Asians.

Work was organized into divisions around the needs of the canal: maintenance, mechanical, dredging, ship operations, ports, and the like. Workers were assigned housing and furniture, which they augmented with fine linens, carved camphor chests and rich Chinese rugs from the Oriental bazaars of Panama City and Colón. Living in bungalows and duplexes, fourplexes and large 16-family dwellings on stilts, workers received good salaries, generous benefits, and opportunities to rise to better quarters and perks as their seniority, family size, and position warranted. From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs.

For the most part, the system tumbled together administrators and mechanics, white collars and blue ones.

There were no rich and, among the white community at least, no poor. As in Communist Bulgaria, individuals could own automobiles and personal effects but not what Marx called the means of production. Unlike Bulgarians, however, Zonians could not build or own their homes.

We bought American magazines, comic books, haircuts and hairdos, Cokes and Pepsis, hamburgers, shakes and cafeteria dinners at community clubhouses, which usually had a movie theater and often a swimming pool—to swim well was important; the children of the Zone were just about unsinkable. Groceries and dry goods came from Panama Railroad Company commissaries where, until 1950, scrip called Commissary Books—"commy books"—was used instead of money. Its purpose was to restrict commissary privileges to those entitled to them, as people not affiliated with the Zone were not—a restriction welcomed by Panamanian merchants.

Outsiders, meaning the residents of the adjoining host country, lived on their own economy; for example, paying the real cost of getting a cabin-shaped can of syrup from the United States to the table. The Zone had its own postal system, in which one paid U.S. domestic rates for States-bound mail; its own judicial and law enforcement apparatus; its own firefighters—even its own fleet of plush Panama Line ships, on which, for a few tens of dollars per head, families returned to their home country for long stretches of vacation leave. We would sail to New York, take a train to Michigan, pick a new car off the assembly line, and drive for weeks around the continent. Seeing our Canal Zone plates, people would delight us by asking if we came from Suez. At the end of a long vacation, we returned to New York to board the *Ancon*, the *Cristobal* or the *Panama* for the voyage home.

Such perks were called "privileges," and one's access to them, "eligibility." By creating a small community of licensed haves, of course, the Zone cre-

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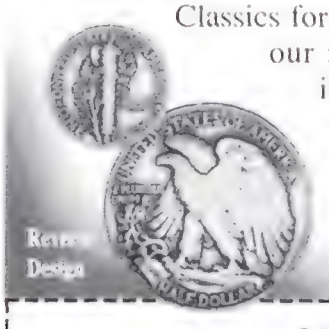

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ated a larger one of have-nots. Across a fenceless, invisible but palpable boundary, Panamanians watched like urchins with their faces pressed against a restaurant window, aware that if they were fortunate, they might be admitted, to some degree, to this privileged body by accepting a low job.

From a distance, perhaps the Canal Zone exuded an Orwellian odor, although it was anything but grim for white Americans working there. Beneath the inverted glass bowl of government control, life proceeded within a congenial framework of company, government and canal—a world of picnics and formal dances, dinners and cotillions, Masonic temples and church lodges, all easy and affluent, often gracious. Long after it had vanished in the United States, the world of early John O'Hara novels persisted in Panama. In Cristobal my parents and their friends went out to the ele-

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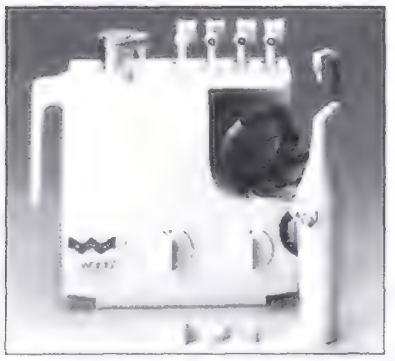

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gant Strangers Club, poised above the dark waters of Limon Bay, where waiting ships cast long, rippling anchor lights. On special occasions we might take a fine meal in the airy dining room of the Hotel Washington, out on the seawall. Its pool, where I learned to swim, was filled with salt water from the bay, whose waves thumped against the stones just behind the ten-foot-high diving board. A sign cautioned against diving into the sea, although courageous children ignored the warning.

On the Pacific side, the Union Club cantilevered over the water from a jutting corner of Panama City's old seawall. There were beer gardens and night clubs and the fragile, screened elegance of the wooden Tivoli Hotel. In Panama, there was the Other Side, meaning the opposite coast, and the Interior, which was nearly everywhere else, but especially the land between the canal and Costa Rica. The lifestyles on the two sides of the isthmus were quite different. The Atlantic cities were gritty and canal-oriented, while life on the Pacific side diffused more into the Republic of Panama. Everyone in the Zone knew everyone else, and tensions were few, even between generations. By today's standards, Canal Zone kids were paragons—I tell my own children about this somewhat diffidently, finding us a little too good to be true. But it seems to me that well into the 1960s and '70s, most adolescents' problems there were of the type and magnitude celebrated in Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*.

This is not to say life there had no edge. We were living on the rim of real, honest-to-goodness jungle, with snakes and sloths and perhaps a ferocious cat or two, although most of the insect life was suppressed by the systematic eradication, year in and year out, of every single mosquito—a leftover from the days when Panama was grandly pestilential. As boys, we fought World War II slithering around in the rain forest, cut by the tall grass, breathing resilient bugs, as we stalked

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one another with real machetes and surplus weapons from which the firing pins had been removed. We discovered that by crossing a mile of jungle along a narrow creek we could reach a treasure house beyond telling—a clearing, fenced only at its exposed side, where the military dumped surplus Mae Wests, oxygen masks, .45 automatics (disabled), and the great, wonderful carcasses of abandoned or wrecked warplanes, where we lived out aerial fantasies. We would go out into the forest with our .22s and long knives, and hack our trails to nowhere, taking time to blast away (generally to no effect) at a fleeing fer-de-lance or boa, or to rake an ant city with our fire. In fact, the place seemed almost to have been designed for the entertainment of boys.

Employment was quite another matter: without private enterprise, there was nowhere to work, unless one competed for manual labor with West Indians. Like almost all my comrades, I had a disastrously unsuccessful paper route, dispensing the *Nation*, one of three Spanish-English dailies then published in Panama, and carried sacks at the commissary for tips. Not until my stepfather put me in the way of a ton of boxed bat guano to sell as fertilizer—causing my black 1938 Olds coupe to become celebrated as the "Batmobile"—did my fortunes improve. The most successful among us went to sea, although we also whispered of the unspeakable maltreatment of cabin boys.

As we grew older, we boys would roll up our good clothes in jungle hammocks and camp in the dense forest near the top of Ancon Hill. After dark, we would change among the lianas and granite slabs—the stone used to build the locks was quarried here—and eddy down the seaward slope into Panama, to have a beer and a look at the floor shows. In a city that served every human appetite, it is noteworthy, I think, that adolescent American males were mainly browsers.

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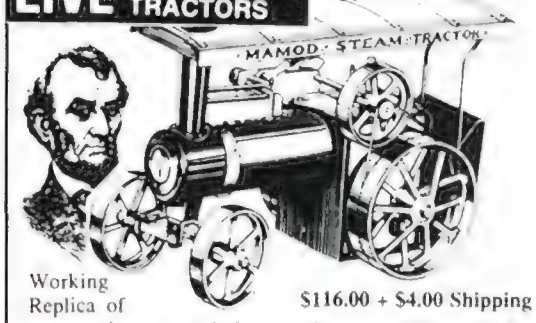

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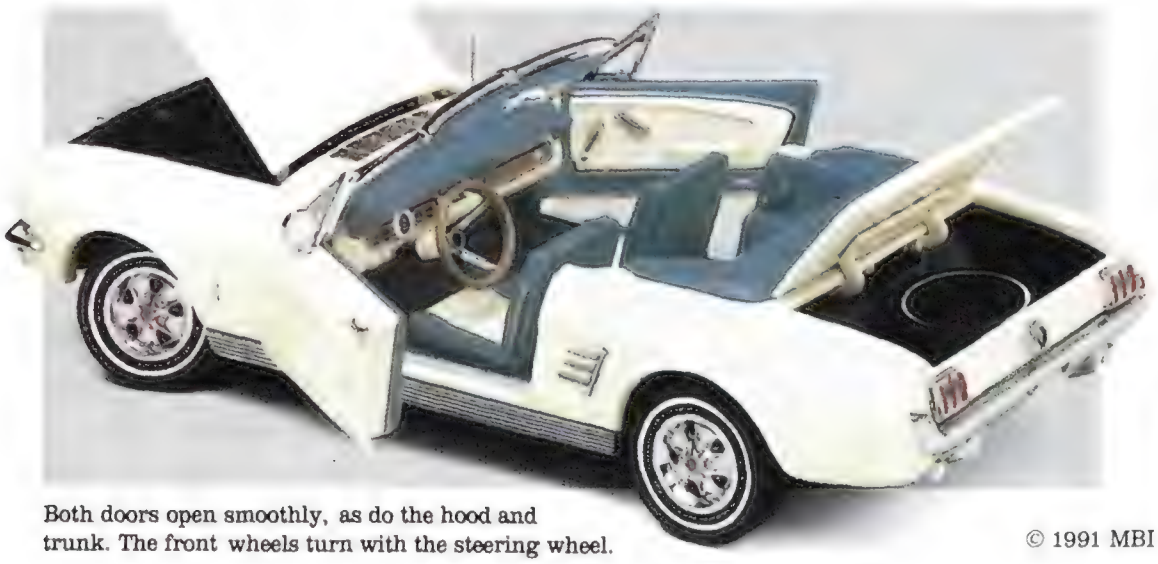

Both doors open smoothly, as do the hood and trunk. The front wheels turn with the steering wheel.

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overlaid the usual grit of life. There was adultery among adults—the evocation of the O'Hara novel was authentic—and divorce, and the tragic deaths of children. In high school one heard hushed rumors of terminated pregnancies, generally attributed to someone older, usually a soldier or a college boy.

Nor was our famous egalitarianism everything it seemed. Some workers were very much more equal than others. The genteel officers' families on the Zone's numerous forts, airfields and bases lived as they did on all their other preserves. And here, as everywhere, nothing was lower than an enlisted man. In an ugly, possibly jealous, reflex among peers, G.I.-dating female contemporaries were called Rappie-bait (from the "RA" in Army serial numbers), a sobriquet from whose stain no reputation quite recovered. Fathers protected their daughters from soldiers like ferocious sheepdogs watching lambs. I remembered our collective hard-heartedness later, when, as an Army private, I looked in vain for dates.

You could tell a man's position, to a degree, by his quarters. When my father worked as an admeasurer—the one who boards and measures ships to compute their tonnage—we lived in a roomy house in Cristobal, with a maid's room beneath it, a small workshop and a place to park the green Oldsmobile picked up in Michigan. Admeasurers had perhaps the second-best job on the canal, although some tugboat skippers might quibble with that. My father, who spent most of his engineering career with the Federal Aviation Administration, remembers his admeasurer days in Cristobal as his best times in the Canal Zone.

But the number one job in the Zone belonged to the Panama Canal pilots. They bore the same relationship to the waterway that aviators do to an airline, and were paid accordingly. They guided the big ships on their transits. The more equal you were, and the more children you had, the

better your "privileges." And the pilots were the most equal of all.

Inevitably, there was racial inequality as well. "When the Americans first took over," Leon Greene recalls, "we had trouble getting common labor. Somebody got the idea of getting West Indians. But they became morose. They missed their families. Finally, they had them bring their families over, and things were fine." But, he notes, the West Indians brought more than strong backs and a willingness to work. "Jamaican, Barbadian women came and brought their bright plants with them. Hibiscus, spider lily, oleander came from there—they aren't native here." Now, ubiquitous hedges of hibiscus line isthmian streets.

Tugboat skippers consider their job one of the best on the canal: guiding massive ships to locks at the beginning and end of the transit.

Long after the canal was finished—until the bitter end, in fact—the white society of the Canal Zone rested on a much larger, largely unnoticed pyramid of West Indian labor. In the old days, they, with other non-Americans, were paid in silver, while Americans were paid in gold. This codified the differences: gold equated with white American, silver with everybody else. There were "silver" and "gold" drinking fountains, public lavatories, towns, clubhouses, commissaries. Panamanians who found work in the Zone were likewise put on the silver roll, even, according to one official, one who later became a president of Panama. One man's Swedish grandfather was on the silver roll as well.

West Indians manicured the lawns, cooked, provided the service work the displaced American small town re-

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quired. Most important was the maid. Almost every family had a "Jamaican" (the adjective used to describe any West Indian in Panama) maid, an industrious woman who often served the same family for decades.

For many newborn Americans there, our earliest sustained human contact was with one of these serious, wise women from the Caribbean, who spoke English in accents of impossible richness, and who gave white babies the grand affection for which their own children, one realized only decades later, generally waited at home. My first speech was Jamaica-flavored, my mother tells me, although the maid is long forgotten. In Cristobal we had a wonderful woman named Edna, whom I remember as I would a lost aunt. Occasionally, these loyal servants received benefits of a small kind in their retirement; but more often than not, they would enter the lives of white families, work loyally and well, and vanish a few years down the line, not even their surnames remembered.

A large share of the early Canal Zone's population, like Naomi and Lackey Stapleton, came from the American South and brought their prejudices with them. Kind and generous and fair to a fault, the Southerners of the Zone could fabricate racial epithets that would make one cringe. And yet I do not remember, except for the rare brute who hated everything, that this bigotry or the unequal parallel societies created by the gold-silver pay system, had the sharp, nasty tone that I discovered later in the States. It was still possible, after growing up around the Canal Zone, for me to be shocked by the segregated facilities of our Southern cities, like Washington, D.C. circa 1950.

On the whole, however, life in the Zone proceeded mostly untouched by strife or the ugly vicissitudes of global war or depression. That had been the intention, of course—to keep American workers happy and in place to serve the waterway. To keep the work-

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Prohibition passed almost unnoticed in the Zone, where the busy saloons of the republic were only a few steps across an extremely permeable border. The Great Depression of the 1930s brought new workers to the Zone—my father came in the wave just ahead of it, in 1928, trading a surveying job in Oklahoma for a better one building Albrook Field, where he and Leon Greene first met. A few Americans who had dabbled in the marketplace suffered.

Still, private enterprise had a sweet, siren call for many who had begun life in the Canal Zone. It was almost inaudible in true company towns inland, but the port cities at either end of the canal hummed like economic cicadas, and life in the adjoining Zone merged increasingly with all that real-world turbulence just across the line.

From the beginning, the existence of such a purely American community has rankled Panamanians. The United States has been involved here for a century and a half; Americans built the legendary railroad across the isthmus in the 1850s. Nevertheless, America has always been seen by many as a great bumbling arriviste here. As in a marriage turned sour, every memory has become a bad one. The helpful presence of the USS *Nashville* in Colón harbor in 1903, a show that helped wrest Panama from Colombia, is seen now as gringo interference. The evolutionary changes in how the canal was run—for example, the acceptance of Panamanians into the Zone's civil service system—were regarded as too little, too late. One hears the argument that America's great crime here was to build the canal in the first place, as it deformed the country's natural economy and precluded self-sufficiency as a nation.

The sense that the canal has somehow spoiled those who live around it has also lain at the heart of arguments against the existence of a Canal Zone. Early on, the paternalistic place was seen as a kind of hive that bred only drones, a population of docile mechanics and artisans. In contrast to that view of blue-collar lotus eaters, some feared that workers returning from the Zone's socialist stability would take one look at real capitalism at home and overthrow the system. I never thought of it as socialism, except for that moment years ago in Bulgaria, but then we rarely had a political thought—people who wanted the vote voted in the States. Almost apolitical, the place was patriotic to a fault, anti-Communist, pretty much whatever Americans were supposed to be.

Thus, being *so* utterly American, it was traumatic and bewildering to have this world suddenly destroyed by the flourish of an American pen. The

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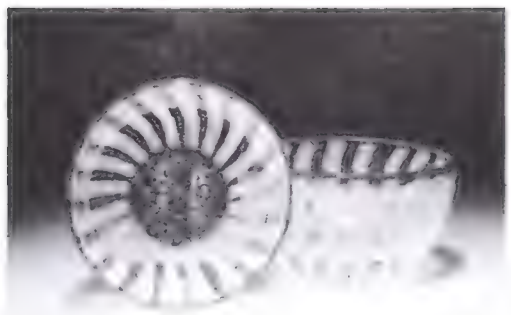

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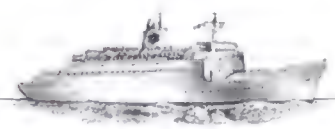

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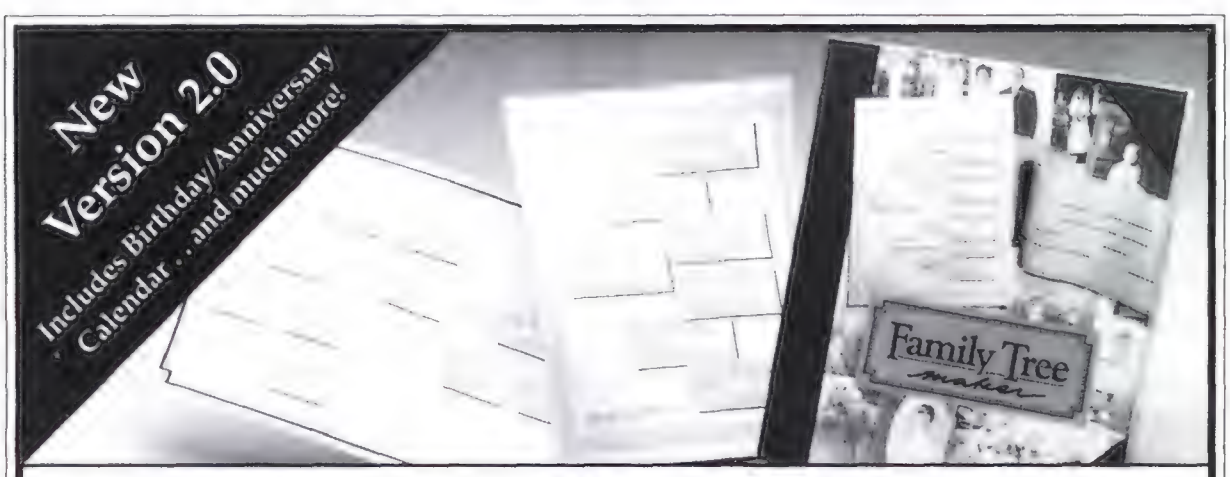

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1977 treaty stripped away every vestige of the old life: the Zone was disestablished, most privileges disappeared, there were no clubhouses or commissaries, no residual fabric of a suddenly vanished style of living. The friendly Zone policeman was replaced by polished National Police bullies the United States had trained for Panama. I think there was some sense that the people of the Canal Zone deserved anything they got—although living under a species of socialism, they were regarded as an aristocracy of mid-level workers that, like all aristocracies, needed bringing down.

In 1979, when the treaty became effective, there were about 3,000 Americans employed by the U.S. agency that ran the canal and the Zone. Many workers transferred to the Department of Defense in Panama. Others were ejected through attrition and early retirement, the enticement of cash bonuses, and the stampede-inducing fear of the unknown. By the end of 1990, they numbered fewer than 900. Of a total Panama Canal Commission work force of 7,600 individuals, 87 percent are now Panamanian, and that number will rise to 100 percent, give or take a handful of people, when the canal and everything else are finally turned over to the Republic of Panama at the end of 1999.

The people who miss the old life most are those whose careers lay at the very center of the enterprise: the ship's masters rated as Panama Canal pilots. Malcolm Stone and his wife, Jean, live in a pleasant concrete duplex in Cardenas, about five miles up the canal from Balboa. Stone is a spare, light-haired man of middle height. Although 54, there is something much older in his face that turns out to be the shadows of past skin cancers, one of which caused part of his lip to be removed. (An unassessed but very real part of the American experience in Panama is a lifelong exposure to the tropical sun.)

Stone grew up on the Atlantic side. Like all Zone boys, he did what he

could to earn pocket money but eventually chose the sea, signing on as a seaman during his high school summers. Graduated from the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, New York, he returned in the 1960s to work on the canal as an admeasurer and tugboat master but yearned to be a pilot, which required both a master's ticket and experience on the ocean. "I decided to resign," he says wearily, angrily, "left Panama, a wife, two children, and went off for two and a half years. I raised my license to Master Unlimited and was back in December 1971—as pilot."

The hiatus in his canal career still rankles, for the canal-pilot standards no longer require high-seas experience as a ship captain. After the treaty, he says, "they hired people to be pilots who had fewer qualifications than I had in 1969, before going back to get a master's license. I had to train others. Many who came in had never dropped anchor on a ship. Going back to sea lost me two and a half years of government service—cheats me out of 30-year-service benefits. So I don't train anybody to pilot my ships. They can ride with me. But I tell them, you're not going to handle my ship."

Still, he finds some satisfaction. "Came through today," he says, "on a chemical ship, 106 feet wide"—which gave the ship a scant 2-foot clearance on either side of the lock chamber. "You feel good when they say you're welcome back on their ship anytime."

Stone does not think much of the canal's future, as most of his fellows do not. He cites the condition of the port facilities in Balboa and Cristobal, and of the famous trans-isthmian railroad, which now carries few passengers and whose rusty tracks the jungle is doing its best to reclaim. "I want to get as far away from sand and salt water as I can," he concludes. "I just want to turn out the lights and open the lock gates." This from a man who first went to sea in the early 1950s and has spent 20 years coaxing great ships from ocean to ocean. Costumed as an-

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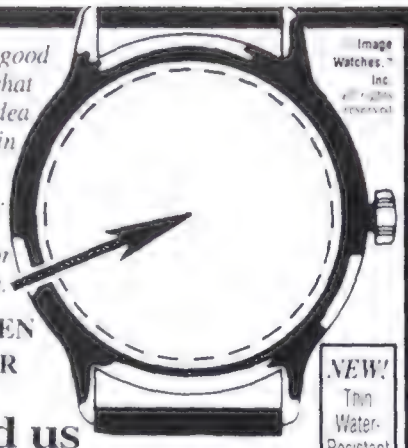

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ger, his feelings are a form of despair.

Many who once lived there, or live there now on borrowed time, have felt that same tug of terrible sadness, caused less by having to leave than by the winking out of an entire society. The lamentations, the sorrow, the old days, are celebrated in scores of regional reunions around the United States, where former Zonians assemble like the alumni of a defunct school. A former Balboa High School classmate of mine, writing recently in a California newspaper, lamented the loss of the Canal Zone, expressing a love for the life he had led there. Love? I wondered. Is it a place one could—*love*?

I never had. I hated the ambiguity of having been born abroad, felt always the colonial's base need to keep clear who was colonizing whom, and could not get away from Panama soon enough. I longed for unscreened windows, forests one could simply walk through, a life off the reservation of the Canal Zone. After finishing high school in 1951, I returned only four times. Beyond that, when a South American flight has paused at Tocumen Airport, I have stayed in my seat, smelling the familiar moist night air.

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When the Canal Zone's final bell tolled, I felt nothing beyond a vague anomie and a zing of irony, thinking of the creaking old artifact the Panamanians had finally acquired. And yet, if I have any root system at all, it must be a species that grows in the thin, jungle soil of Panama.

Returning there last year for the first time in nearly 20 years, I experienced the sensation of writer Ray Bradbury's time traveler, who, having squashed a Jurassic butterfly, now finds the present subtly altered. The old place looks much as it always did. Much that was once busy and familiar is now derelict and empty. Form has scarcely changed, but function has changed utterly.

The ritzy Panama City golf club is a shabby urban park, the former Union Club a crumbling eyesore. At a French cemetery near the canal, I see my first-ever Zonian mosquitoes: a gray cloud of them rises from a ditch; apparently the sprayers no longer lay down their suffocating sheen of oil on all mosquito-bearing waters. The jungle moves in wherever it can, bringing, one supposes, its eternal diseases with it.

The formerly pristine parks of Balboa are full of little kiosks where natives come to sell carvings and molas and T-shirts celebrating Operation Just Cause. One sees little damage remaining from the latter—a few pocked buildings, the cleared areas in Chorrillo where tenements burned and were later bulldozed away. But the invasion did obliterate all law and order, so that Panama has become a dangerous place to live. A classmate and good friend, William Joyce, was murdered by intruders in his Panama home soon after the action. One imagines Bill happy nowhere else.

The roads, which are the same two- and four-lane arteries I remember from long ago, are perforated with potholes that evoke the streets of New York City and Washington, D.C. Here and there, maintenance crews have circled the depressions with white paint, flagging them for repair, which also spares night drivers. Unemployment is a rampant one-quarter of the total work force, so that the economic engine huffs and puffs but sputters out after a few revolutions. Dazed by the changes wrought by the American attack, the country has still not rebounded from the Reagan Administration sanctions.

One hears the possibility—perhaps the fantasy—that help will come from someone besides Americans. "There's the new Panama Canal Administrator," Greene says, "the first Panamanian to hold the job. He's talking to outsiders about running the canal as a private enterprise. They are looking toward the Japanese, maybe they're interested." Others speculate that perhaps investors from Hong Kong may be attracted to Panama as the crown colony is cut adrift from the British empire—a defunct colony with money helping one that's poor. No one seems aware of the irony that Panama, recently disentangled from one purportedly crippling relationship, would immediately embark upon another. If the Japanese take over the canal, I wonder, will they elicit the gleam of hatred that I now see in the eyes of Panamanians?

In Cristobal, the former municipal buildings teem with impoverished squatters, and looting has destroyed the shops of Colón's Front Street. Everywhere one looks the place is deeply, eternally, in decay, as it has been for decades. The charred ruin of the long-abandoned Strangers Club broods over the bay; the Hotel Washington's saltwater pool is concrete rubble and high grass, although I can still discern the warning not to dive into the bay. The school I attended, the hospital where my tonsils were removed, the naval base that used to deploy its flying boats across the bay, the fecund warehouses where the Canal Zone once kept its foodstores—everything remains in place, but dysfunctional, like living people whose brains have been removed.

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Standing in the rubble of this place, one feels that all of what has passed—the brave construction of the waterway, the tens of thousands of births and childhoods of families like Malcolm Stone's or Leon Greene's or mine—never really happened; that this wrecked city, this Caribbean town that evokes the worst of Africa or Haiti, is reality, and all the rest was just a dream.

Visit any other former colony and you will find an imprint of who was there before: the cuisine and language of France live on in Africa and Asia; the English gave an entire world their language and a taste for solid government; most of Spain's New World is Spanish-speaking and Catholic. But we leave no religion here, and little language, no resilient government or administrative apparatus or even the armature of basic services. Instead, we leave a great artifact of turn-of-the-century engineering, a mechanical fossil in concrete and steel.

From the wreckage of Cristobal, I find no evidence that we were ever here. It was not a colony, after all, but, as I once quipped to my Bulgarian hosts, an experiment. Now the experiment is over, the abandoned laboratory closed. Inhabiting a distant country for much of a century, we have, incredibly, slipped away almost without a trace.

"Standing in the rubble of this place, one feels that all of what has passed never really happened; this is reality, all the rest a dream."

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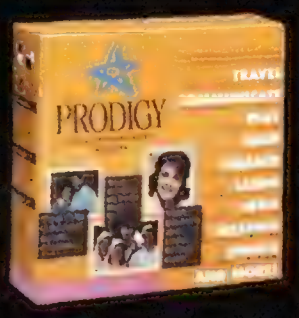

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Book reviews

For the season, and to cherish year-round, a selection of children's books to read, to share and to dream on

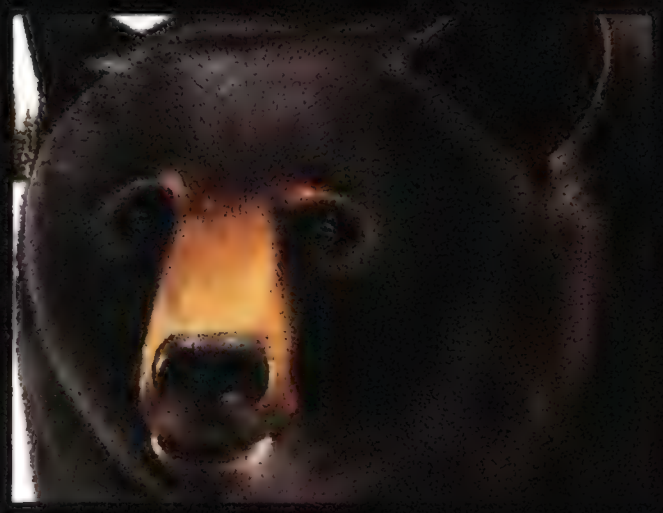
One of the first picture books I can remember was *Blueberries for Sal*, Robert McCloskey's beguiling account of one child's benign encounter with a bear cub. The setting of that story—an island off the coast of Maine—took on a special intensity in the geography of my imagination. I grew up in a Midwestern river town, but I dreamed of that country of the pointed firs.

Over the years, other picture books have enchanted me and the children who have shared these stories. Alice and Martin Provensen's *Our Animal Friends at Maple Hill Farm* (lamentably out of print), a chronicle of the welcoming homestead where roosters are named Lovelace and Big Shot, and animals bring "laughter and life to the people who live in a house that needs painting, at the end of a road full of holes." Daniel Pinkwater's *Aunt Lulu*, the tale of a dog-loving Alaskan librarian who, Susan Butcher-style, maintains a household of 14 huskies. Carol and Donald Carrick's *In the Moonlight, Waiting*, a paean to spring and lambing season. Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire's *Greek Myths*, cast in the sophisticated, witty voice that has captivated children for decades. And Anna Egan Smucker and Steve Johnson's *No Star Nights*, a re-creation of one summer, and a lost way of life, in a West Virginia steel mill town.

To open a picture book is to inhabit a state of mind as well, a universe where kindness prevails, resourcefulness has its own reward, laughter can mend any mishap, memory speaks, and gathering

Ten Little Rabbits
by Virginia Grossman, illustrated by Sylvia Long

The Orphan Boy
by Tololwa M. Mollel, illustrated by Paul Morin

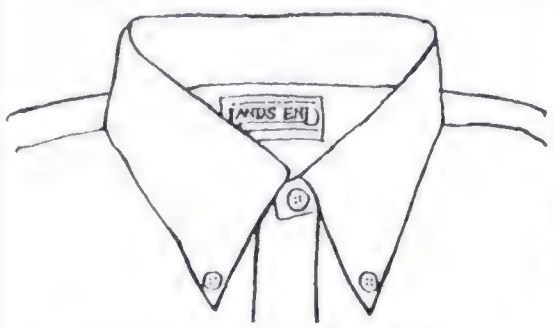


Sierra
by Diane Siebert,
illustrated by Wendell Minor

Three Names
by Patricia MacLachlan,
illustrated by Alexander Pertzoff

Sorotchintzy Fair
by Nikolai Gogol,
illustrated by Gennadij Spirin

Night is Coming
by W. Nikola-Lisa,
illustrated by Jamichael Henterly



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(to be continued)

shadows are dispelled in the face of a bold and heartfelt wish.

As always, picture books meld word and image to create their own vivid, enthralling worlds. Among this year's inspired offerings—as various as a winsome alphabet book and an account of one child's vigil as she awaits her father's return from World War II—are titles certain to become treasures for children and the grown-ups who read these books aloud.

Annie & Co. written and illustrated by David McPhail (Henry Holt, $13.95) A girl with a "tool chest of her own" sets off to fix whatever needs fixing—a raspy cello, a goose with a broken wing, a rainy day. McPhail's luminous watercolors are works of art.

Three Names by Patricia MacLachlan, illustrated by Alexander Pertzoff (HarperCollins, $14.95) An evocation of a homesteading family's life on the prairie with Three Names, a dog who "liked school" in a one-room cabin and "liked the teacher, who brought leftovers for him." MacLachlan, author of the Newbery Award winner *Sarah, Plain and Tall,* weaves her magic again. The exquisite illustrations will make you feel the wind in your hair, the sun on your face.

In a Cabin in a Wood adapted by Darcie McNally, illustrated by Robin Michal Koontz (Cobblehill/Dutton, $12.95) A story charmingly adapted from a traditional verse. A kindly old man, offering refuge to animals fleeing a hunter, welcomes creatures great and small to "come inside" where "safely you'll abide."

Eight Hands Round: A Patchwork Alphabet by Ann Whitford Paul, illustrated by Jeanette Winter (HarperCollins, $12.95) An alphabet book that itself deserves to become an heirloom. From "Anvil" to "Zigzag," the stories behind 26 patchwork patterns "tell us how people lived when our country was still young and growing." The cleverest history book of the year.

Animal Architecture written and illustrated by Jennifer Owings Dewey (Orchard Books, $14.95) A chronicle of animal abodes from titmouse nests to honeybee hives and bat tents. The absorbing text, accompanied by subtle, detailed drawings, is sure to delight any young naturalist.

All the Lights in the Night by Arthur A. Levine, illustrations by James E. Ransome (Tambourine, $14.95) The long journey of two brothers who set out on

(continued here)

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Hanukkah eve, fleeing Czarist Russia for Palestine. A memorable tale for the holiday, recalling the experiences of the author's grandfather and great-uncle, with wonderful oil paintings.

Keeping House by Margaret Mahy, illustrated by Wendy Smith (Margaret K. McElderry Books, $13.95) The perils and pleasures of a topsy-turvy household headed by Lizzie the songwriter, a "particularly untidy" person who elects to play the trombone instead of clean the cupboards.

Growing Wild: Inviting Wildlife Into Your Yard written and illustrated by Constance Perenyi (Beyond Words, $14.95; paper, $9.95) An engaging blueprint for a backyard paradise: how to attract butterflies, birds, and more, with gardening projects for parents and children to share. The paper cut-out illustrations are inventive and vivid.

Night is Coming by W. Nikola-Lisa, illustrated by Jamichael Henterly (Dutton, $13.95) "Night is coming, Still are the feet. / Night is coming. Quiet is the land." A powerful, poetic evocation of twilight and darkness enfolding a farm. A bedtime book to be opened night after night, with images of pastoral beauty glowing from every page.

Moving to Town written and illustrated by Mattie Lou O'Kelley (Little, Brown, $15.95) The acclaimed folk artist's lilting account of her family's move from country to city, and back again, in early 1900s Georgia.

The Roman Fort written and illustrated by Peter Connolly (Oxford University Press, $16.95) A richly detailed tour of Roman Britain from an accomplished author-archaeologist.

On the Pampas written and illustrated by Maria Cristina Brusca (Henry Holt, $14.95) The Argentinian author's memories of a childhood summer on her grandparents' estancia, where she "loved galloping behind hundreds of cattle" and earned her very own gaucho's belt.

Rosie the Cool Cat by Piotr Wilkon, illustrated by Jozef Wilkon (Viking, $13.95) The adventures of a nonconformist feline, who befriends a dog and dreams of life as a rock star. Irresistible images of cats sporting punk furstyles.

Where Does the Trail Lead? by Burton Albert, illustrated by Brian Pinkney (Simon & Schuster, $13.95) Through blueberry thickets and dunes, to the wild, windswept Nantucket shore. With scratchboard pastels, brisk as a salt breeze, from the noted illustrator.

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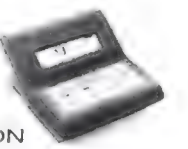

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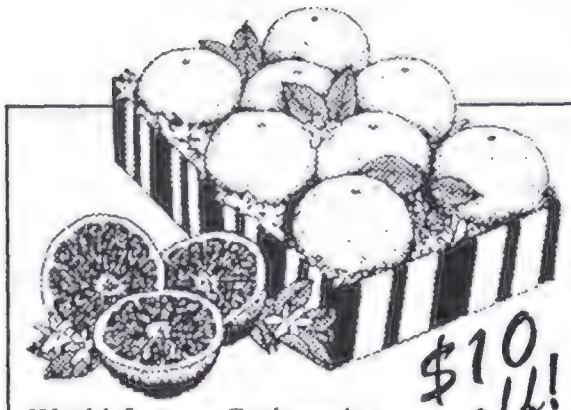

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Tar Beach written and illustrated by Faith Ringgold (Crown, $14.95) A young girl dreams a thousand dreams from the rooftop of her family's Harlem apartment building.

Marcel the Pastry Chef by Marianna Mayer, illustrated by Gerald McDermott (Bantam, $14.95) A hippo with a sweet tooth and a flair for the eclair wins the admiration of his dyspeptic and finicky monarch.

Sorotchintzy Fair by Nikolai Gogol, adapted by Countess Sybil Schönfeldt, translated by Daniel Reynolds, illustrated by Gennadij Spirin (David R. Godine, $16.95) The tumult of a marketplace alive with "oxen, gypsies, gingerbread, caps," based on a Ukrainian tale that Gogol spun early in his career. Paintings of surpassing beauty by a leading Russian illustrator.

Just So Stories by Rudyard Kipling, illustrated by David Frampton (HarperCollins, $19.95) How the leopard got his spots and other timeless tales, with refulgent, jewel-like woodcuts.

All Those Secrets of the World by Jane Yolen, illustrated by Leslie Baker (Little, Brown, $14.95) The author's autobiographical account of the long wait for her father to come home from World War II. Nostalgic watercolors that bring back the blue of hydrangea blossoms, the tall profile of a soldier in precisely creased khakis.

All Those Secrets of the World
by Jane Yolen, illustrated by Leslie Baker

A Garden Alphabet by Isabel Wilner, illustrated by Ashley Wolff (Dutton, $12.95) "M is for munch—what the rabbits will do / If they find you've left them a carrot or two." Another original and winning alphabet book, starring a border collie and his green-thumbed sidekick, a frog.

The Orphan Boy by Tololwa M. Mollel, illustrated by Paul Morin (Clarion Books, $14.95) A Maasai tale of the child who traveled "countless miles" to become "the son an old man never had." The artist journeyed to Tanzania to create his luminous images of Africa.

Bringing Back the Animals by Teresa Kennedy, illustrated by Sue Williams (Amethyst Books, $15.95) An eloquent, informative profile of 12 threatened or endangered animals, featuring suggestions for how you can help. Exuberant, Chagallesque illustrations. A portion of all proceeds will be donated to Friends of the Earth.

Supergrandpa by David M. Schwartz, illustrated by Bert Dodson (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $13.95) The inspiring, and true, story of an elderly cyclist who won the 1,000-mile Tour of Sweden in 1951, after being told to "go home to your rocking chair." Schwartz, the author of the popular *How Much Is a Million?*, is witty and deft. The watercolors are the next best thing to a week in the Scandinavian countryside and a bowl of lingonberries.

Mucky Moose written and illustrated by Jonathan Allen (Macmillan, $12.95) The triumph of quick-witted Mucky, who tricks a wolf into reforming his predatory behavior, is sure to become a favorite. The wry, sophisticated text will wear well with parents.

Ten Little Rabbits by Virginia Grossman, illustrated by Sylvia Long (Chronicle Books, $12.95) A singularly handsome counting book that celebrates native-American culture—the rhythms of storytelling, fishing, weaving.

Sun Up by Alvin Tresselt, illustrated by Henri Sorensen (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $14.95) A reissue of this lyrical account of one day on a family farm, accompanied by watercolors steeped in sun and shadow. Certainly one of the year's most beautiful offerings.

Sierra by Diane Siebert, illustrated by Wendell Minor (HarperCollins, $14.95) A portrait of a wild mountain fastness from the creators of *Heartland* and *Mojave*. Minor's bold images mark him as a master illustrator.

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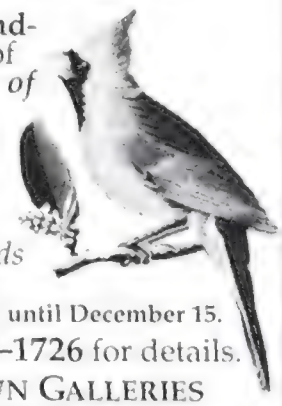
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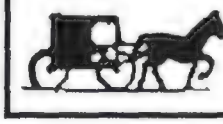
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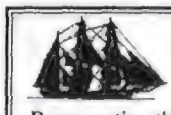
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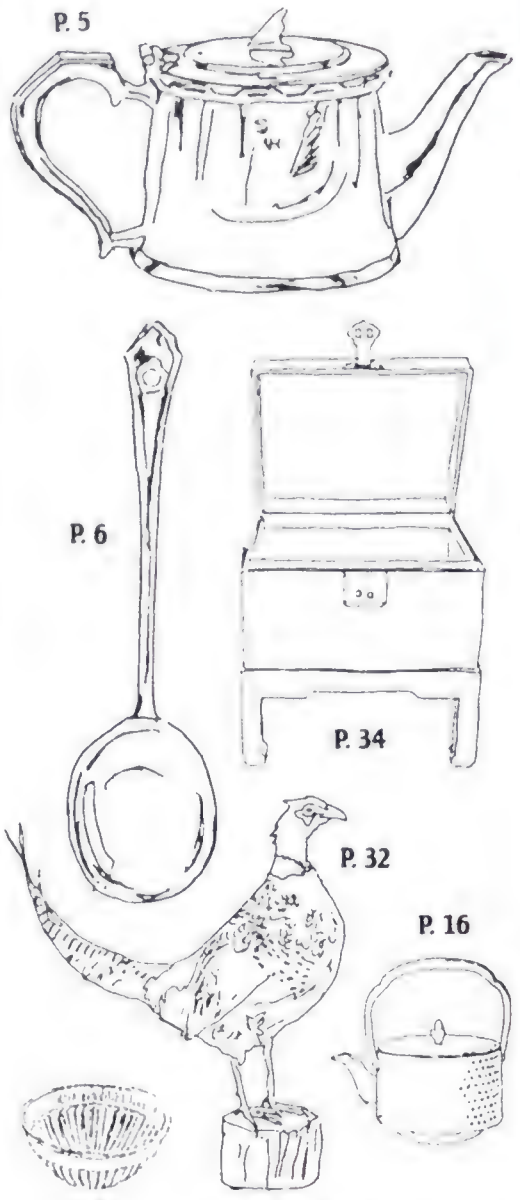

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The Rag Coat
written and illustrated by Lauren Mills

At the Crossroads written and illustrated by Rachel Isadora (Greenwillow, $13.95) One of this year's most powerful picture books: during a long, long night in one of South Africa's segregated townships, children await reunion with their fathers, returning from "ten months working in the mines."

I'm the Best! by Marjorie Weinman Sharmat, illustrated by Will Hillenbrand (Holiday House, $14.95) An engagingly scruffy mutt tries to adjust to a new life after he is rescued from the animal shelter. A must for any family who has adopted a dog.

My Father's Luncheonette written and illustrated by Melanie Hope Greenberg (Dutton, $12.95) The author's warm and wonderful remembrance of whiling away the hours at her father's diner in The Bronx. French fries get a good rap for a change.

Wolferl: the first six years in the life of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, written and illustrated by Lisl Weil (Holiday House, $14.95) A jaunty tale, told from the point of view of the young genius. (A concert for the emperor earns the precocious composer a feast of "chocolate Torte with whipped cream.") The drawings, antic and detailed, evoke the romantic world of 18th-century Vienna.

The Whales' Song by Dyan Sheldon, illustrated by Gary Blythe (Dial, $14.95) A celebration of those ancient creatures of the deep, "here millions of years before there were ships, or cities, or even cave dwellers." Blythe's paintings are spellbinding.

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How Many Stars in the Sky? by Lenny Hort, illustrated by James E. Ransome (Tambourine, $13.95) The sojourn of a boy and his father, in search of the perfect place for stargazing one midsummer night.

When the Frost Is on the Punkin by James Whitcomb Riley, illustrated by Glenna Lang (David R. Godine, $15.95) The Hoosier poet's classic ode to autumn, fresh as fiddle music and accompanied by resplendent watercolors.

Cecil's Story by George Ella Lyon, illustrated by Peter Catalanotto (Orchard Books, $14.95) A boy shoulders a man's work when his father leaves the farm for Civil War battlefields. Extraordinary watercolors, tender and true.

While You Are Asleep by Gwynne L. Isaacs, illustrated by Cathi Hepworth (Walker and Company, $12.95) Gentle homage to bus drivers, doughnut-shop waitresses, emergency-room nurses and others who work through the night.

Walrus on Location by Kathy Darling, photographs by Tara Darling (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $14.95) Riveting natural history, from a mother-daughter team who traveled to Alaska.

Irene and the Big, Fine Nickel by Irene Smalls-Hector, illustrated by Tyrone Geter (Little, Brown, $14.95) A re-creation of a 1950s summer day, when "Harlem was a place where nobody locked the door" and lucky finds were just around the corner.

One Stuck Drawer written and illustrated by Laura Nyman Montenegro (Houghton Mifflin, $14.95) The rewards of loyalty and perseverance, recounted with winning, stylish watercolors.

Bear written and illustrated by John Schoenherr (Philomel, $14.95) In the Alaskan wilderness, a young bear grows "ready for winter and anything else." Schoenherr, who won the 1988 Caldecott Medal for his illustrations of Jane Yolen's *Owl Moon*, has created a natural history classic.

A Letter to the King written and illustrated by Leong Va, translated from the Norwegian by James Anderson (HarperCollins, $14.95) A young girl and her horse, Red Tail, journey to the Forbidden City, where she dares to plead for her father's release from prison. Courage and compassion win out in this outstanding book by a Chinese author, now living in Norway, who also tried to help when his own father was unjustly accused and jailed.

The Howling Dog written and illus-

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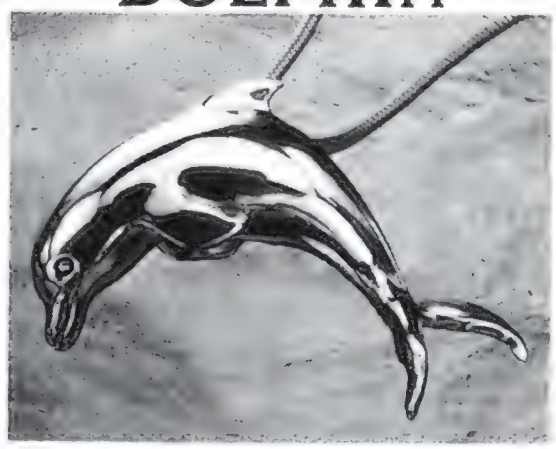

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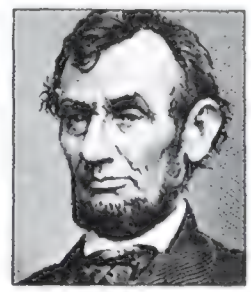

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trated by Tracey Campbell Pearson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $13.95) An insomniac pooch manages to wake an entire village before everyone—including the culprit—settles down for a snooze. A tale to soothe the most recalcitrant bedtime resister.

Bigmama's written and illustrated by Donald Crews (Greenwillow, $13.95) Back to the house where "nothing had changed," a loving memoir based on the author's summers spent on his grandmother's Cottondale, Florida, farm in the 1940s. A treasure, from the creator of *Freight Train.*

A Tale of Two Rats by Claude Lager, illustrated by Nicole Rutten (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $13.95) The saga of struggling artist Arthur, who immigrates with his friend Jack to Italy, where his New York cityscapes sell like hotcakes and the spaghetti is delectable. Rutten's entrancing images will have you sending out for pizza and booking for Venice.

The Sea Lion by Ken Kesey, illustrated by Neil Waldman (Viking, $14.95) A phantasmagoric, haunting folktale, rooted in the legends of the Pacific Northwest Indians.

The Girl Who Danced with Dolphins by Frank DeSaix, illustrated by Debbi Durland DeSaix (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $14.95) A captivating depiction of an underwater world, where dolphins, swift and free, flash "through clouds of mackerel and past forests of kelp."

One Hundred Shining Candles by Janet Lunn, illustrated by Lindsay Grater (Scribner's, $12.95) In the Canadian backwoods of 1800, where "snow lay thick on the branches and whitened the log cabins," Christmas is coming and miracles can happen. The illustrations have the texture and heft of homespun.

Aesop's Fables illustrated by John

The Moon of the Gray Wolves
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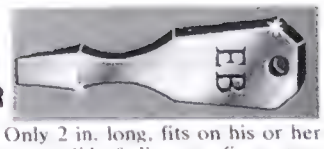

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Hejduk, told by Joseph Jacobs (Rizzoli, $17.95) Fourteen tales, recounted with skill and whimsy, accompanied by glorious tempera paintings from one of America's foremost architects. Certain to become a collector's item.

Androcles and the Lion and Other Aesop's Fables retold in verse by Tom Paxton, illustrated by Robert Rayevsky (Morrow Junior Books, $13.95) Folksinger and songwriter Paxton brings his droll, distinctive voice to spirited renderings of the traditional stories.

The Magic Vase written and illustrated by Fiona French (Oxford University Press, $13.95) A greedy collector learns "the value of all things" in a celebration of the Southwestern potter's art and traditional native-American values.

Riding with Aunt Lucy by Sharon Phillips Denslow, illustrated by Nancy Carpenter (Bradbury Press, $13.95) Great-aunt Lucy, who "takes her old blue Chevy out for a drive almost every day," sets out in search of good chili dogs and adventure. The crisply narrated tale of her back-roads sojourns, in the company of her great-nephew and his friend, is a book to be cherished.

Why Not? by Sylvia A. Hofsepian, illustrated by Friso Henstra (Four Winds Press, $13.95) How to make room in your life for two cats and a warmhearted neighbor, in an original folktale of true love and loneliness assuaged. Delightful drawings by the distinguished Dutch illustrator and art professor.

Wempires written and illustrated by Daniel Pinkwater (Macmillan, $12.95) Luckily for us, there's a new Pinkwater creation, wacky and wonderful as ever. Vampires, we quickly learn, have suffered enough bad press. All they really like to drink is, guess what, ginger ale.

The Journey Home written and illustrated by Alison Lester (Houghton Mifflin, $13.95) Two young travelers who trekked from the North Pole until they reached "a house they knew," where "a welcoming light shone through the open door." Another charming creation from the author of *Clive Eats Alligators*, this clever bedtime book deserves to be handed down from child to child.

At Home in the Rain Forest by Diane Willow, illustrated by Laura Jacques (Charlesbridge Publishing, $14.95) An exciting day in the world of the toucan, leaf-cutting ant and bromeliad, briskly told, ravishingly illustrated.

Amazon: A Young Reader's Look at the Last Frontier by Peter Lourie, pho-

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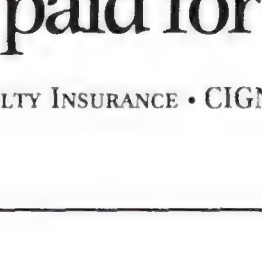

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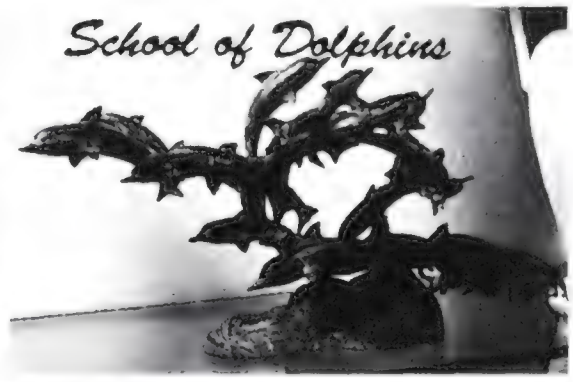

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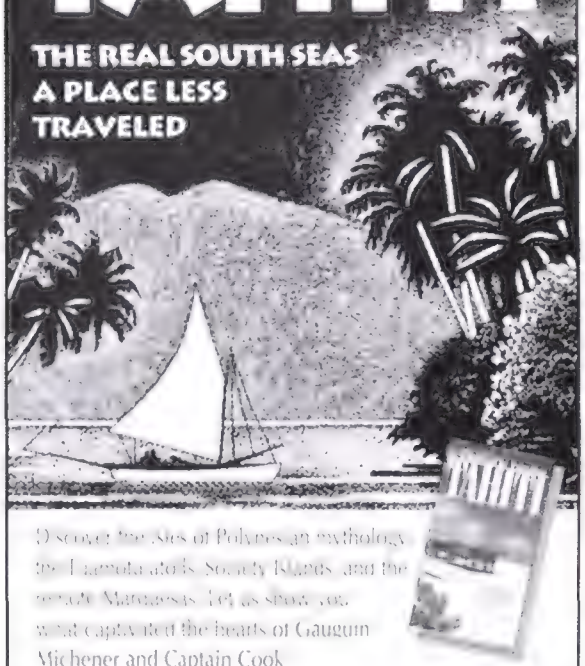

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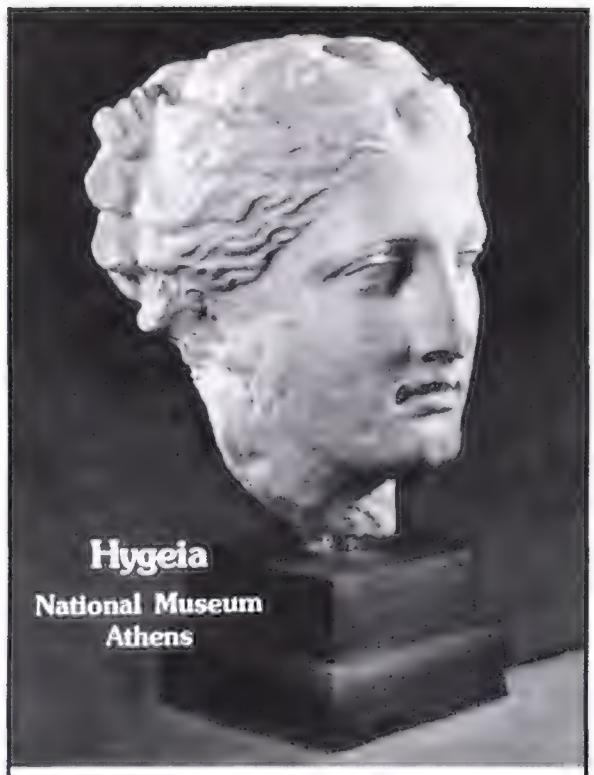

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tographs by Marcos Santilli (Caroline House, Boyds Mills Press, $17.95) "We heard the Amazon was vanishing," write the author and the renowned Brazilian photographer, who teamed up to create this vivid firsthand chronicle of a journey through the river basin.

Fireflies in the Night by Judy Hawes, illustrated by Ellen Alexander (HarperCollins, $13.95) An excursion, at once poetic and informative, into the science and lore of "lightning bugs that look like little dancing stars." Positively enchanting entomology, imbued with all the magic of a summer night.

My Grandmother's Journey by John Cech, illustrated by Sharon McGinley-Nally (Bradbury Press, $14.95) An affecting story drawn from the experiences of the author's mother-in-law, who grew up during the Russian Revolution, escaped captivity by the Nazis during World War II, and came to "eat bread again in a warm house" in America.

Aunt Ippy's Museum of Junk written and illustrated by Rodney A. Greenblat (HarperCollins, $14.95) Recycling raised to an art form, in this eccentric, plucky eco-primer. Waste management will never be the same.

Edward's Portrait written and illustrated by Barbara Morrow (Macmillan, $13.95) A boy in mid-1800s America sits still as anything for the traveling daguerreotypist who comes to town. An ingenious odyssey into the history of photography, and frontier life.

The Moon of the Gray Wolves by Jean Craighead George, illustrated by Sal Catalano (HarperCollins, $14.95) The Newbery-winning writer, also a naturalist, has created a compelling portrait of the "wolf pack of Toklat River" in Alaska. Catalano's paintings are stunning. This title is part of George's extraordinary "Thirteen Moons" series on the inner life of animals.

Maxi, the Hero by Debra and Sal Barracca, illustrated by Mark Buehner (Dial, $12.95) One of the year's standouts: the continued adventures of Jim the cabdriver and his canine companion in the streets of New York. An entertaining sequel to the hilarious *Adventures of Taxi Dog*. New York children especially, don't leave your bookstore without it. A portion of profits goes to the Associated Humane Societies' Save-a-Stray Program.

The Empty Lot by Dale H. Fife, illustrated by Jim Arnosky (Sierra Club Books, $14.95) Just what might you dis-

A Tale of Two Rats
by Claude Lager, illustrated by Nicole Rutten

cover on a vacant lot? A woodpecker, some dragonflies, a family of quail, and more. Enough creatures, anyhow, to convince the owner to change his sign from "for sale" to "every square inch in use." Watercolors by the renowned nature illustrator.

Where's Our Mama? written and illustrated by Diane Goode (Dutton, $13.95) At a cavernous rail station, a suspenseful search with a happy ending, set in the 1920s-or-so Gare d'Orsay. The author traveled to Paris to research the evocative illustrations.

Silent Lotus written and illustrated by Jeanne M. Lee (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $14.95) The triumph of a young dancer for Cambodia's court ballet, with watercolors and line drawings inspired by wall paintings at 12th-century Angkor Wat.

Cactus Hotel by Brenda Z. Guiberson, illustrated by Megan Lloyd (Henry Holt, $15.95) "Fifty feet tall, with seven long branches," a saguaro shelters a menagerie of inhabitants. A fascinating introduction to the secret life of the desert.

One Winter's Night by Primrose Lockwood, illustrated by Elaine Mills (Macmillan, $13.95) When "the moon is shining," a father sets out to bring home a very special birthday surprise. The story gave the English illustrator "a chance to paint the hills of her childhood."

Bat Time by Ruth Horowitz, illustrated by Susan Avishai (Four Winds Press, $13.95) One girl's paean to bats who are "very good flyers" but "don't come out until the first star shines." One of this year's most engaging nature, and bedtime, stories.

Abuela by Arthur Dorros, illustrated by Elisa Kleven (Dutton, $13.95) "Abuela means 'grandma' in Spanish . . . Abuela and I are always going places." A day's magical outing in New York City: the spirited text is sprinkled with Spanish phrases.

Amazing Grace by Mary Hoffman, illustrated by Caroline Binch (Dial, $13.95) "A girl who loved stories" sets out to become an actress, learning that "you can be anything you want, if you put your mind to it."

Who Comes to the Water Hole? written and photographed by Colleen Stanley Bare (Cobblehill/Dutton, $13.95) A photoillustrated story recounting the arrival of rhinos, warthogs, meercats, and more, at an oasis in the African bush. A ringside seat for wildlife adventure.

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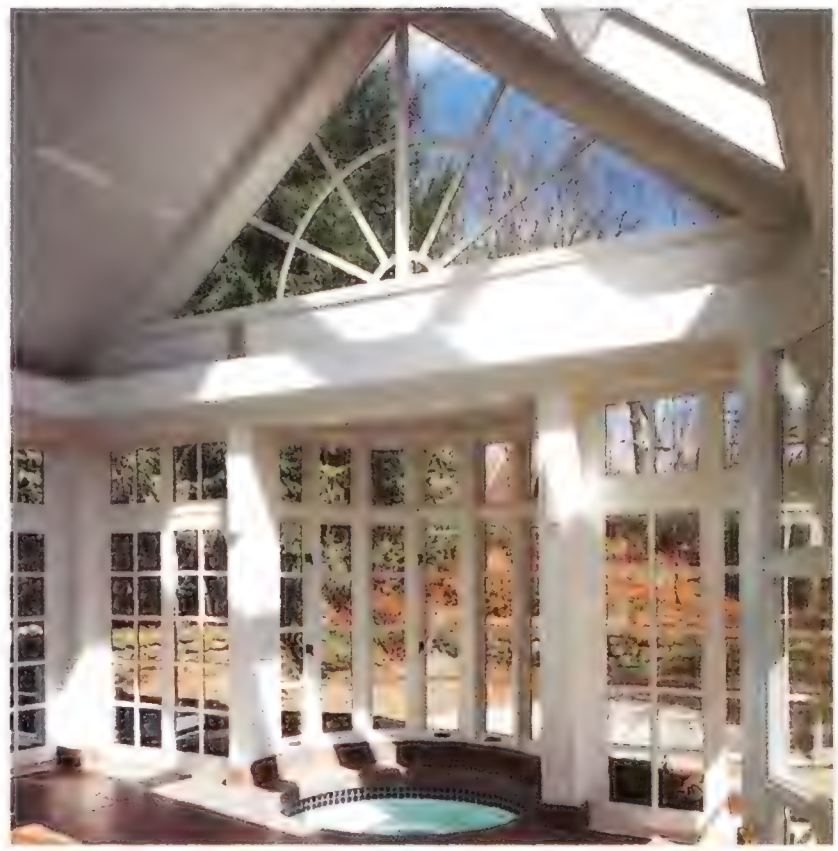

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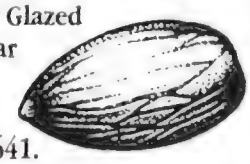

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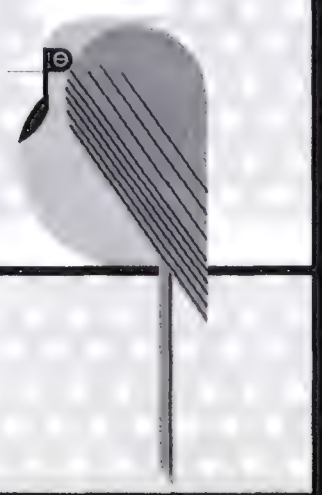

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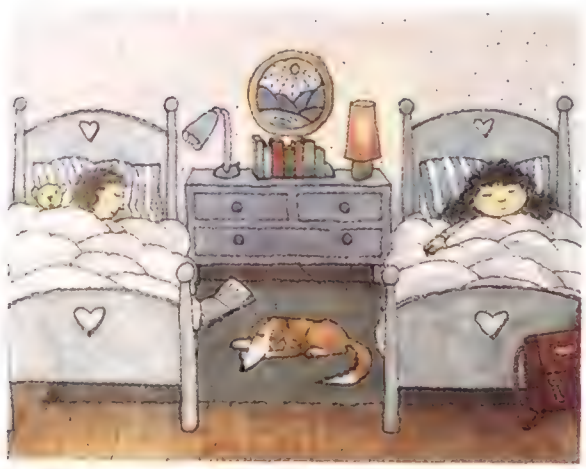

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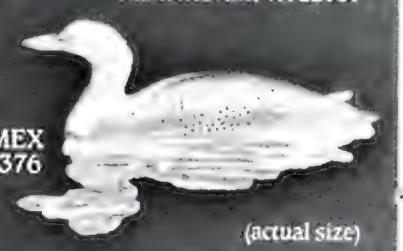

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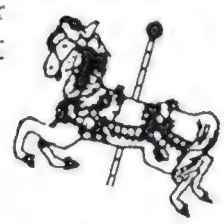

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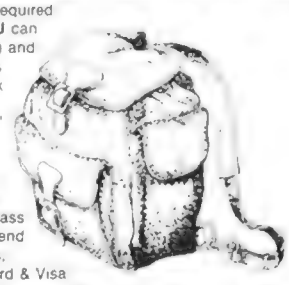

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Constellations (p. 108)

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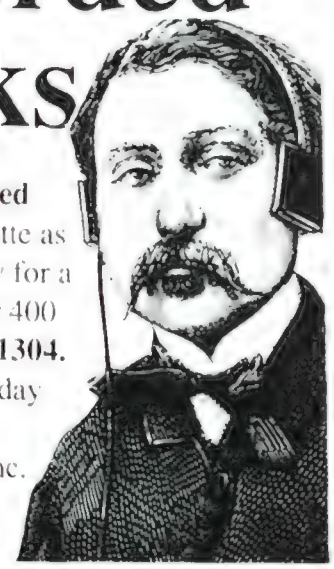

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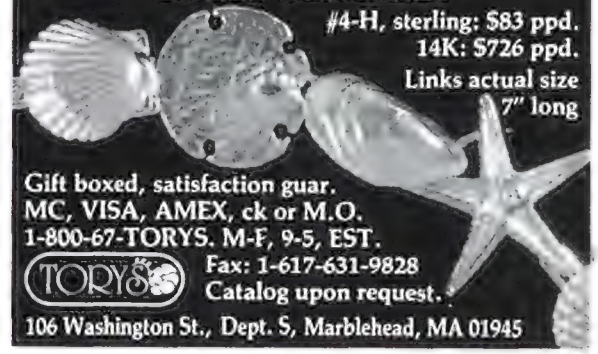

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Special November exhibits and events

Renwick Gallery
Albert Paley: Sculptural Adornment (November 22-March 22, 1992) Jewelry from the 1960s and '70s by the master of architectural ironwork. See *Highlights continued*, page 202.
Improvisation in African-American Quiltmaking (through January 5, 1992) Display of work of contemporary quiltmakers highlights esthetic ties to textiles of Central and West Africa.

National Museum of African Art
The Art of the Personal Object New permanent exhibition examines the forms and functions of utilitarian objects from Africa. Show includes bowls, headrests, pipes, drinking horns, stools.
Africa Illustrated: Fantasy and Reality Before 1900 (through November 10) Exhibit of early history, ethnology and travel books on Africa presents images that reflected and shaped European perceptions and misperceptions of the continent. See *Smithsonian horizons*, page 8.

Arthur M. Sackler Gallery
Challenging the Past: The Paintings of Chang Dai-chien (November 24-April 5, 1992) Retrospective of the work of one of the 20th century's foremost Chinese painters. Show examines Chang's dual role as the last of China's traditional painters and as the great innovator and world-renowned modernist.
Indian Paintings and Drawings from the Collection of Howard Hodgkin (through January 12, 1992) Works from the collection of the contemporary English painter represent India's three major regional styles (see page 199).

National Museum of Natural History
Seeds of Change (through April 1993) Major exhibition explores dramatic changes brought about by the exchange, begun 500 years ago, of five "seeds"—sugar, corn, the potato, the horse and disease—between the Old and New Worlds. Show commemorates Columbus' voyages to the Americas.
A Separate Vision (through November 17) Exhibit showcases works by four contemporary native-American artists.
Life in the Ancient Seas Permanent installation features a simulation of a 230-million-year-old reef and a mural dramatizing life in the ancient seas.

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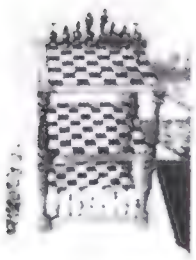

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National Museum of American History
Nusantara: Lands and Peoples of Indonesia (through December 31) Rare books dating from the late 16th through 20th centuries.
Feed Bags as Fashion (through January 30, 1992) Exhibit demonstrates the promotion and use of printed feed sacks in the United States from the 1930s to '60s.
300 Years of American Papermaking (through November) A commemoration of craft and trade.

National Air and Space Museum
Legend, Memory and the Great War in the Air (opens November 13) New permanent installation looks at the reality of aviation in World War I.
Art of the Cosmic Age (through December) Exhibit features the work of contemporary Soviet, American, Canadian and European space artists.
Exploring New Worlds (runs indefinitely) New show at the Albert Einstein Planetarium examines the history and future of exploration.

Hirshhorn Museum & Sculpture Garden
Alfredo Jaar WORKS (November 7-March 29, 1992) Site-specific installation by the Chilean-born artist combines photographic images and light boxes.
Robert Motherwell: Prints and Collages from the Collection (November 14-April 12, 1992) Fifteen works from the 1960s and '70s by the recently deceased American artist.
Recent Acquisitions: 1989-1991 (through January 5, 1992) Paintings, sculptures and works on paper by such artists as Francis Bacon, Joan Nelson, Ed Ruscha.

National Museum of American Art
Homecoming: William H. Johnson and Afro-America, 1939-1946 (through March 1, 1992) Works by the African-American painter portray the black experience in this country during the late 1930s and the years of World War II.
Frederick Brown, Selected Works (through December 1) Installation of eight paintings by the contemporary American artist.
Recent Acquisitions: Works on Paper (through February 2, 1992) Some 100 works by artists such as Romare Bearden, Jacob Kainen and Terry Winters.

National Portrait Gallery
Ralph Earl: The Face of the Young Republic (November 1-January 8, 1992) The first major presentation of the life and works of the skilled 18th-century

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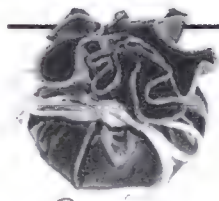

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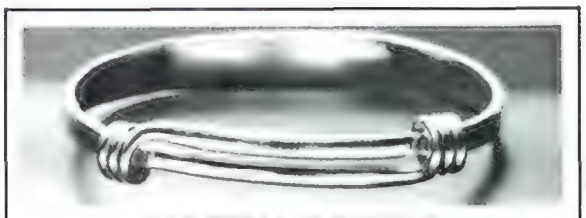

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portraitist. Show was organized by the Wadsworth Atheneum.

Recent Acquisitions (November 16-July 12, 1992) Works of art acquired during the past year that depict notable Americans.

Lincoln and His Contemporaries: Photographs by Mathew Brady from the Frederick Hill Meserve Collection (through July 12, 1992) Images of mid-19th-century Americans.

Arts and Industries Building
Experimental Gallery

Finding Your Way: A Historical and Hands-on Approach to Navigating (November 11-January 31, 1992) Interactive exhibit from San Francisco's Exploratorium presents the ideas and apparatus of navigation.

Powers of Ten (November 18-January 31, 1992) Scale model gives viewers a visual experience of the three-dimensional form of the physical universe.

International Gallery,
S. Dillon Ripley Center

Degenerate Art: The Fate of the Avant-Garde in Nazi Germany (through January 5, 1992) Show organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art fea-

Two Orioles, c. 1610, is in the Howard Hodgkin Indian painting show at Sackler.

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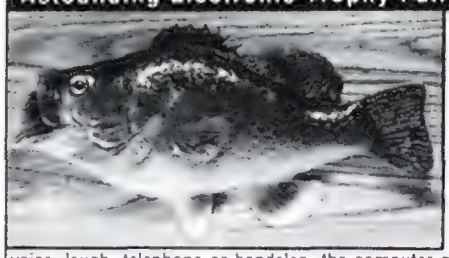

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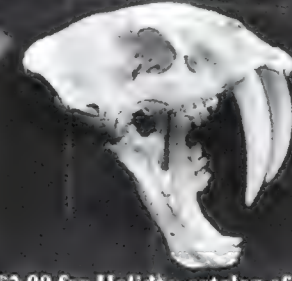

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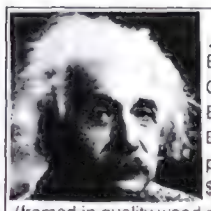

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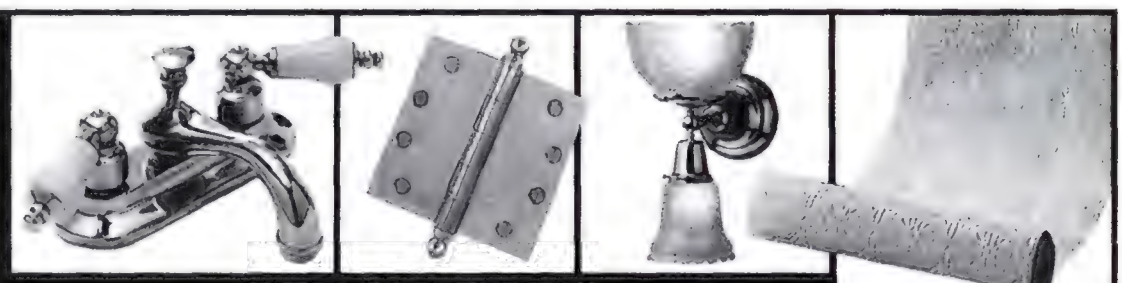

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National Museum of the American Indian (New York)
A Gift from the Heart: Two Pomo Artists (through December) Baskets and ethnographic models of traditional ceremonial objects by California Pomo artists William and Mary Benson.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum (New York)
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Exhibition catalogs

Catalogs available currently include:
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Speakers Corner with Roger Mudd: New weekly radio series presents one-hour lectures by scholars and experts from around the world to audiences at the University of Chicago, the Smithsonian Institution and England's Oxford University. Featured speakers this month include Jorge Edwards and Naomi Wolf. Check local listings.
Cole Porter's 100th: A two-hour radio special of Cole Porter's 100th-birthday celebration at Carnegie Hall, featuring performances by Artie Shaw, Jule Styne, Margaret Whiting and Bobby Short. Check local public radio listings.

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Resident Associate Program

To become a Resident Associate, or for fee and ticket information, call (202) 357-3030. November events include:

Mindwalk (November 12; 7 P.M.) Gala premiere of film *Mindwalk*, starring Liv Ullmann, John Heard, Sam Waterston.

An Evening with Andre Previn (November 12; 6 P.M.) The Academy Award-winning composer, arranger and conductor, recalls his years in Hollywood.

Thelonious Monk International Jazz Competition: Saluting the Jazz Saxophone (November 23; 1 P.M. and November 24; 3:30 P.M.) The prestigious jazz competition marks its fifth anniversary with a salute to the saxophone.

Character Enough to Change the World (November 15; 8 P.M.) Historian David McCullough talks about some of the people he believes have altered our world.

Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service

SITES organizes and circulates exhibitions to cities throughout the United States and abroad. To sponsor a show in your community, write SITES, Smithsonian, Washington, D.C. 20560. Here are some November exhibits:

- Haverhill, Massachusetts (November 9-December 15) *Italy: One Hundred Years of Photography*, Northern Essex Community College.
- Kansas City, Missouri (November 16-December 29) *The Real McCoy: African-American Invention and Innovation*, Kansas City Museum.
- Los Angeles, California (November 6-December 14) *Capturing the Spirit: Portraits of Contemporary Mexican Artists*, Fisher Gallery, USC.
- Tacoma, Washington (November 9-March 1, 1992) *Badges of Pride: Symbols and Images of American Labor*, Washington State Historical Society.

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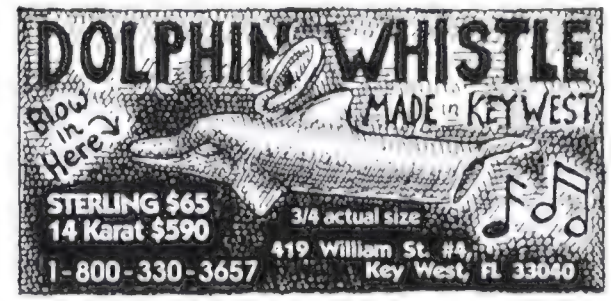

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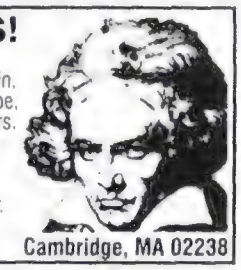

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Albert Paley's wearable sculpture

In a rather short period of time—from 1964, when he was a student at the Tyler School of Art, until 1977—internationally acclaimed metalsmith Albert Paley created an eloquent body of work unlike any jewelry that has been made before or since. These extraordinary pieces were particularly notable because of their size—5 to 9 to 22 inches in length or breadth—and strong sculptural aspect. Their scale and assertiveness commanded attention, imbuing them with a sense of ceremony that transformed these "fashion accessories" into talismanic art forms. To Paley, the human body was a living stage on which he could present the drama of his "wearable sculpture." "As an artist trying to make an artistic statement, I wasn't out to make a gold pin to stick on a woman's lapel, I was out to create masterpieces," he once said.

Criticized, ironically, as "unwearable," his jewelry evokes a time when bodily adornments were worn not as a display of power or wealth, but for their magical powers, their powers of protection.

Paley worked intuitively, deriving his forms from the materials and techniques employed. The monumental ironwork to which he now devotes himself is an extension of this earlier work. Both integrate ornament, structure and mechanism to create sophisticated, highly individual sculpture. "Albert Paley: Sculptural Adornment" will be on view at the Renwick Gallery from November 22 to March 22, 1992.

Diane M. Bolz

Delicate, sinuous lines of gold and silver pin are dramatized by its 9½-inch width. Work is set with coral, geode, pearls.

Paley's belief in the integration of form and function is evident in 1970 pin wrought of silver, gold, mother-of-pearl.

Sensuous, organic form of pendant from 1973 reveals influence of Art Nouveau.

Moonstones and glass are set in 1972 brooch fabricated of silver, gold, copper.

Bold, multipart pendant, 22 inches long, is designed to respond to body motion.

Smithsonian Seminars

(for tours, see page 107)

Join top scholars for classroom study and tours. Courses are held in Washington, D.C. unless otherwise indicated.

Symbols of Faith: Exploring Western Religion and Art *February 2-6*

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Decorative Arts (New York) *March 19-22*

Churchill (England) *April 1-14*

Civil War at Fredericksburg *April 9-12*

Rome *April 15-27*

Landscape Design *May 3-7*

The Legislative Process *May 4-7*

The New Astronomies (Tucson) *May 10-15 and May 17-23*

Paris *June 19-30*

Kenya *June 29-July 16*

Research Expeditions

Contribute your talent and financial resources to Smithsonian research. Work with curators at museums or in the field.

Washington, D.C. *January 19-February 1* Prepare native-American artifacts.

New York *January 27-February 5* Archive papers of premier designers at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum.

Curaçao *February 18-March 3* Excavate the remains of giant tortoises.

La Paz, Bolivia *March 7-18* Help organize collections of a new museum.

Costa Rica *April 3-17 and July 11-23* Monitor an active volcano.

Las Vegas *April 26-May 8* Research giant tortoises of the Mojave Desert.

Edgewater, Maryland *May 31-June 9* Photograph the Smithsonian's Environmental Research Center.

For seminar brochures, call (202) 357-4700; for expeditions, call (202) 287-3210. Or, write to the address on page 107.

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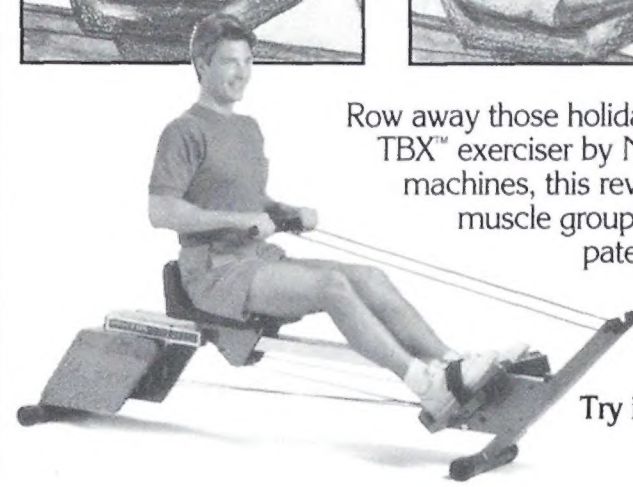

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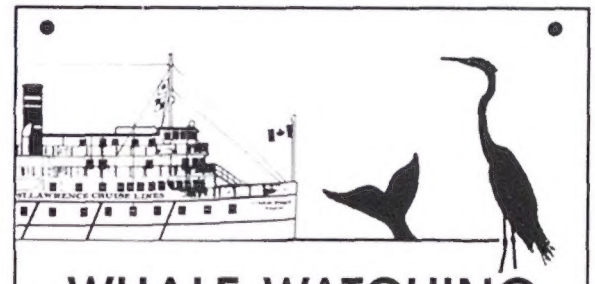

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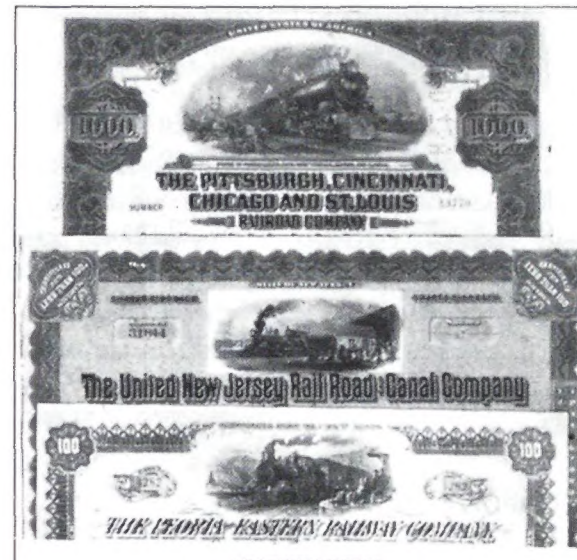

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By Bailey White

The ornithologists who loved to talk turkey

Something about my mother attracts ornithologists. It all started years ago when a couple of them discovered she had a rare species of woodpecker coming to her bird feeder. They came in the house and sat around the window, exclaiming and taking pictures with big fancy cameras. But long after the red-cockaded woodpeckers had gone to roost in their sticky little holes in the red hearts of our big old pine trees, and the chuck-will's-widows had started to sing their night chorus, the ornithologists were still there. After that, there always seemed to be three or four of them wandering around our place, discussing the body fat of hummingbirds, telling cruel jokes about people who couldn't tell a pileated woodpecker from an ivorybill, and staying for supper.

In those days, during the 1950s, the big concern of ornithologists in our area was the wild turkey. They were rare, and the pure-strain wild turkeys had begun to interbreed with farmers' domestic stock. The wild species was being degraded. It was extinction by dilution, and to the ornithologists it was just as tragic as the more dramatic demise of the passenger pigeon or the Carolina parakeet.

One of the ornithologists had devised a weird formula that he said computed the ratio of domestic to pure-strain wild turkey in an individual bird by comparing the angle of flight at takeoff and the rate of acceleration. And in those sad days, the turkeys were flying low and slow.

It was during that time, the spring when I was 6 years old, that I caught the measles. I had a high fever, and my mother was worried about me. She kept the house quiet and dark, and crept around silently, trying different methods of cooling me down. Even the ornithologists stayed away, but not out of fear of the measles or respect for a household with sickness. The fact was, they had discovered a wild turkey nest. According to the formula, the hen was pure-strain wild—with not a taint of the sluggish domestic bird in her blood—and the ornithologists were camping in the woods, protecting her nest from predators, and taking pictures.

One night our phone rang. It was one of the ornithologists. "Does your little girl still have measles?" he asked.

"Yes," said my mother. "She's very sick. Her temperature is 102."

"I'll be right over there," said the ornithologist.

In five minutes a whole carload of them arrived. They marched solemnly into the house, carrying a cardboard box. "Did you say 102? Where is she?" they asked my mother.

They crept into my room and set the box down on the bed. I was barely conscious, and when I opened my eyes their worried faces hovering over me seemed to float out of the darkness like giant, glowing eggs. They snatched the covers off me and felt me all over. They consulted in whispers.

"Feels just right, I'd say."

"If it's 102, we can't miss if we tuck them up close and she lies still."

I closed my eyes then, and after awhile the ornithologists drifted away, their pale faces bobbing up and down on the black wave of fever.

The next morning I was better. For the first time in days I could think. The memory of the ornithologists with their whispered voices and their bony, cool hands was like a dream from another life. But when I pulled down the covers, there staring up at me with googly eyes and wide mouths were 16 fuzzy baby turkeys and the cracked chips and caps of 16 brown speckled eggs.

I was a sensible child. I gently stretched myself out. The eggshells crackled and the turkey babies fluttered and cheeped and snuggled against me. I laid my aching head back on the pillow, and closed my eyes. "The ornithologists," I whispered. "The ornithologists have been here."

It seems the turkey hen had been so disturbed by the elaborate protective measures that had been undertaken on her behalf that she had abandoned her nest on the night the eggs were due to hatch. It was a cold night. The ornithologists, not having an incubator at hand, used their heads and came up with the next best thing.

The baby turkeys and I gained our strength together. When I was finally able to get out of bed and feebly creep around the house, the turkeys peeped and cheeped around my ankles, scrambling to keep up with me and tripping over their own big spraddle-toed feet. When I went outside for the first time, the turkeys tumbled down the steps after me and scratched around in the yard while I sat in the sun.

Finally, in late summer, the day came when they were ready to fly for the first time as adolescent birds. The ornithologists gathered. I ran down the hill, and the turkeys ran too. Then, one by one, they took off. They flew high and fast. The ornithologists made Vs with their thumbs and forefingers, measuring angles. They consulted their stopwatches and paced off distances. They scribbled in their tiny notebooks. Finally they looked at one another. They sighed. They smiled. They jumped up and down and hugged one another. "One hundred percent pure wild turkey!" they said.

Nearly 40 years have passed since then. In many ways the world is a worse place now. But not many children get measles anymore. And the woods where I live are full of pure wild turkeys. I like to think they are all descendants of those 16 birds I saved from the vigilance of the ornithologists.

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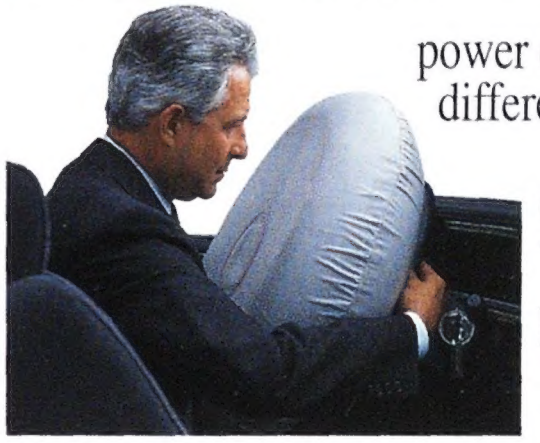

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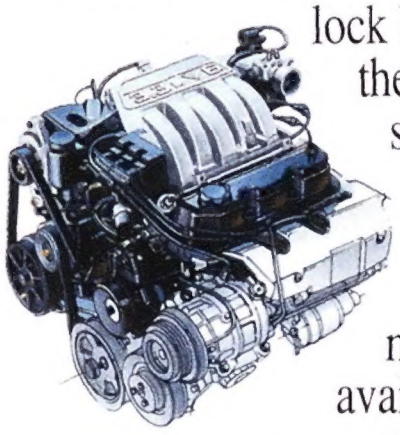

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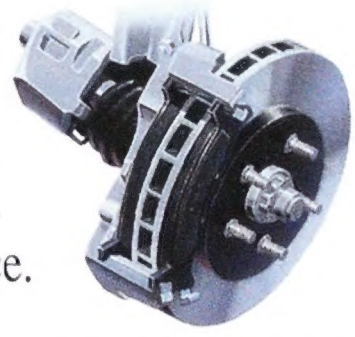

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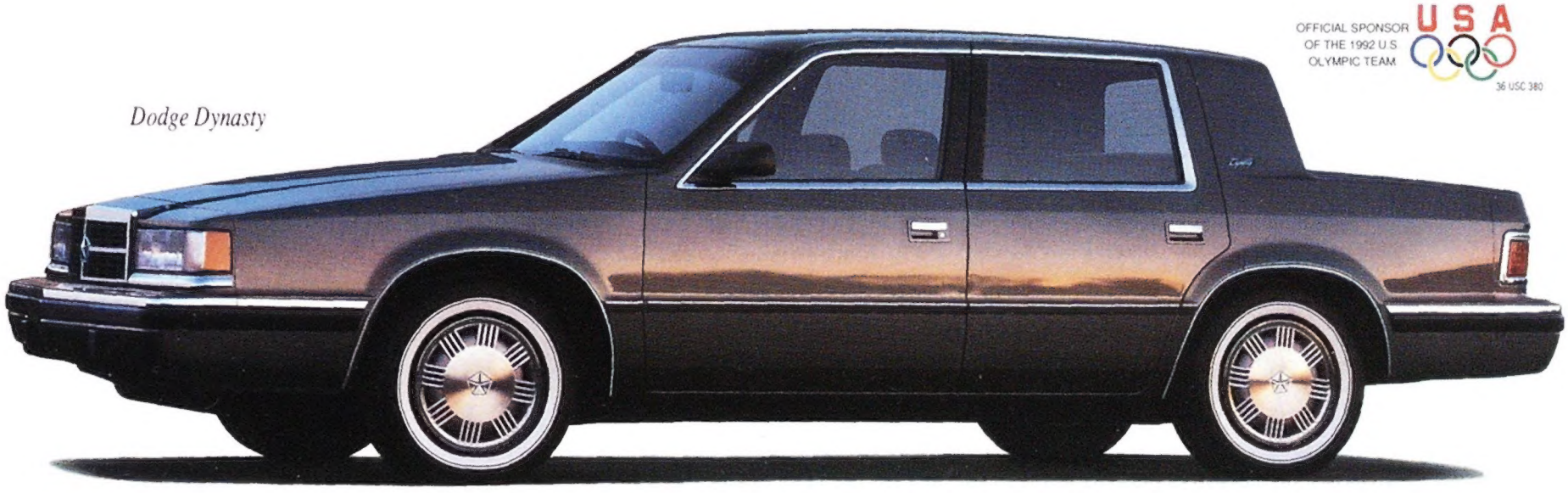

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